Feb. 22, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

AUG 1 0 1993

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

Herbert Matt

FOR MORE INFORMATION ASK KNOLL

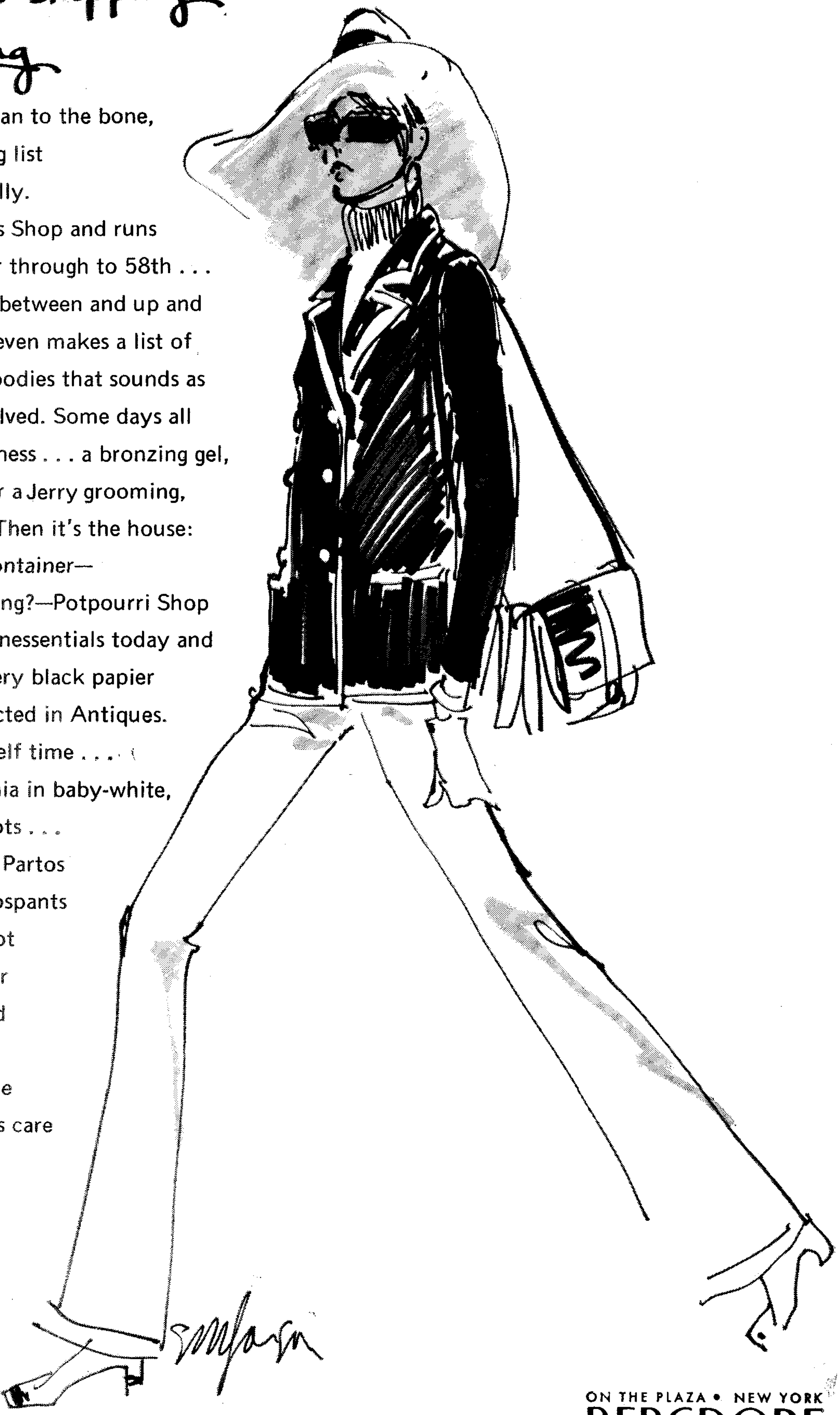
KNOLL ASSOCIATES, INC. K FURNITURE AND TEXTILES

320 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

No. 70 Chair Eero Saarinen Design

She calls her shopping Bergdorfing

She's a Bergdorf Woman to the bone, and she has a shopping list a block long . . . literally. She starts in the Men's Shop and runs from 57th Street clear through to 58th . . . and what she finds in between and up and down floors One to Seven makes a list of Bergdorf Goodman goodies that sounds as if ten shops were involved. Some days all she wants is his happiness . . . a bronzing gel, a birthday gifcertif for a Jerry grooming, a reversible raincoat. Then it's the house: cambric daisies in a container—eeny-meeny-miney-Ming?—Potpourri Shop can supply. Or hang unessentials today and go right for the lacquery black papier mâché furniture collected in Antiques. Then it's please-yourself time . . . with a spot of Delmania in baby-white, baby-soft jodhpur boots . . . something mink from Partos and matte jersey partospants to go-with . . . a maillot from C & C (stands for Country & Casual, and very serious sportif). A gypsy thing from the Plaza Collections takes care of dinner tonight. Off-the-peggery at Miss Bergdorf yields some black silk jeans. Then cappuccino at Bigi on Six plus some polo shirts—the extra-longies that you skinny into.
Finale: a pre-sandals pedicure at the beauty place on 7, hairworks after.



ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVE., 57 TO 58TH STREETS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ADAPTATION and **NEXT**—Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May—that together make the funniest evening imaginable. Gabriel Dell and James Coco are the respective stars. Highly recommended. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

APA REPERTORY COMPANY—Sean O'Casey's **COCK-A-DOODLE DANDY**: Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Molière's **THE MISANTHROPE** (Richard Wilbur's adaptation): Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:30; Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's **HAMLET**: Previews Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 24-25, at 8:30; Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 2; Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30; and Saturday, March 1, at 2:30 and 8:30. Opening on Monday, March 3. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

BIG TIME BUCK WHITE—The second half of this play, which originated in Watts and ran for three years in Los Angeles, simulates a meeting of a black-militant organization; the first half is taken up with the extremely comic antics of the leader's lowlife followers. Dick Williams gives a remarkable performance as Buck White, and everyone else is very good, too. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BOY ON THE STRAIGHT-BACK CHAIR—A play by Ronald Tavel. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

BUT, SERIOUSLY. . .—A comedy by Julius J. Epstein, with Tom Poston and Bethel Leslie. Directed by John Allen. Previews through Wednesday, Feb. 26. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 27. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN—An extraordinary play—funny and tragic—about a Negro family in Harlem who decide to bypass the white community and go it on their own by tying up with a local racketeer. The performances, under Edmund Cambridge's direction, are as good as the script, which couldn't be better. The dramatist is Lonne Elder III. With Rosalind Cash, William Jay, and Douglas Turner. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 9.)

CITIES IN BEZIQUE—Two strange one-act plays by the poet Adrienne Kennedy. Compounded of private imagery and Expressionistic action, they are frequently baffling and always fascinating. The fine Negro cast, under Gerald Freedman's direction, includes Moses Gunn and Cynthia Belgrave, as well as a promising newcomer named Joan Harris. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

DOES A TIGER WEAR A NECKTIE?—Hal Holbrook and David Opatoshu in a play by Don Petersen. The director is Michael A. Schultz. Previews through Monday, Feb. 24. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 25. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	1

FORTY CARATS—Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, and given a brassy local polish by the director, Abe Burrows, this mindless trifle provides an occasion for Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, and a number of other superlative actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

GEESE—A twin bill by Gus Weill. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE GREAT WHITE HOPE—James Earl Jones gives a superb performance in this long, noisy, pageant-like play, loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HADRIAN VII—The bizarre career of a real-life scamp named Baron Corvo provides a juicy role for Alec McCowen, who takes full advantage of it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

JIMMY SHINE—A ramshackle comedy by Murray Schisgal about a wistful little loser who keeps on losing. Dustin Hoffman is the whole show. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40.)

LITTLE MURDERS—A revival of Jules Feiffer's black farce about violence—indoors and out—in New York. Alan Arkin, its new director, has made a hit out of this Broadway flop of a couple of years ago by devising exactly the right comic style for its performance and finding the right actor for every part. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

	Page
THE ART WORLD	107
BOOKS	128
THE CURRENT CINEMA	122
MUSICAL EVENTS	114
RECORDS: ROCK, ETC.	116
THE RACE TRACK	121
THE THEATRE	89

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

THE MAN IN THE GLASS BOOTH—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NATIONAL THEATRE OF THE DEAF—A two-week engagement by a company of twelve actors and two narrators in a repertory of plays and dramatized poetry. Previews Friday and Saturday Feb. 21-22. Opens officially on Monday, Feb. 24, and will run through Saturday, March 8. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPEN 24 HOURS—A pair of dismal one-acters. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM—A comedy by Woody Allen, starring Woody Allen. The play is not up to Mr. Allen's gifts, but it makes a pleasant enough evening, and the many girls in it are young and warm and full of promise. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—Final performances of Charles Dizenzo's **AN EVENING FOR MERLIN FINCH**. (Forum, Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7618. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 20-21, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2 and 8.)

TANGO—A Polish play, by Slawomir Mrozek, which deals with such abstract matters as art, liberty, coercion, and totalitarianism in the form of a tragi-farce about a young aristocrat who tries to snap his disorderly, bohemian family into line. The play is interesting, but it is badly served by a dim production. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TEA PARTY and **THE BASEMENT**—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK—A selection from the letters and diaries and a sprinkling of scenes from the plays of the late Lorraine Hansberry, as recited and performed by a cast of eight. Somehow, the show is not as affecting as it might be, but it has stirring and poignant moments all the same. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**THE BOYS IN THE BAND**: A comedy about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.). . . **PLAZA SUITE**: Three skits by Neil Simon. Barbara Baxley (substituting for Maureen Stapleton for several months) and E. G. Marshall are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **SCUBA DUBA**: Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; Peter F. Fleischmann, president; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLV, No. 1, February 22, 1969. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1969 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.
Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.

See through

our sheer black shirtop to the wildest, barest, Ban-Lon® pajamas we've seen. Mr. Dino does them in white-black-green-gold polyester with a polyester-cotton coverup. Complete for resorting, 79.00

North and South Shop
at all Lord & Taylor stores

Phil Mazzurco

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	1

the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MUSICALS

Canterbury Tales—A falsely jaunty betrayal of the great poet, with silly music and amateurish acting. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Celebration—A musical by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, with four pleasing performers—Susan Watson, Ted Thurston, Keith Charles, and Michael Glenn-Smith—and several very singable songs. The time is out of time, and the place is no place. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Feb. 23.)

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, with a suitable score by Jim Wise, suitable book and lyrics by George Haimsohn and Robin Miller, and a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters, as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. Neal Kenyon, who was both director and choreographer, has hit just the right note of foolishness in his bits of stage business and in his elaborate production numbers. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dear World—A big, soft sofa-cushion of a musical, appealing more to the eye than to the ear, and redeemed by the gallant trouping of Angela Lansbury. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peace—Aristophanes' funny satire on war, brought up to date and turned into a musical, with songs by Al Carmines and words by Tim Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds' words are good enough, but it is Mr. Carmines' score, along with his dynamic presence at the piano, that makes the show the delight it is. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Promises, Promises—Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara may spend the next twenty years in this breezy adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

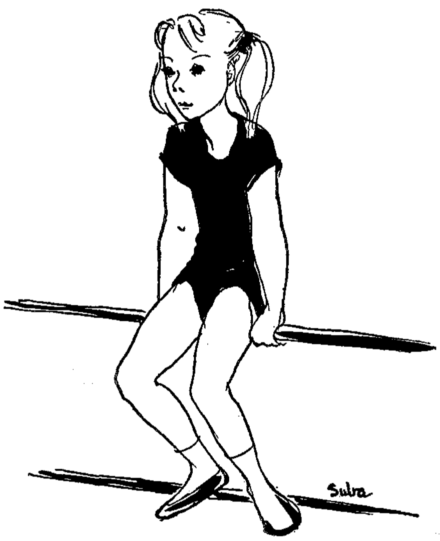
Red, White, and Maddox—A political satire directed at Governor Lester Maddox, who will survive. (Cort, 48th St., E. 245-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Zorba—An old-fashioned, all-purpose musical, which pretends to be Greek but whose true country is Broadway. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. Book by Joseph Stein, music by John Kander, and lyrics by Fred Ebb. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec are among those in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Back to barracks, he said sternly. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **GEORGE M!:** A sketchy account of a great performer who appears to have been singularly unlikable in private life. With Joel Grey as Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. Thelma Carpenter fills in for Miss Bailey on Wednesday afternoons. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30) . . . **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Jane Morgan is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Robert Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30: "Moves," "Konservatoriet" (company première), and "Façade." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:30: "Olympics," "The Lesson," "Fanfarita," and "A Light Fantastic." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30: "Konservatoriet," "Sea Shadow," and "Façade." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Pas des Déesses," and "The Clowns." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2:30: "Viva Vivaldi!," "The Lesson," and "A Light Fantastic." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 23, at 8: "Moves," "Konservatoriet," and "Façade." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "Fanfarita," "Secret Places," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8:30: "Olympics," "Konservatoriet," and "The Clowns." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "The Lesson," and "Astarte." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "Opus 65," "Secret Places," and "The Clowns." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Sea Shadow," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 8:30: "Konservatoriet," "The Lesson," and "Astarte." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, March 23.)



Leon James and Al Minns—Jazz dancers. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, March 1, at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

An Evening with Max Morath—A one-man revue of vintage songs, piano, records, and monologues. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Productions d'Aujourd'hui—Racine's "Phèdre," performed in French by this company from Paris. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-March 1, at 4 and 8:30; and Sunday, March 2, at 4.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. At the moment, the evening is apportioned between pop singer Dion and folk singers Bunky and Jake. Shows begin at nine-thirty. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—Dim, congenial, and sometimes a groove. On Sunday, Feb. 23, the Savoy Brown Blues Band starts a four-night run. Starting Thursday, Feb. 27, the place will be turned over to singer and composer Tim Hardin, who comes about as near to being a nonesuch as anyone ever does. Ice cream is served in very large dishes. Performances at eight and eleven-thirty.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot. Singer Anita O'Day and the Roy Eldridge quartet occupy the bandstand (which is in the middle of the bar, which is in the middle of the room, which is large enough for tables and a dance floor). On Sunday, Feb. 23, from six to nine, the New York Hot Jazz Society will present another of its sporadic and generally successful specials. Eddie Barefield, Ed Lewis, Eddie Durham, and Snub Mosely will be among the musicians. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—Freddy Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of

JAMES B. HOWARD

**NEW LIGHT
OF MISS BONWIT'S LIFE:
OUR BREEZY SHIRTLING**

The now-and-future dress—
Matti of Lynne's vivid interpretation
of the current shirt look in boldly printed
black and white Bandura®
of Du Pont nylon.
6 to 16 sizes, 40.00
Miss Bonwit Dresses
New York
and all stores

BONWIT
TELLER

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	1

Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top-Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the clientele knows pretty much where it's at. The Pharoah Sanders quintet plays most nights from nine to four. On Tuesday, Feb. 25, the Lee Morgan quintet will arrive. On Saturday, Feb. 22, from five to nine, a sextet that includes three alto saxes (Monty Waters, Steve Grossman, and Nelson Santiago) will perform before the regular session, and on Sunday, Feb. 23, a nine-piece ensemble led by Warren Smith will do the same. Mondays, from nine, are turned over to various jazz groups.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs you can drink or dine while listening to the Junior Mance trio. On Mondays, the regulars are off, and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Fridays and Saturdays, Feb. 21-22 and Feb. 28-March 1, the Jerry Butler quartet will share the stage with an attractive and vital young blues singer named Esther Marrow. Mondays, from eight-thirty, are conglomerate evenings devoted to a variety of soul and rock musicians.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box with a bent for jazz. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 20-22, the Bill Evans trio will trade sets with singer Novella Nelson. On Sunday, Feb. 23, from five to eleven-thirty, a sixteen-piece band led by Duke Pearson will perform. Mondays are reserved for the loud sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Gosh, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, a Dixieland band plays before the evening fun begins.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to the rampant live sound of the Fuzzy Bunnies. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, Teutonic chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Until renovations are completed, this hyper-cool dance palace will be open only on Fridays and Saturdays, with music coming from records and live groups. Alcohol is out.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—The alter ego of the Penthouse Club, which at ten ceases to be a restaurant and becomes a discothèque, complete with a Day-Glo floor, strobe lights, and recorded music that owes much of its vitality to Stax-Volt. Snacks are served. The view is magnificent. Things run till three or four each night.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (*um Gottes Willen!*) the Danube. Between record sets, some people known as Ruby and the Romantics come out and sing and so forth. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Trafalgar Square has been crossed with a barn dance, updated, and Modified—see how it runs. The place moves, and so do the folk, whose dress is casual and whose look is knowledgeable. The Pumpkins alternate with records, which are mostly contemporary juke. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from *nine-thirty to three-thirty*. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): A handsome reward is offered to all who enter upon the little kingdom of the Café Pierre. The jaunty music is supplied by Phil Wayne's band Mondays and Tuesdays, by Stanley Worth's band Wednesdays through Sundays; Ellen Harwicke, whose specialty is song with piano, fills in the chinks between the Worth sets. . . . **EL MOROCCO**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Beneath the current frippery, beneath the zebra-striped sea, one may discern the outlines of earlier civilizations—Nineveh, Tyre, Little Old New York. The music plays on, of course, for auld lang syne—some of it people (Lester Lanin) music, some of it pre-packed. Closed Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Bobby Hackett's horn (high-calorie sweet and high-calorie lowdown) leads his troops into action at eight-thirty, and Maxine Sullivan (after so many years of silence) is adding her cool-of-the-evening voice; Urbie Green's band checks in at six-thirty. Dining (sort of) and a dance floor. No music Sunday nights. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Early native cottage industries, such as the two-step and the fox-trot, are still being carried on, simon-pure. No others need apply. Argueso's Latin crew is spelled by a pair of North American units; all are on view every night but Monday. Seven-thirty until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at 3:30 P.M.; Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The Angry Young Woman is represented by Joan Rivers, and so is the Angry Young Housewife. Her, and their, work seems never done, but then it doesn't begin until ten or so at night. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—An international friendship club, practically all Mediterranean. Among the many councillors: Avram Grobard, joker; Yakov Uriel, trumpeter; George Mgrdichian, oudist; Mika, *danse du ventre;* Tshura, a real Yemeni cricket. Dancing for the listeners, too, and good home cooking. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay," the small boy-and-girl revue that goes its way twice a night, except on Sunday, will probably be succeeded, on Monday, Feb. 24, by a similar rodomontade, called "Son of Instant Replay"—no, no, called "Free Fall." Practice sessions only, for the moment.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

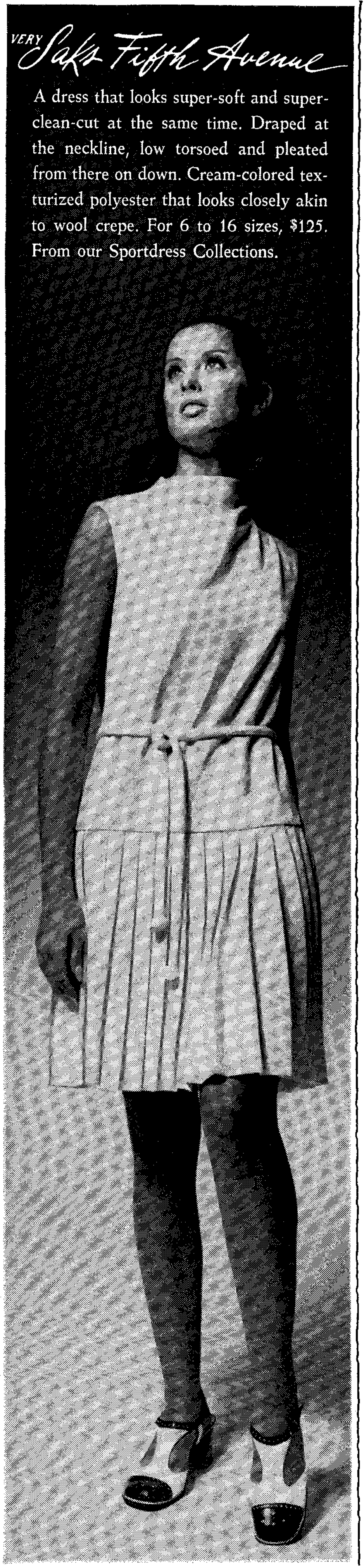
Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—One could wish that the efforts to Americanize (or Americana-ize) Caterina Valente, the present décor of the Royal Box, would cease, and that she might always be her lively, lush, and lyric Latin self; one could additionally wish that Silvio Francesco, her merry grig of a brother, might forever remain the permanent party in her act. No change at all is required of the Lee Evans orchestra. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Sweet are the uses (the Portuguese ones, anyway) of adversity when the fado songs of Amalia Rodrigues ponder them, and New York is a Nova Lisbõa while she sings. Madrileños abound, too, and bound; *they* are all flamencans. The stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, life goes on, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, enhanced with guitar from five o'clock on, and voice after nine-thirty. Neither of them stops until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Leslie Uggams, gay as a lark (and rightly, since being one is her career), ends up on Wednesday, Feb. 26; so does the current wit, whose conversation makes humor sound like the oldest profession. The following evening, Tony Bennett and Count Basie's band take over. . . . ¶ In the lounge, the chords that course through the instruments blow in from Miami and Las Vegas. From ten on and on, every night.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, during dinner and supper, Grace Markay applies herself to a set of ballads. Her last turn comes on Tuesday, Feb. 25; next evening's arrival is John Gary, a singer who'll be coming on fairly strong. The bands of Burt Farber and Mark Monte will keep on lowing o'er the lea. Everything quiet on Sundays. . . . ¶ It's heavens-below downstairs in **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT**

B
Miss Balmain
BALMAIN
PARIS
the new perfume
For the young. The beautiful. And the bored.



VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

A dress that looks super-soft and super-clean-cut at the same time. Draped at the neckline, low torsoed and pleated from there on down. Cream-colored texturized polyester that looks closely akin to wool crepe. For 6 to 16 sizes, $125. From our Sportdress Collections.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

JAZZ, where the impeccably named Newport Jazz All-Stars ride the range of the music that made America great. They are Red Norvo, Barney Kessel, George Wein, Ruby Braff, Don Lamond, and Larry Ridley. Mousie Alexander's threesome does the dance tunes. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary, Mondays are dark. Events begin at eight. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to nine, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano—every evening but Sunday. . . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed *hills!* No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano (eight to one, except Sundays).

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The grand après-ski lodge at the top of Manhattan. Carmen McRae, as dramatic a soprano as could be found in any Met, makes every song, however jazz, an emotional experience. She pulsates during dinner and supper; Joe Cabot's posse does the dance music. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, that fine old academy of music, has been making itself into a forum for the new generation—specifically, at the moment, for Daniele Dorice, the Canadian hirondelle who is singing during dinner and supper. George Cort's orchestra and Quintero's Latinos declaim all evening from the bandstand. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the two graces of La Boite, across the way from the Maisonette. Ernest Schoen's Mitteleuropa fiddle and Jules Kuti's piano are paired off in calm interludes of music. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, Robert Goulet is at pre-spring practice, lining out hits (from musicals, mostly) all over the place in his matinée-idol manner. Dinner and supper are his occasions. Dance tunes flow freely, the best of them from the Re Vells, who are Op as well as Pop. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a rather industrious (almost industrial) trio issues dance tunes from eight until one or so, and dinner and supper are on the hob (but not the house). This happens Tuesday through Saturday each week; a piano works out in the bar from four through eight every night but Saturday and Sunday.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The two-piano recitals, which have the vigor of the two-platoon system, begin at eight, and, though they lapse to two-hand recitals for a while, resume full force after the theatre. The hands belong to Goldie Hawkins, the millionaire clubman, and Wayne Sanders. This gallant show of hands does not abate before early Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The quality of Blossom Dearie's high-octave, high-octane voice varies only from the sublime to the meticulous when, valiantly supported by Ron Carter on bass and Al Harewood on drums, she sings about the lives we would all like to lead. Not before ten, not on Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Jamaica rum blends with the dishes and the decoration, both (like the rum) indigenous; the Jamaica ginger is made on the spot by the carolling, peripatetic singers. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The fish-and-game laws are rigidly enforced, because many of the denizens are barely old enough to be out without their mothers. Chuck Wayne's pensive but persuasive triad intersperses the conversation pieces until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): The Embankment a block away should be on the Thames, not the East River. Which would make an expatriate of Lynn Richards, who sings, loud and clear, at her piano in the bar from nine until two, except on Sundays and Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): She would have been named Fifi or Mimi in Paris when it sizzled, but in the twentieth-century New World she is Rita Dimitri, an open bottle of champagne on a piano top. She sings at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. There is dance music, too, quite subdued, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Act I, Scene I of a Hungarian operetta in rehearsal. Tibor Rakossy is host, tenor, and local nobleman; Béla Babai's band is thoroughly Hungarian. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti, yes, implies the sort of menu and wine card, but La Scala at audition time is the attitude of the irrepressible waiters. Closed Mondays. . . . **PIER 52**, 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): The officers' quarters of this extremely well-done seashell (crab cakes Maryland and such) is outfitted with a bar and the piano of George Taylor, a night owl whose songs are Broadway and boulevardier. Nine until two, except Sundays, is his watch. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Most everything on Second Avenue is, as it should be, off limits; exception can be made for Charles De Forest, who, though he must spend his nights in a piano bar, sings non-piano-bar songs all night long. He lays off Sundays.

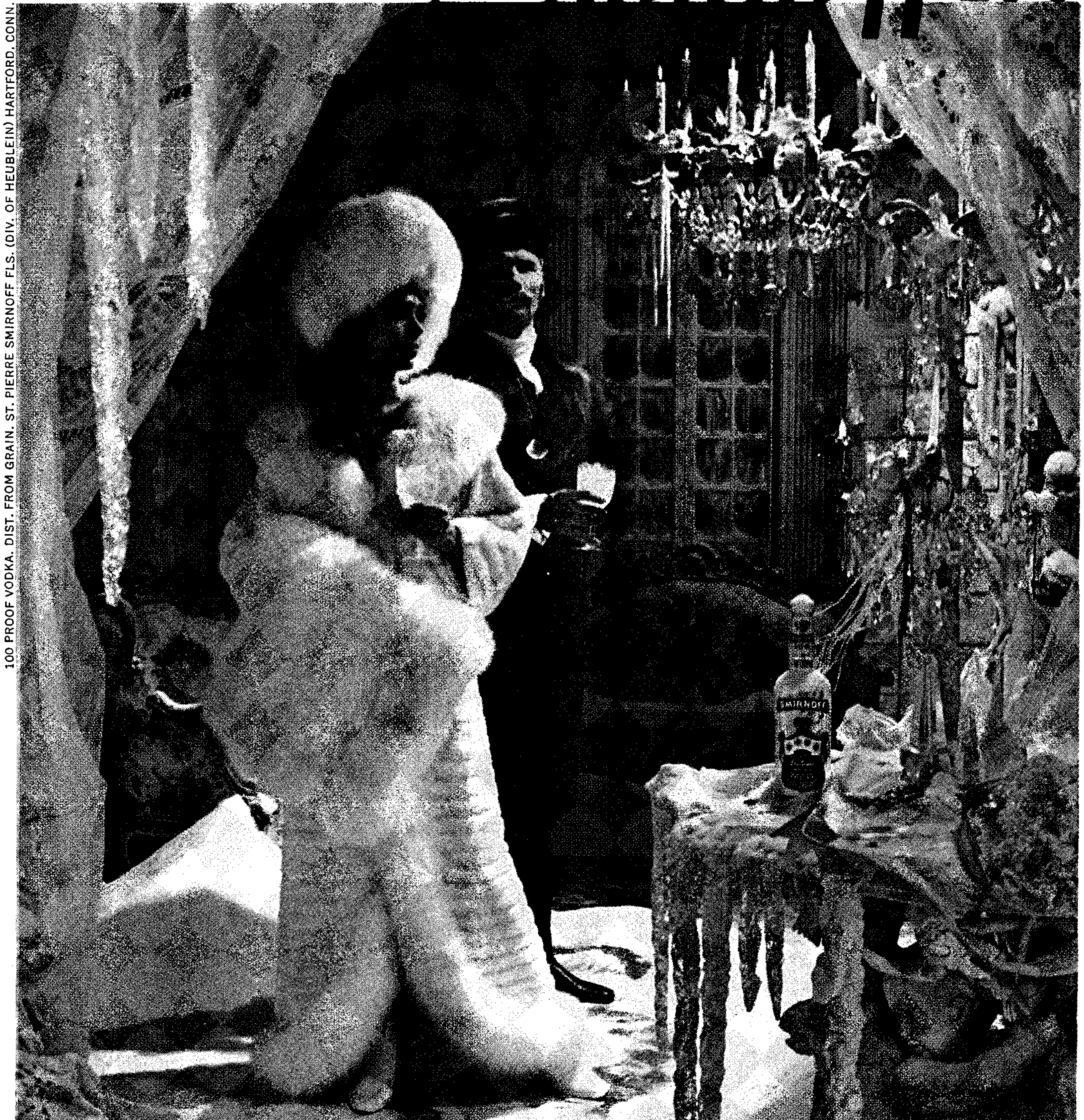
SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The majesty of the Loire, so to speak. Within, the violin of Norbert Faconi awaits the weary traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome by night indeed, though not in a Gray Line bus. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, lap up the evening with soft Lydian airs. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The bar, where a piano gets to perform from six to midnight, except Sundays, is quite New York, but the great outback has become a villa in the Alban Hills. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Is this upstairs suite Ottoman Empire, a hanging garden of Babylon, or just plain Camp (both High and Kill Kare)? The piano music in one room is American for sure, though. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. Piano every night, five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Queen Victoria would have approved. George Feyer, whose manner is pillar of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, is at the piano from eight-thirty until half past one. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Herman Honigsberg's strolling players (fiddles and music boxes) have returned to the scene of their prime, and they do help make the scene. From seven until curfew, except Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, neat and as expansive as the playing fields of Eton, affords well-put-together piano by Bob Kail from six-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR**, in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Far from the madding crowd, and therefore lost (but not least) in calm and contentment, Joe Miles conducts the piano from nine-thirty until one. He has Sundays and Mondays to himself. . . . **FOUR SEASONS**, 99 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-4300): After the captains and the kings of commerce have departed, this seemly estate belongs to Jimmy Lyons, whose threesome made the reverenced Blue Angel sound so good so many years. His piano, now a cappella, discourses from ten to one every night but Saturday

Smirnoff® 100

100 PROOF VODKA. DIST. FROM GRAIN. ST. PIERRE SMIRNOFF FLS. (DIV. OF HEUBLEIN) HARTFORD, CONN.



The Smirnoff 100 Freeze: A sudden cascade of frigid Smirnoff 100 over crushed ice. Only Smirnoff 100 is this clear, this clean. A little startling, like Siberian moonlight. Smirnoff 100 proof, choice of the czars. And still the driest liquor you can pour.

SMIRNOFF
VODKA

Smirnoff Vodka leaves you breathless

© Clairol Inc. 1969 *TM

If you can't beat'em, join'em.

Any girl so darn sure of herself, she'd wrap her hair about her throat the way she would jewels or furs, you have to hate. Unless, of course, you're that sure of yourself, too.

If you're not, we can give you a little inside dope which you may be able to use to your advantage. *That's not her own hair color. It's ours.*

That's Clairol® Creme Toner* No. 9A Towhead® she's used on her pre-lightened hair. (And that's Clairol lip color and make-up just for blondes on her lips and skin.)

Only Clairol Creme Toner gives a girl 32 pale *delicate shades to choose from.* Which is the reason a Creme Toner shade always seems to belong to the girl wearing it.

Hate is just a big fat waste of time. You, too, can be obnoxiously secure. Join the Clairol Creme Toner blondes.

The 32 Clairol Creme Toner Blondes

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Sunday. . . . **UMBERTO**, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): Time is measured here in Roman numerals, and the architecture is Roman candles. In the midst of it all, Franco Pagani serves as ambient and articulate minstrel, from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

RAIMUND ABRAHAM—An aural and visual experiment with sensations of space; through March 6. (Architectural League of New York, 41 E. 65th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

GEORGE AULT (1891-1948)—Thirty watercolors of Bermuda, Provincetown, and New Jersey; through March 8. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

VARUJAN BOGHOSIAN—Wooden boxes and reliefs containing allusive objects; through Saturday, March 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD BRUDER—Landscapes and figures based on photographs taken by the artist; through Friday, Feb. 28. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLIAM BUCK—Naïve watercolors of the slave trade on the coast of West Africa by a nineteenth-century sea captain; through March 11. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

DORIS CAESAR—Bronzes of the female nude; through March 20. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

MARTIN CANIN—Optical paintings; through March 13. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

GIORGIO CAVALLON—Abstract paintings by an artist frequently shown in New York during the past twenty years; through Thursday, Feb. 27. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN—Some of the artist's well-known Abstract sculptures of crushed automobile parts and several new ones of crushed galvanized boxes; through Friday, Feb. 28. (Castelli, 103 W. 108th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

BURHAN DOGANCAY—Paper imitations of walls; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JARED FRENCH—A twenty-five year retrospective showing the development of this American symbolist figure painter; through March 8. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHILDE HASSAM (1859-1935)—Oil paintings by the American Impressionist; through Friday, Feb. 21. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

RALPH HUMPHREY—Ten paintings in luminous colors with thin wavy lines; through Thursday, Feb. 27. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

LESTER JOHNSON—Abstract Expressionist paintings that experiment with the dynamics of the human figure; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

WOLF KAHN—Indistinct grayish landscapes in oil and pastel; through Friday, Feb. 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

HOWARD KANOVITZ—Real-life tableaux of scenes of the New York art world; through March 22. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

CRAIG KAUFFMAN—Vacuum-molded Plexiglas wall reliefs; through March 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KONRAD KLAPHECK—Neat paintings of machines and parts of machines, with rather obvious symbolic titles, by a young German artist; through Saturday, March 1. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

JOHN KOCH—Figures in interiors and still-lifes; through March 8. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

ALEXANDER LIBERMAN—Abstract paintings; through March 8. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

RÓMULO MACCIÓ—Expressionist versions of the figure by an Argentine painter; through March 9. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

RONALD MALLORY—Plastic constructions with activated mercury; through March 8. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MASAAKI—Optical works; through Friday, Feb. 21. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St.)

ALFRED H. MAURER (1868-1932)—An exhibition of paintings by this American vanguardist of the first part of the twentieth century; through March 8. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Washington's Birthday.)

JAMES MCGARRELL—Figure paintings with repeated images of the artist; through Saturday, March 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

MALCOLM MORLEY—Photo-realist treatment of human subjects; through March 6. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAL PAULEY—Sculptures composed of electric light moving through translucent plastic; through March 8. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

BEVERLY PEPPER AND PIERO DORAZIO—Stainless-steel architectural sculptures by the former, and paintings consisting of bands of color by the latter; through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

PICASSO—Paintings and drawings, 1967-68; through Friday, Feb. 28. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

REGINALD POLLACK—Figurative paintings; through March 8. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

LARRY RIVERS—Collages to accompany poems by Kenneth Koch; through Saturday, March 1. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

FRANK ROTH—Drawings and collages; through Wednesday, Feb. 26. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JASON SCHOENER—Semi-abstract landscapes of Greece, California, and Maine; through Saturday, March 1. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

BEN SHAHN—Drawings and lithographs; through Saturday, March 1. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays and Washington's Birthday.)

ROBERT SMITHSON—Rocks and earth collected at different sites, with photographs and maps showing how and where; through Wednesday, Feb. 26. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

TAKIS—Works, some created at M.I.T., featuring effects of electromagnetism through motions, signals, and suspensions; through Saturday, March 1. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

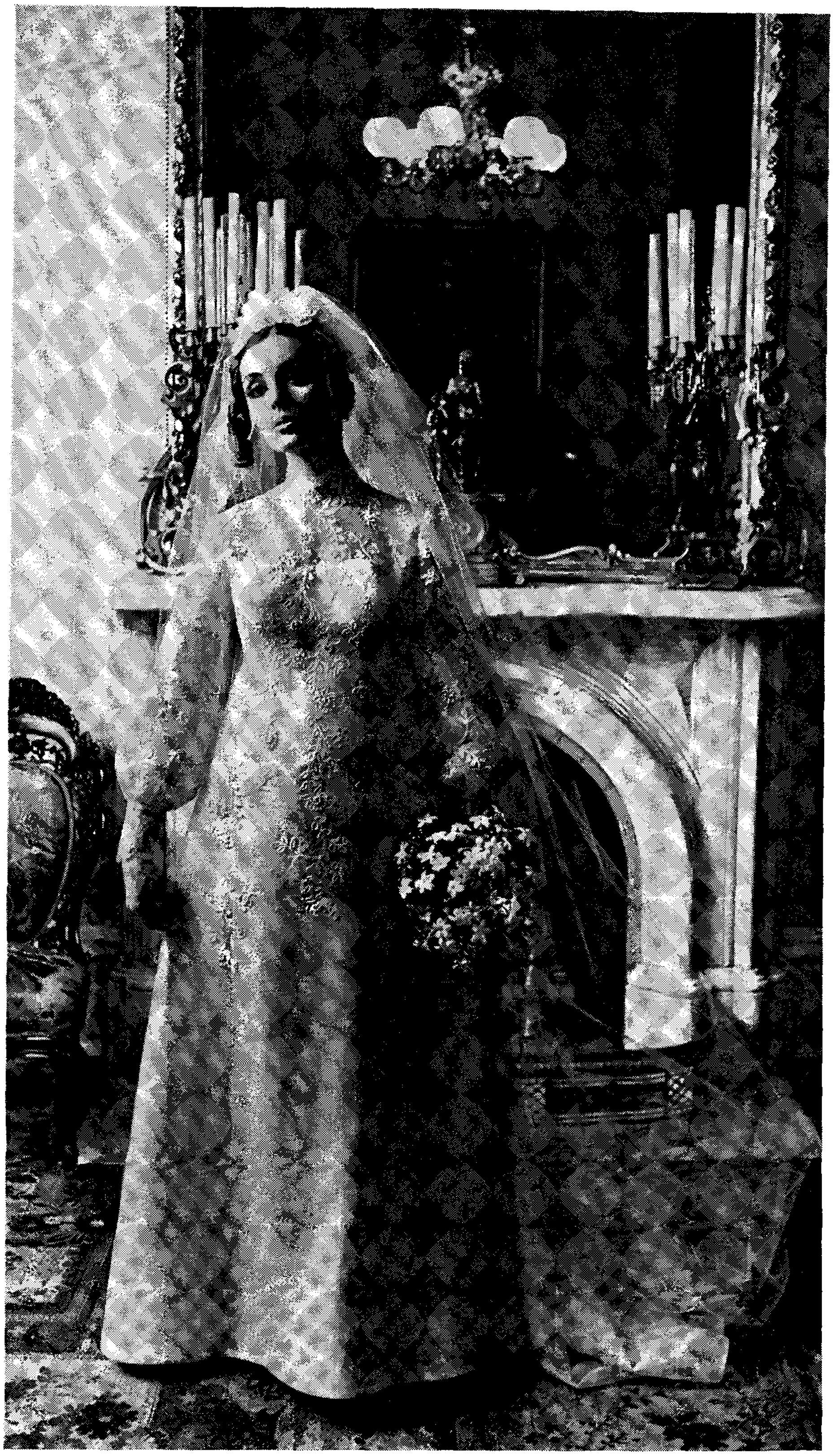
BOB THOMPSON—A retrospective of paintings by this black American who worked in Europe until his death three years ago at the age of twenty-nine; through March 6. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

PAT TRIVIGNO—Patterned abstractions by a New Orleans artist; through Friday, Feb. 28. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA**, 63 E. 57th St.: Drawings, pastels, and watercolors by more than fifty artists, most of them eminent; through March 8. . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and watercolors by twentieth-century artists, among them Matta, de Chirico, Dubuffet, and Matisse; through Friday, Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of Mexican folk art—papier-mâché figures, wooden carvings, pottery, toys, costumes, and ceremonial and festival objects—collected in villages remote from big cities; through March 8. . . . **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Paintings and drawings by seven black artists; through Thursday, Feb. 27. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M.). . . **RUBIN**, 49 W. 57th St.: A new gallery shows works by such well-publicized artists as Arman, Caro, Louis, Noland, Olitski, Sander, and Frank Stella; through Wednesday, Feb. 26. (Closed Mondays.). . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Watercolors and drawings by Kirchner, Nolde, Schmidt-Rottluff, Klimt, and other German Expressionists; through Friday, Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.). . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Six members of the Chicago "Hairy Who" group, who work in the comic-strip mode, present drawings and constructions; through

NOW:
HERE'S THE SPACE-AGE WAY TO TRAVEL FIRST-CLASS... IN OUR NON-STOP KNIT SHIRTDRESS MARKED FOR YOU ALONE WITH YOUR MONOGRAM. BY MATTI OF LYNNE IN 100% DACRON POLYESTER. NAVY, RED OR BROWN WITH BRIGHT WHITE; 8 TO 18. 36.00

Mail and phone orders to Cleveland: add 75¢ beyond delivery area. Ohio residents add 4% sales tax. For monogramming please specify first initial, second initial, last initial.



History repeats itself. Elegantly.

In this gown of Victorian design interpreted with an air of majesty. Ours alone in a splendid collection of reigning bridal fashion. Now at Field's in Chicago. The Bride's Room on Six. There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company

March 14. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Harlem on My Mind," the show that is causing all the noise. Photographs, slides, captions, voices, sound, and music, going back sixty years, from which Harlem emerges as the capital of urban black culture in the United States; through April 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Drawings, pastels, collages, and sculptures by Julio González, a pioneer in welded-iron sculpture; through March 16. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A hundred and twenty-five European and American works from the collection of Peggy Guggenheim, the celebrated patron of twentieth-century artists; through March 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Forty-six paintings by Helen Frankenthaler, a "second-generation" Abstract Expressionist; through April 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 11; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, noon to 6. . . . ¶ On Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8:30, there will be a dance concert by the Deborah Hay dance company. Tickets, which are very scarce, will be issued on a first-come, first-served basis starting Wednesday, Feb. 19.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and twelve items of American printmaking from 1670 to 1821; through March 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs and engravings that focus on the endeavors in research, exhibition, and education made by the Museum in its hundred-year history. Contents of the recently located cornerstone are also unveiled. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and porcelains created from 1279 to 1368 A.D., when China was ruled by the Mongols; through March 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth, lent by private American collectors and made up of two hundred and twenty illuminated manuscripts, paintings and drawings, sculptures, ivories, metalwork, goldsmiths' work, enamels, stained glass, and embroideries and tapestries; through March 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Washington's Birthday, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5. Except on Tuesdays, admission is $1.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Drawings by artists who were active in Naples during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries; through April 12. . . . ¶ Art from the collection of Jacques Kaplan, a fur stylist who is a familiar figure in the contemporary art world; through March 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A comprehensive exhibition of the works and life of Grandma Moses (1860-1961), America's most popular "primitive;" through March 30. . . . ¶ Paintings by thirty-seven American artists, among them Ryder, Sargent, Homer, Hartley, Hopper, the Soyers, and Shahn; through March 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Eighty works by European contemporaries, including Bacon, Bury, Fahlström, Kitaj, Magritte, Matta, Soulages, Tàpies, and Vasarely; through March 16. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Drawings by Al Hirschfeld, a draftsman well known for his theatre caricatures in the *Times;* through April 14.

our new lightweight, more-fitted
OWN MAKE CRUISE JACKETS
in handsome rich colors and stripes

We have tailored these distinctive Odd Jackets of a lightweight Terylene polyester and worsted blend in an interesting porous weave. The model is our two-button jacket with side vents. Solid colors include medium blue, straw, pink, raspberry, green and dark pumpkin. The stripes: yellow-olive-orange, white-blue-grey, blue-grey-olive, or raspberry-maroon-blue. $110 and $115*

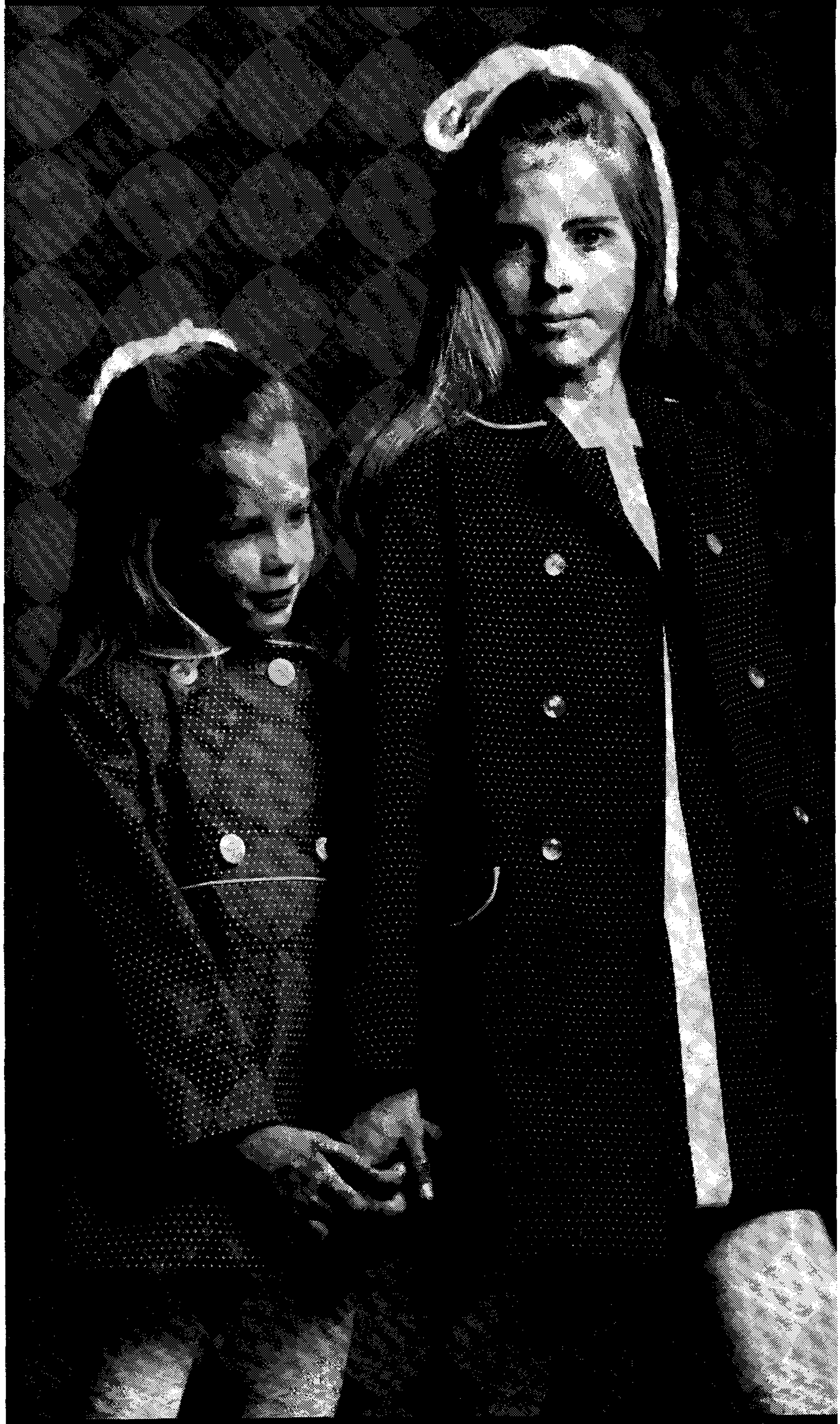
Our own make Odd Trousers of the same material in solids or stripes, checks, Glen plaids and windowpane patterns in many of the above colorings, $35 and $40

*Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVENUE & 111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
ATLANTA • BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES
PITTSBURGH • SAN FRANCISCO • WASHINGTON

COTTON:
YOU CAN FEEL
HOW GOOD
IT LOOKS



RAINBOW GIRL feels spring in the air. Designs two coat and dress ensembles with the air of spring. Chooses crisp, *comfortable* cotton canvas—the spirited cotton fabric spiced with a flurry of dots. Both outfits in navy blue and in red. Left: 3 to 6x, about $22.00. Right: 7 to 14, about $26.00. At these and other fine stores.

COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE, BOX 12253, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE 38112.
Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Davison, Paxon, Atlanta; Buffums', Long Beach, California; Miller & Rhoads, Richmond; Hammel's, Mobile; Wolf & Dessauer, Fort Wayne, Ind.

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, except Washington's Birthday, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An auspicious loan of a hundred and thirty-eight drawings (Italian, Flemish and Dutch, French, and Swedish) from the Nationalmuseum of Sweden; through Saturday, March 1. . . . ¶ "The Poet's Hand," a display of autograph manuscripts (1440-1940) by English and American poets; through March 15. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Religious objects of New Guinea, including carved figures, masks, shields, ornaments, and musical instruments; through May 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Diverse items from the Museum's collection: costumes, paintings and prints, photographs, toys, and theatre memorabilia (the most memorable being Gypsy Rose Lee's garter belt and sets of false teeth [Mr. Hyde's] once used by Fredric March); through Saturday, March 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Contemporary paintings and sculptures by approximately thirty self-taught black artists of Haiti, accompanied by tapes of the country's music and language, slide projections of the land and the people, and objects and designs related to the voodoo religion; through March 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

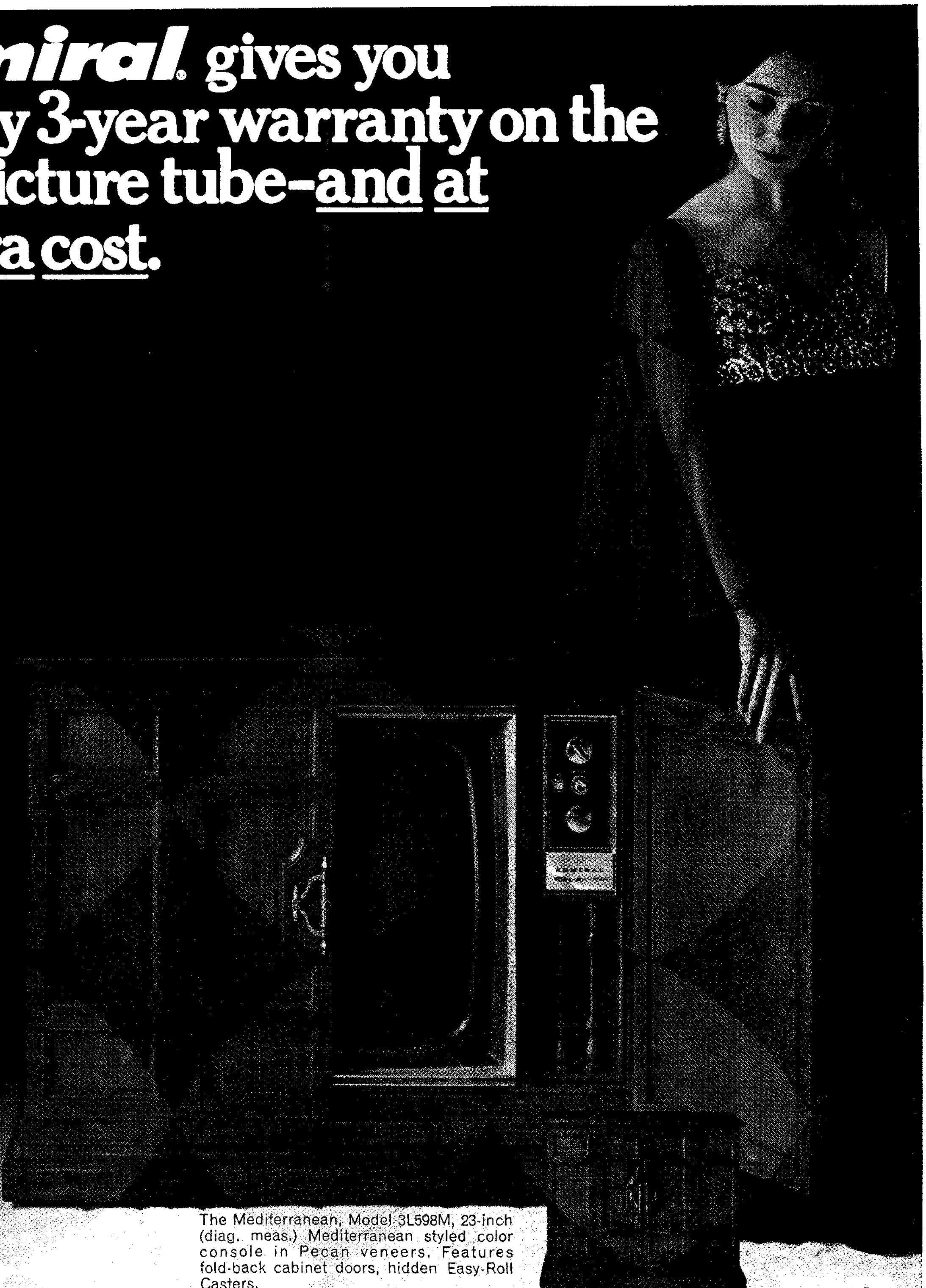
OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Karola Agai, Nicolai Gedda, Renato Bruson, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30: "Das Rheingold," with Josephine Veasey, Lili Chookasian, Theo Adam, Gerhard Stolze, Zoltán Kelemen, Martti Talvela, Karl Ridderbusch, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Montserrat Caballé, Franco Corelli, Theodor Uppman, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 24, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Christa Ludwig, Judith Raskin, Evelyn Lear, Rosalind Elias, Walter Berry, John Alexander, and Rudolf Knoll. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8:30: "Das Rheingold," with Josephine Veasey, Lili Chookasian, Theo Adam, Gerhard Stolze, Zoltán Kelemen, Martti Talvela, Karl Ridderbusch, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Martina Arroyo, James King, Theodor Uppman, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Christa Ludwig, Judith Raskin, Evelyn Lear, Rosalind Elias, Walter Berry, Flaviano Labò, and Rudolf Knoll. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 28, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Anna Moffo, Nicolai Gedda, Renato Bruson, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 1: "Die Walküre," with Birgit Nilsson, Régine Crespin, Josephine Veasey, Jon Vickers, Thomas Stewart, and Martti Talvela. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 8: "Tosca," with Leonie Rysanek, Sándor Kónya, Gabriel Bacquier, and Paul Plishka. (A non-subscription performance.)

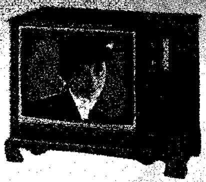
New York City Opera—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, April 20—Thursday, Feb. 20, at 7:45: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Placido Domingo, Richard Fredricks, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Janet Winburn, Lino Savoldi, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:15: "Cavalleria

Admiral® gives you the only 3-year warranty on the color picture tube–and at no extra cost.

That can save you $125 to $200 in color tube replacement, depending on screen size—and it's good in all 50 states.



The Mediterranean, Model 3L598M, 23-inch (diag. meas.) Mediterranean styled color console in Pecan veneers. Features fold-back cabinet doors, hidden Easy-Roll Casters.



The Fremont, Model 3L515M, 23-inch (diag. meas.) Early American color console in Genuine Maple Veneers.

The Nording, Model 3L371M, 23-inch (diag. meas.) Danish Modern Double-Sided color console. Walnut grained finish on hardwood veneers.

The exclusive Admiral 3-year picture tube warranty exceeds all others by one year. Insist on it when you buy a color set. Statistical information proves more replacements of color tubes are made during the 3rd year than the 1st and 2nd years combined. And look at the unsurpassed beauty of the all-new fine furniture. The careful crafting lavished on every style. Notice, too, the many quality features. Example: Admiral Sonar Remote Control that lets you operate your set from your easy chair. Admiral Automatic Fine Tuning Control (AFC) that locks in a perfect sound and color signal. And many more. See your Admiral dealer for a wide selection of Admiral worry-free Color TV. All with the longest warranty in color TV.

3-Year Admiral Warranty on Color Picture Tubes— Picture tube warranted to original owner to be free from defects for 3 years. Admiral's obligation limited to supplying a replacement in exchange for defective tube. Service and installation costs paid by owner. Warranty not effective unless registration card mailed to Admiral after delivery.

Admiral®
Mark of Quality

Ballantine's
BY APPOINTMENT TO
4/5 QUART
86 PROOF
FINEST BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
George Ballantine & Son Limited
Distillers – Dumbarton, Scotland
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

If you're looking for a blast, or a belt, or a bomb, this isn't it.

A fine Scotch—like Ballantine's—is a civilized drink.

It doesn't assault you.

It comes over to your side. A bit of quiet comfort in the middle of a screaming world.

No wonder the Scots invented it.

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "21" BRANDS, INC., N.Y.C.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Rusticana," with Francesca Roberto, Muriel Greenspon, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Julian Patrick; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Timo Callio, Chester Ludgin, and William Murray. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:15: "Manon," with Beverly Sills, Placido Domingo, Richard Fredricks, and Malcolm Smith. A benefit performance. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 23, at 1:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Athena Lampropulos, Muriel Greenspon, Lino Savoldi, and Julian Patrick; and "Pagliacci," with Carol Bayard, Bernabé Martí, Chester Ludgin, and Paul Huddleston. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 23, at 7:15: "La Bohème," with Veronica Tyler, Maralin Niska, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Veronica Tyler, Carol Bayard, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 27, at 7:45: The company's première of Borodin's "Prince Igor" (in English), with Maralin Niska, Joy Davidson, Julian Patrick, and William Chapman. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Francesca Roberto, Kay Creed, Lino Savoldi, and Richard Fredricks; and "Pagliacci," with Peggy Bonini, Timo Callio, Chester Ludgin, and Thomas Jamerson. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 2:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Kay Creed, Tibor Kelen, and William Murray. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 8:15: "Manon," with Carol Bayard, Lois Crane, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Joshua Hecht. A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-7652. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Seiji Ozawa conducting on Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 21, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:30; and Monday, Feb. 24, at 7:30 (all with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting scenes from "Tristan und Isolde" on Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Eileen Farrell, soprano; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; and Jess Thomas, tenor). . . . ¶ Seiji Ozawa conducting on Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30; Saturday, March 1, at 8:30; and Monday, March 3, at 7:30 (all with Yuji Takahashi, piano).

Moscow State Symphony—At Carnegie Hall, the final performances of the engagement—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, at 8:30: Evgeni Svetlanov conducting two programs, with Van Cliburn, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 23, and Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8:30: Odissey Dimitriadi conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Mstislav Rostropovich, cello. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8:30: Evgeni Svetlanov conducting, with Mr. Rostropovich. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30: Evgeni Svetlanov conducting, with Leonid Kogan, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 8:30: Maxim Shostakovich conducting an all-Shostakovich program, with Mr. Kogan. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 2, at 3: Maxim Shostakovich conducting, with Grigory Sokolov, piano.

Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra—Leopold Sipe conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Eugen Jochum conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3, and Monday, Feb. 24, at 8:30.)

New York Concertante of the Symphony of New York—Joseph Eger conducting a concert postponed from Feb. 4, with Nancy Chase, soprano; the New York Rock and Roll Ensemble; and Hermione Gingold, Moses Gunn, and Diana Sands reciting the Edith Sitwell poems of William Walton's "Façade." (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 8:30.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting two operas in concert form: Ravel's "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges" and Kleinsinger and Darion's "Archy and Mehitabel," with the Pickwick Puppet Theatre; Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; and Henry Morgan, narrator. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8.)

Verdi's Requiem—Carlos Piantini directing eighty-five members of the New York Philharmonic in a benefit concert, with Clarice Carson, soprano; Joann Grillo, mezzo-soprano; Flaviano Labò, tenor; Justino Díaz, bass; the Harvard Glee Club; and the Radcliffe Choral Society. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Clifford Curzon, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, March 1-2, at 8:30. All seats have been sold for the first concert, and only standing room is left.)

RECITALS

Yehuda Hanani—Cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Fine Arts Quartet—The first of three all-Haydn programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Borodin Quartet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Jorge Bolet—Piano, in a recital postponed from Nov. 16. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano, in a recital postponed from Dec. 7. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—A chamber-music program performed by Ruth Laredo, piano; Jaime Laredo, Alexander Schneider, and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Samuel Rhodes, viola; and Robert Sylvester, cello. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3 and 9.)

Lorin Hollander—Piano. (Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 7:30.)

Early Music Quartet—A program of Renaissance music by this vocal and instrumental group from Munich. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-3530. Monday, Feb. 24, at 8:40.)

Boris Goldovsky and the Curtis String Quartet—The fourth in a series of five concerts of chamber music for piano and strings, with comment by Mr. Goldovsky. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-69—A concert followed by a discussion period with the program's composers, among them Teo Macero and Beatrice Witkin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 8:30.)

Janet Baker—Mezzo-soprano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Poldi Mildner—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Waverly Consort—Renaissance music of Germany and baroque music of England and France. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 348-1500. Saturday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Note—The Guarneri String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, March 2, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Feb. 24, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

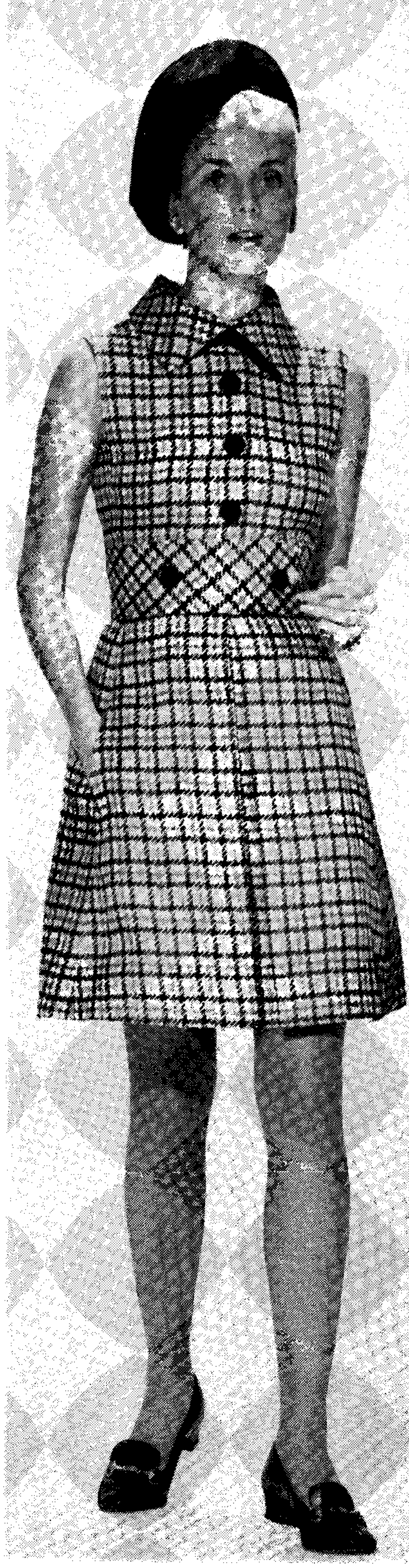
The Cream on Film—Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Feb. 21, at 7 and 9:30.

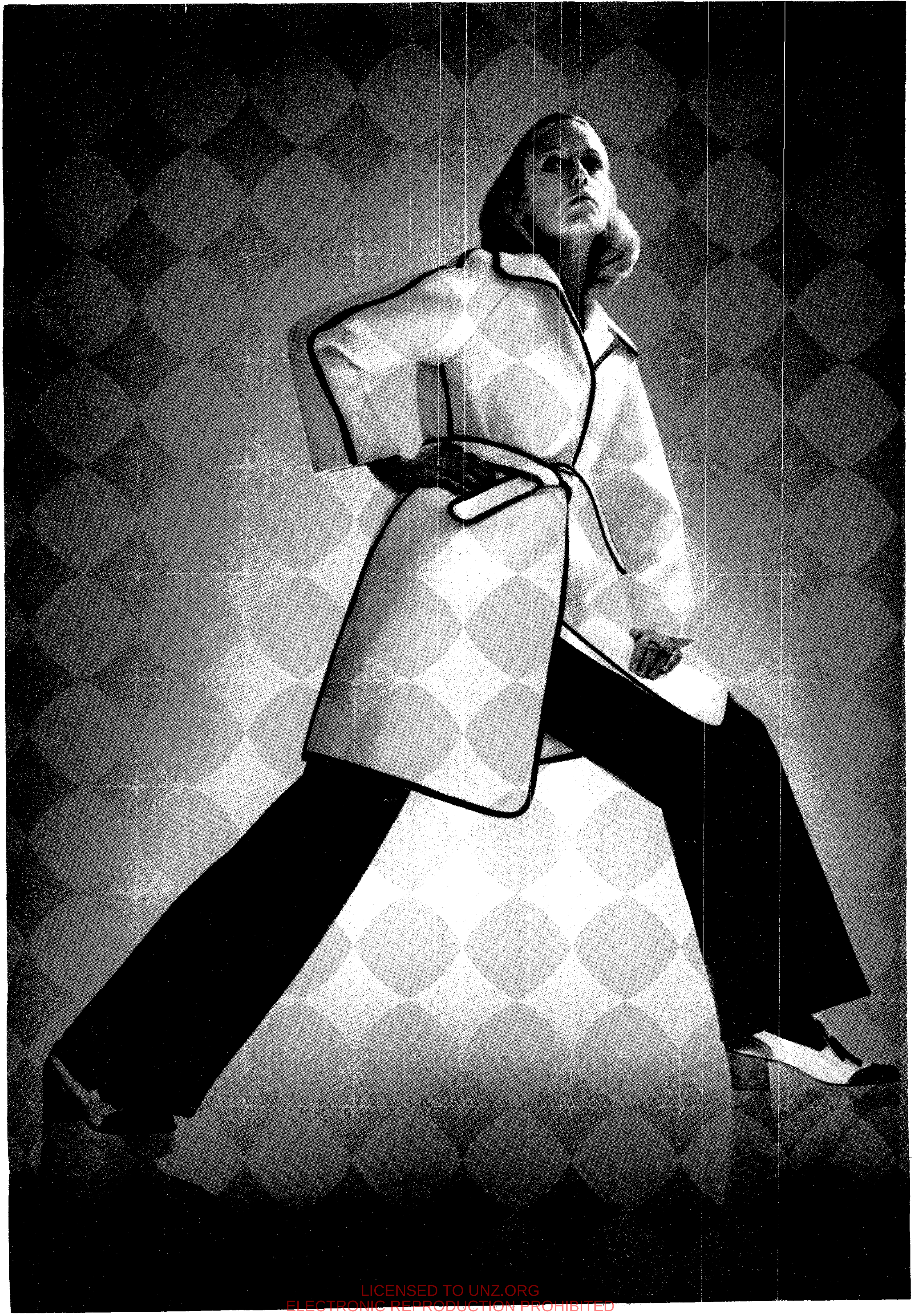
Mothers of Invention, Buddy Miles Express, and Chicago Transit Authority—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, at 8 and 11:30.

Gary Burton Quartet—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.

Ten Years After and John Mayall—Fillmore

HALLE'S
JERRY SILVERMAN: circa 1969
New and now — the midriff-go-round in a lively zing of red, navy and gold silk plaid. (Right on the button.)
By Shannon Rodgers for Jerry Silverman, 6 to 14 sizes 75.00.
The Specialty Shop,
Cleveland and Akron, Ohio.
Add 1.00 beyond delivery area.





JEWELS BY DAVID WEBB

BODY
ENGLISH

JAEGER®

THE JAEGER COMPANY, 430 PARK AVENUE, N.Y.C. 10022

CUSTOM CASUALS

THE NEW CLASSICS OF TOM MALLO

*Cane-checked cotton by Chantilly Textiles, a suit for all seasons. The licorice-button jacket tops a belted, short-sleeve blouse, straight skirt. White-checked black or beige. 8 to 18. About 75.00.**

Bergdorf Goodman, New York
Gus Mayer, all stores
L.S.Ayres, Indianapolis
Miller & Rhoads, Richmond
Julius Garfinckel, Wash., D.C.
Bullocks, Westwood

Or write Custom Casuals Inc.,
205 West 39th Street, N.Y.,
N. Y. 10018 *higher on the West Coast.

East. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-March 1, at 8 and 11:30.

The Temptations, Gladys Knight and the Pips, and Moms Mabley—Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.

MISCELLANY

Fritz Busch Memorial—A benefit concert performed by, among others, Leonie Rysanek, soprano; Regina Resnik, mezzo-soprano; James King, tenor; Theodor Uppman, baritone; Paul Doktor, viola; and Heida Hermanns, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Sunday, Feb. 23, at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 687-4749.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden Center—Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8:35: Knicks vs. San Diego. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 6:30: Boston vs. Phoenix and Knicks vs. Atlanta. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Boston.

Boxing—David Melendez vs. Dario Hidalgo, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8:30.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden Center—Sunday, Feb. 23, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Chicago.

Karate—All-American Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:05: through Thursday, March 6. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, Feb. 22, and the John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 1.

Track Meets—United States Olympic Invitational. (Madison Square Garden Center. Friday, Feb. 21, at 7.) . . ¶ Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 7:30. For tickets, call 245-1540.)

Trapshooting—New York Athletic Club shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 22-23, at 10.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, March 4.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **Amato Opera Company:** An abbreviated version of "The Barber of Seville," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30.) . . **Brooklyn Philharmonia:** Siegfried Landau directing, with the Brooklyn Philharmonia Choral Society. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, March 1, at 2:30.) . . . **Young People's Saturday Theatre:** Jean Ritchie, Oscar Brand, and others, in a program of folk music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Saturday, March 1, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **Bil and Cora Baird's Marionettes:** "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays and Fridays at 3:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **Salvatore Guida:** "A Very Special Clown," Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "The Golden Tambourine," Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.) . . . **Rose Lynch Productions:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **Maximillion Productions:** "Gypsy Adventure." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . **Pixie Judy Troupe:** "Alice Through the Looking Glass." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1 and 3, and Sundays at 2.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Washington's Birthday, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and mosaics by children in the public schools of Harlem, in a display entitled "Young Harlem Creates," arranged to coincide with the Metropolitan's special exhibit, "Harlem on My Mind." Through April 6. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "To the Edge of the Universe;" through March 3. (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays, except Washington's Birthday, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Washington's Birthday at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

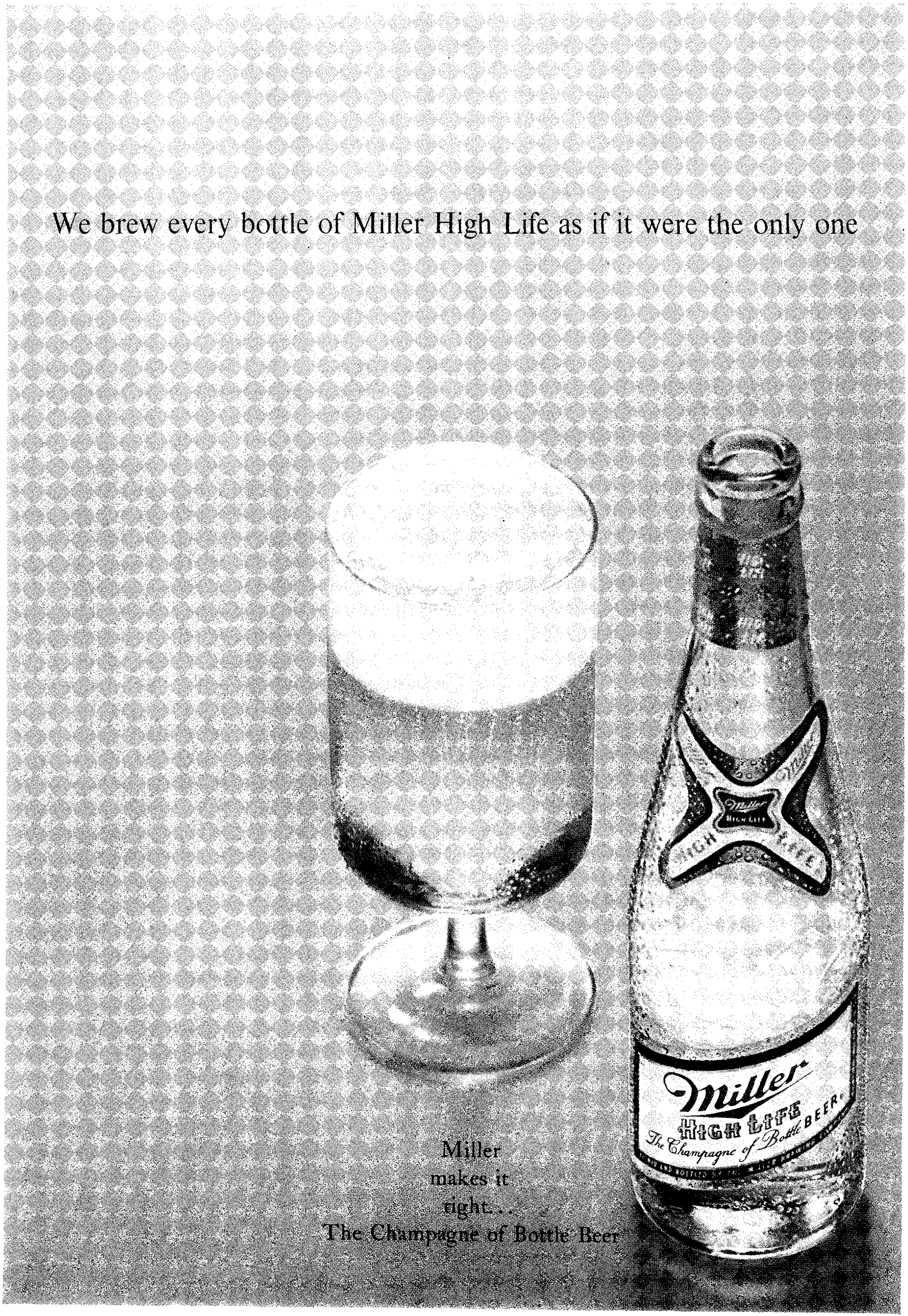
United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—James Wright reading from his own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

National Antiques Show—The twenty-fifth annual affair, at which, this year, two hundred and fifty dealers will offer everything from breakfronts to buttons, and you will find displays of sculpture in glass, historical hardware, theatrical memorabilia, and whatnot. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Friday, Feb. 21, through Saturday, March 1, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 2, from 1 to 7.)

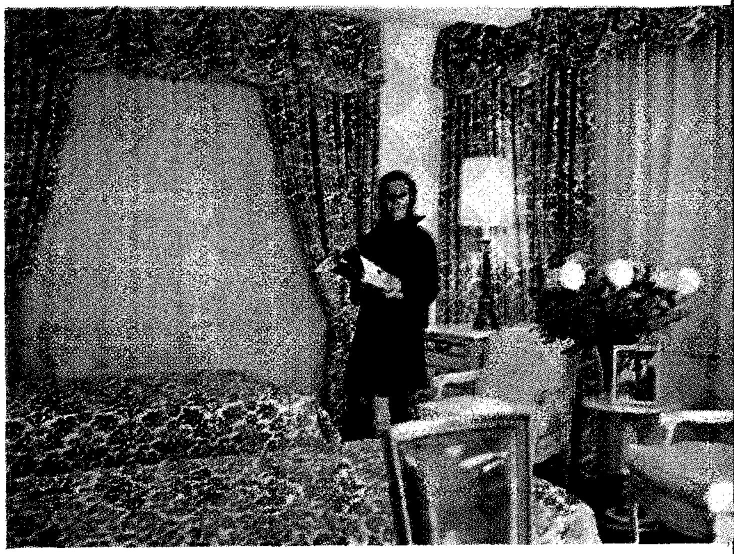
Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Feb. 20, at 10:15 and 1:45: American and European paintings dating from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21, at 1:45: Renaissance and eighteenth-century works of art, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 1:45: Furniture and decorations, from many sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 1:45: English and Irish seventeenth- and eighteenth-century silver, from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 10:15: Art reference books, from several sources, including property formerly in the inventory of French & Co.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Feb. 20 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "His Girl Friday" (1940), with Rosalind Russell and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 2 and 5:30: "Angels Over Broadway" (1940), with Rita Hayworth and Thomas Mitchell. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 11:30: "The Informer" (1935), with Victor McLaglen. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 3 and 5:30: "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" (1941), with Robert Montgomery and Claude Rains. . . . ¶ Feb. 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Theodora Goes Wild" (1936), with Irene Dunne and Melvyn Douglas. . . . ¶ Feb. 24 at 2 and 5:30: "Whom the Gods Destroy" (1934), with Walter Connolly and Robert Young. . . . ¶ Feb. 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Only Angels Have Wings" (1939), with Jean Arthur and Cary Grant. . . . ¶ Feb. 26 at 2 and 5:30: "Isn't Life Wonderful?" (1924), directed by D. W. Griffith. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)


We brew every bottle of Miller High Life as if it were the only one
Miller
High Life
The Champagne of Bottle Beer
Miller
makes it
right...
The Champagne of Bottle Beer

© MILLER BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE

Have you seen the 1969 look at Realty Hotels?



New York's famous Barclay, Biltmore, Roosevelt and Commodore... Realty Hotels all... have an exciting new look.

A brand new $22,000,000 worth!

You'll find a lot of exciting changes at Realty Hotels in New York—The New Barclay, New Biltmore, New Roosevelt and New Commodore. A brand new $22,000,000 look. You'll love the luxurious new accommodations, new decor, new restaurants and cocktail lounges. And still the same warm friendly service that is traditional. Fabulous new meeting and convention facilities that are second to none. Not to mention our unsurpassed location, on New York's fashionable East Side.

It's only a ten minute *walk* to the corporate headquarters of 63 of the country's top 100 companies. Fifth Avenue shopping. Jewelry District. Banking Center. Theatre District. 70% of the largest ad agencies. And we're sitting right on top of the largest transportation complex in New York.

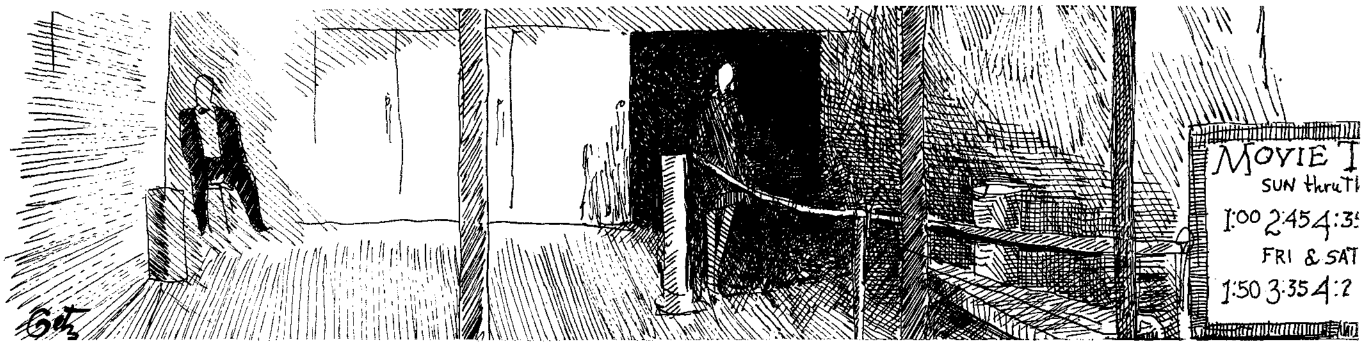
Next visit to New York, plan to stay with us. You'll see what a difference tradition can make.

Realty-Dial-Direct-Reservation Service lets you make direct reservations *free* from anywhere in the U.S.A.: 800-221-2690. New York State: 800-522-6449. New York City: 340-2776.

Famous Hotels
with
Great Tradition

THE BARCLAY
PARK AVENUE AT 48TH STREET
THE BILTMORE
MADISON AVENUE AT 43RD STREET
THE ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVENUE AT 45TH STREET
THE COMMODORE
PARK AVENUE AT
42ND STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26			

BARBARELLA—Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip stumbles along, but Jane Fonda may be the sexiest funny girl since Mae West. With David Hemmings. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Feb. 25.)

BELLE DE JOUR—One of the rare films about a girl's sexuality, made by Luis Buñuel. Catherine Deneuve plays the girl, highly respected in her Yves Saint Laurent clothes when she goes to a brothel full of plump pros in the regulation black lace. Geneviève Page is very witty as the solicitous madam. In French. (Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

BULLITT—There are some good chase sequences around San Francisco in this low-key police melodrama, which is pointless and often dull, but efficiently directed by Peter Yates and well acted by Steve McQueen. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660. No afternoon performances on Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 22-23.)

BYE BYE BRAVERMAN (1968)—Wallace Markfield's satire on New York Jewish intellectuals. With George Segal, Joseph Wiseman, Godfrey Cambridge. Sidney Lumet directed. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Feb. 26.)

CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS (1966)—A Czech tragicomedy, directed by Jiri Menzel, about a young lad who seeks to establish his manhood and quite innocently discovers it. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 20.)

THE CRIMINAL LIFE OF ARCHIBALDO DE LA CRUZ (1962)—Directed by Luis Buñuel. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Feb. 23.)

THE ENDLESS SUMMER (1966)—A hang-ten documentary about surfing in various parts of the world. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Feb. 20.)

FACES—Apathy and desperation in an American marriage, as visualized by John Cassavetes in semi-documentary style. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

FUNNY GIRL—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE GRADUATE—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Feb. 25.)

GREETINGS—As tawdry as an exploitation film and as disorganized as an underground film, Brian De Palma's comedy about a draft evader is, nevertheless, funny and good-natured. With a whole gallery of new, young, talented performers. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255.)

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR (1959)—The doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 21-24.)

HOUR OF THE WOLF (1968)—An Ingmar Bergman film about the impingement of two personalities upon one another. Max von Sydow plays an obsessed painter and Liv Ullmann his wife. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 20.)

THE IMMORTAL STORY—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's "The Immortal Story," about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

THE LION IN WINTER—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; Feb. 24-26.)

NAZARIN—Buñuel's major ten-year-old film about a defrocked priest in Mexico. No artist uses heresy and anticlerical humor with more angry regret. In Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 21-24.)

OLIVER!—Carol Reed and his crew demonstrate that a big expensive movie musical can be beautifully made—if you know how. With Ron Moody as Fagin. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

PATHS OF GLORY (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Feb. 26.)

PIERROT LE FOU—Jean-Luc Godard's violent, chaotic attempt to show people trying to live like characters out of fiction. Jean-Paul Belmondo (called Ferdinand for Céline) and Anna Karina get involved in crime and politics, but the picture seems to be about romance and misogyny. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

PRETTY POISON—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363.)

RACHEL, RACHEL—Paul Newman directs an observant and modest picture remarkable for its acting. Beautiful performances by Joanne Woodward as a schoolmistress "in the middle of her life" and feeling past it (at thirty-five), and by Estelle Parsons as her passionate and blundering friend. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Feb. 26.)

RASHOMON (1951)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Feb. 23.)

REPULSION (1965)—Directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Feb. 25.)

ROMEO AND JULIET—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap and comes up with a teen-age tragedy that seems to be more Italian opera than English poetry. Unfortunately, there are no arias. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

THE SEA GULL—Chekhov's play comes to the screen in a misguided version that is inadvertently funny instead of delicately comic. But Vanessa Redgrave is magnificent, and there are good pieces in the performances of James Mason, David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, and Harry Andrews. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

THE SEVENTH SEAL (1956)—Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; through Feb. 23.)

SHAME—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. With the remarkable, strong young actress Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

SIMON OF THE DESERT—Luis Buñuel is in an unusually jovial mood in this playful little fable (only forty-five minutes long) about the foolishness of saintliness, with Claudio Brook as the saint and Silvia Pinal as the Devil. In Spanish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

THE TWO OF US (1967)—An account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant, played by Michel Simon, and a little Jewish boy during the Occupation in France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Feb. 20.)

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY—Stanley Kubrick's poetic sci-fi odyssey of thirty-two years hence, and a beautiful, disquieting, immensely entertaining film. Made from his own screenplay (in collaboration with Arthur C. Clarke) and with his dazzling special effects. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332.)

ULYSSES (1967)—A sortie into the Joyce country. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Feb. 26.)

VIRIDIANA (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Feb. 23.)

WAR AND PEACE (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's seventy-millimetre, six-hour film of Tolstoy's novel, in two parts. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663. Part I: through Feb. 25. Part II: Feb. 26-March 4. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

WEEKEND—Jean-Luc Godard's most complex, powerfully charged, and deeply flawed film is an extraordinary poetic satire on modern life. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325.)

YELLOW SUBMARINE—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With ten songs by the Beatles. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

De Busschere

Belgian Shoes

HAND MADE · HAND SEWN

MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President

Classic, timeless styling

REGENT
French Dressed
Black Alligator
$170
Other colors to order

Brochures on request

ECRIN
Baby Llama Calf
$65

FROM OUR CLASSIC BAG COLLECTION
BY LUCILLE

Size
7½" x 10¼"
Expands to
13½"

Ring travel bag made from the same superb leather as our shoes. LLAMA CALF: Black, brown, red or navy . . . $110. French baby LIZARD: Brown or black . . . $175.00. ALLIGATOR: Brown, black, $400.

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Feb. 20: **THE TWO OF US** (in French); and **THE ENDLESS SUMMER.**
From Feb. 21: "The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
WEEKEND (in French).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
PRETTY POISON.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Feb. 25: **REPULSION**; and "Benjamin" (1968; in French), Michèle Morgan, Catherine Deneuve.
From Feb. 26: **ULYSSES**; and **PATHS OF GLORY.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
BULLITT. (Saturday and Sunday afternoons, Feb. 22-23: To be announced.)

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Monterey Pop," a documentary on the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
GREETINGS.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Hell in the Pacific," Lee Marvin, Toshiro Mifune.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"They Came to Rob Las Vegas," Gary Lockwood, Elke Sommer.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
SHAME (in Swedish).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE SEA GULL.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
WAR AND PEACE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Joanna," Genevieve Waite.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Very Happy Alexander" (in French), Philippe Noiret.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Changes," Kent Lane.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through Feb. 25: "The Stalking Moon," Gregory Peck, Eva Marie Saint.
From Feb. 26: "Twisted Nerve," Hayley Mills.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
PIERROT LE FOU (in French).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
BULLITT.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Model Shop," Anouk Aimée, Gary Lockwood.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell," Gina Lollobrigida.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Feb. 23: **VIRIDIANA** and **THE CRIMINAL LIFE OF ARCHIBALDO DE LA CRUZ** (both in Spanish).
Feb. 24-26: "Blonde Venus" (1932), Marlene Dietrich; and "Devil and the Deep" (1932), Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Laughton.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Feb. 25: **THE GRADUATE.**
From Feb. 26: **RACHEL, RACHEL.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom. (From Monday, Feb. 24, through Wednesday, Feb. 26, the theatre will be closed.)

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Three Sisters" (in Russian).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
"The Brotherhood," Kirk Douglas, Alex Cord.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 25: "Play Dirty," Michael Caine.
From Feb. 26: "The Boston Strangler," Tony Curtis, Henry Fonda; and "The Secret Life of an American Wife" (1968), Walter Matthau, Anne Jackson.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Feb. 23: **RASHOMON** (in Japanese); and **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish).
Feb. 24-26: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.**

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
BULLITT.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State I, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Extra performances Saturday and Sunday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Ice Station Zebra," Rock Hudson, Ernest Borgnine. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Star!," Julie Andrews. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Mayerling," Omar Sharif, Catherine Deneuve.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Feb. 23: "The Song and the Silence," Annita Koutsouveli.
From Feb. 24: To be announced.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Don't Look Now" (in French), Terry-Thomas, Bourvil.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Model Shop," Anouk Aimée, Gary Lockwood.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FACES.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE IMMORTAL STORY; and **SIMON OF THE DESERT** (in Spanish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. (TR 4-2424)
Feb. 23 at 2 and 4: "Magical Mystery Tour," the Beatles.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
"Play Dirty," Michael Caine.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 22: "Les Créatures" (in French), an Agnès Varda film, with Catherine Deneuve.
From Feb. 23: "Not Reconciled," "Machorka-Muff," and "The Bridegroom, the Comedienne, and the Pimp," all Jean-Marie Straub films, in German.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 25: **BARBARELLA**; and "Two for the Road" (1967), Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.
From Feb. 26: **RACHEL, RACHEL**; and **BYE BYE BRAVERMAN.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 20: **CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS,** a Czechoslovakian film; and **HOUR OF THE WOLF** (in Swedish).
Feb. 21-24: **NAZARIN** (in Spanish); and **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French).
From Feb. 25: "No More Excuses" (1968) and "Chafed Elbows" (1967), both Robert Downey films.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Feb. 20: "Les Biches" (in French).
From Feb. 21: "The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD TRY BEING YOURSELF.

That's easier to say than to do. Especially these days. With all the new silhouettes. Colorings. Fabrics. Skirt lengths. And shapes.

We think we can help. Because our clothes express the latest fashion trends in terms you don't have to be 5′10″ and 110 lbs. to see yourself in.

We go to Paris, to London, to Rome. We study every new idea, every nuance. Every season. Then we define it for you. In a manner you can relate to.

All because we want you to look and feel like the fashionable woman you want to be. Yourself.

Coat and dress costume of textured rayon and acetate in beige, navy, green. 6 to 16. About $85. At Lord & Taylor, N.Y. and Branches; Montaldo's (all stores); Jacobson's, Michigan; Joseph Magnin and Co. (all stores).

Rona, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y.
A division of Genesco.

RONA

Super-Royal Lipsticks

The world's most beautiful women wear them
...there must be a reason.
In lavish new cases...luscious new colors.

Germaine Monteil

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

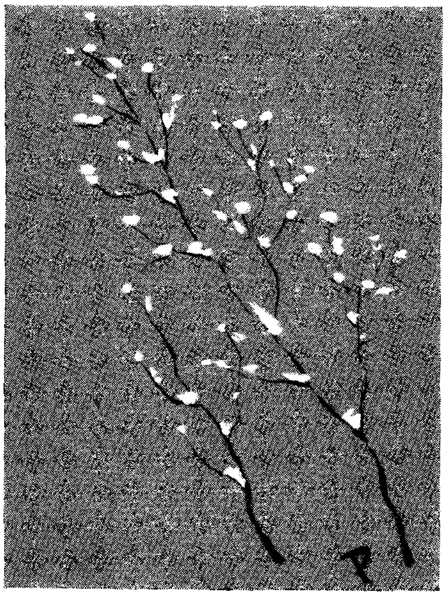
Notes and Comment

LETTER from a friend—a youthful-looking tax lawyer who collects wines and blows a passable moldy-fig tenor saxophone:

"As you know, midwinter Saturdays are a problem for the city resident. Plan as one will, there comes a weekend morning when the ski slopes report frozen granular and the prospect of a gallery crawl dismays; the bills are paid, friends are away, the terrier has been walked, the groceries and liquor are aboard, the new novel has bogged down, the afternoon TV promises only basketball or golf, and the Sunday papers are far over the horizon. One is up and doing, but what's to do? Seen from the rain-smudged bedroom window, the city resembles a stone swamp slowly sinking in its own gases. Two weeks ago, at exactly such a moment, the telephone rang and saved my Saturday. It was an old friend of mine, a school classmate who is now a minister in the East Harlem Protestant Parish; he was preparing to open a small storefront community center on East 105th Street, and would I come up and help paint the place? Would I! Half an hour later, I was teetering on a tall ladder, eleven blocks and ten thousand miles north of my apartment, busily applying vinyl paint with a roller to the crumbly west wall of an abandoned delicatessen.

"What is more satisfying than the idiot joy of painting! Hunched over a pried-open gallon of gleaming, immaculate Kwik-Dri, one wields the mixing stick gravely, stirring and sniffing, considering consistency and weight of glop—a Fernand Point embarked upon another famous mousse. The roller tray is filled and affixed to the ladder shelf, the felt roller is baptized, and the first glorious swoop leaps across the wall. In moments, one becomes expert; horizontal strokes are niftily crosshatched with verticals, edges are overlapped, ceiling moldings cunningly skirted. The mind slowly ticks down and stops. Rhythm and contentment descend. Pausing at length to straighten my back, I was astonished by my sudden accomplishment. Already, an enormous rectangle of discouragement and bad wallpaper had vanished, replaced with a pleasing, soft-chocolate wallscape of Dogwood. Singlehanded, I had hung up this swatch of pure amelioration. I redipped my roller and resumed, grateful for the size of the job still to be done. As I progressed—ascending and descending my ladder and then hitching it along the wall, and becoming, by turns, Tom Sawyer and Franz Kline and (up near the ceiling) Charlton Heston in the Sistine Chapel—it grew clear to me that the pleasure I felt arose not just from the delight of spreading paint but from the fact that I was painting a piece of Harlem. There only for the afternoon, exercising only the most numskull skill, I was nonetheless Doing Something About It at last. I was in on the action. I was lucky.

"The afternoon flew along. Our mixed company—a young opera soprano, a Puerto Rican photographer, a pretty magazine copy editor, a black jazz pianist, the minister (white, with splashes of Dogwood), and I—exchanged japes and compliments from various wall levels of the empty store. Technical and aesthetic decisions were debated and resolved: Pomegranate to brighten the gloomy back walls, with a strip of Old Ivory on the partition; more Spackle on the bad plaster by the window; skip the fuse box, skip the red-hot heating pipe; more Dogwood on the sloping concrete stairwell. Coffee containers, beer cans, and half-eaten jelly doughnuts accumulated amid the plaster dust on the floor, and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers softly laid the word on us, over WLIB, from a portable in one corner. A considerable stream of neighborhood art critics wandered in and out to ask questions and proffer advice; they were invited back for the *vernissage*—the opening of the center a few nights later. It was all over too soon. We washed up with Ajax and cold water at the sink in the back, admired our brilliant walls and our spattered hair and sneakers, shook hands, and parted.



"That was two weeks ago. Last Saturday, at home, I repainted a small bookcase, but it was dull work and quickly done. I looked around our apartment. There was nothing else that needed fixing or doing. Our place is perfect, finished. I knew, of course, where I wanted to be—up in Harlem, painting a wall. And since then I have begun to understand, slowly and much too late, that there is something sneaky and insufficient in this wish. Close as it is, East Harlem is not my neighborhood, and if I want to belong there I must buy my way in with better credentials than a paint roller. I think they know me up there. They understand what I've just found out—that I don't want to paint just one wall or just one old store, I want to paint all of Harlem and all the people in it. I want to cover it up, make it go away, make it all right—and only in my spare time. I know, of course, that many of the residents just to the north now want me to stay out for good. The others—perhaps still a majority, perhaps not—simply expect much more of me than handyman jobs, and who can blame them? Who wants to be painted all over with Dogwood and Pomegranate? Who wants an amateur decorator who can't fill his Saturdays? Nobody. Maybe it wasn't just that store on 105th Street that got redeveloped that afternoon. Maybe it was me."

Hearing

IN each of the past three years, the New York State Legislature has defeated proposals to liberalize the state's eighty-six-year-old criminal-abortion statute, which permits an abortion only when the operation is necessary to preserve a pregnant woman's life. Now a reform bill introduced by State Assemblyman Albert H. Blumenthal, of New York County, appears likely to pass. It would amend "life" to "health," and give relief to women who are physically or mentally unequipped to care for a child or who risk bearing a deformed child, to victims of rape and incest, and to the very young. A second bill is also pending. Sponsored by Assemblywoman Constance Cook, of the 125th Assembly District, it would repeal the abortion law entirely and make abortion available on the same basis as any other medical treatment. The repeal bill has received little public attention. Newspapers that mention it at all tend to treat it as a quixotic oddity. Most people do not know that the Cook bill exists, and some legislators, when asked for their support, have professed not to have heard of it. A number of women's organizations, however, are very much aware of the repeal proposal and are determined to spread the word. These groups are part of a revived—and increasingly militant—feminist movement. They include the National Organization for Women (NOW), the radical October Seventeenth Movement (a split-off from NOW), and Women's Liberation, a collective label for radical feminist groups formed by women activists who found that men on the left too often expected them to type, make coffee, and keep quiet. Whatever their ideological differences, feminists have united on the abortion issue. They oppose Blumenthal's reforms—or any reforms—and demand total repeal. Abortion legislation, they assert, is class legislation, imposed on women by a male-supremacist society, and deprives women of control over their bodies. They argue that women should not have to petition doctors (mostly male) to grant them as a privilege what is really a fundamental right, and that only the pregnant woman herself can know whether she is physically and emotionally prepared to bear a child.

Last Thursday, the Joint Legislative Committee on the Problems of Public Health convened in the Public Health Building, at 125 Worth Street, to hear a panel of expert witnesses—doctors, lawyers, and clergymen selected for their knowledge of medical, legal, and social problems connected with abortion—who were to comment on the law and suggest modifications. About thirty women, including City Councilman Carol Greitzer, came to the hearings to demonstrate against reform and for repeal, against more hearings and for immediate action, and against the committee's concept of expertise. "The only real experts on abortion are women," read a leaflet distributed by Women's Liberation. "Women who have known the pain, fear, and socially imposed guilt of an illegal abortion. Women who have seen their friends dead or in agony from a post-abortion infection. Women who have had children by the wrong man, at the wrong time, because no doctor would help them." The demonstrators, about half of them young women and half middle-aged housewives and professionals, picketed outside the building until the proceedings began, at 10 A.M. Then they filed into the hearing room. The eight members of the Joint Committee—all male—were lined up on a platform facing the audience. The chairman, State Senator Norman F. Lent, announced that the purpose of the meeting was not to hear public opinion but, rather, to hear testimony from "experts familiar with the psychological and sociological facts." Of the fifteen witnesses listed on the agenda, fourteen were men; the lone woman was a nun.

The first witness, the chairman of the Governor's commission on abortion reform, began enumerating the commission's recommendations. Suddenly, a young, neatly dressed woman seated near the front stood up. "O.K., folks," she said. "Now it's time to hear from the real experts. I don't mean the public opinion you're so uninterested in. I mean concrete evidence from the people who really know—women. I can tell you the psychological and sociological effect the law has had on *me*—it's made me *angry!* It's made me think about things like forcing doctors to operate at gunpoint."

It took several minutes for Senator Lent to collect himself and try to restore order. By that time, several other women were on their feet, shouting.

"Where are the women on your panel?" one woman said.

"I had an abortion when I was seventeen. You don't know what that's like," another said.

"Men don't get pregnant. Men don't rear children. They just make the laws," said a third.

Senator Lent began, "If you girls can organize yourselves and select a spokesman—"

"We don't want a spokesman! We all want to testify!" a woman cried.

"But wait a minute, dear—" the Senator began.

"*Don't call me 'dear'!* Would you call a black person 'boy'?" the woman shouted.

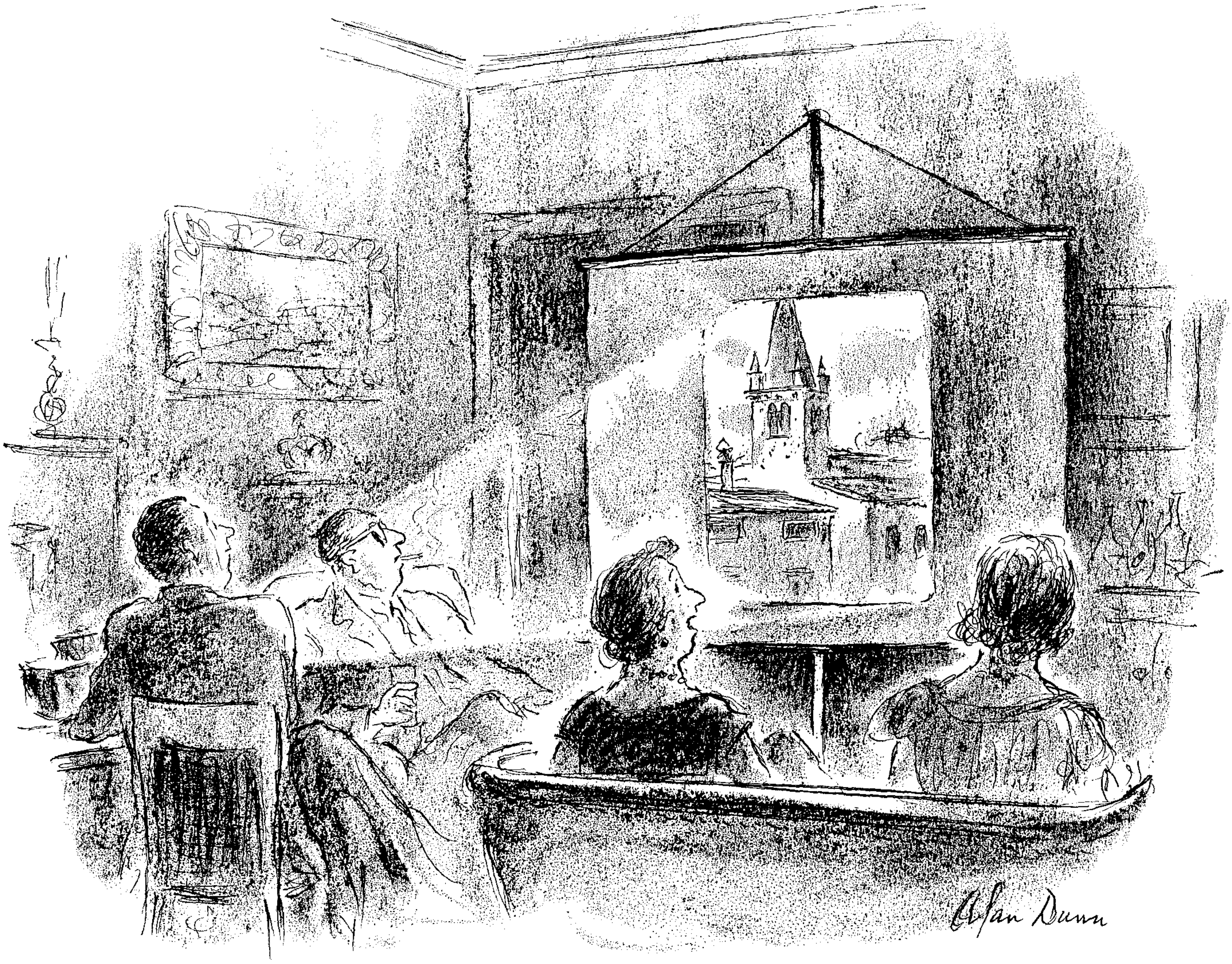
The committee quickly adjourned the hearing and announced that there would be a closed executive session in an upstairs room.

Senator Seymour Thaler, who has been long associated with hospital reform, and who is himself a proponent of the Cook bill, was furious with the women. "What have you accomplished?" he called out. "There are people here who want to do something for you!"

"We're tired of being done for! We want to *do*, for a change!" one of the women replied.

Upstairs, police barred the door, and the women stood outside shouting, "We are the experts!" Women's Liberation sent in a formal request to testify, and the committee replied that two women might speak after the other witnesses had finished. The women were not satisfied ("It's a back-of-the-bus compromise!" "They just want to stall us till the newspapermen go home"), but half a dozen members of Women's Liberation decided to stick it out. All of them were under thirty, and half were married. Two had had illegal abortions; one had had a child and given it up for adoption; one had a friend who had nearly died because she hesitated to go to the hospital after a badly done seven-hundred-dollar operation.

As it turned out, the women waited for seven hours, sitting on the floor in the corridor, because the authorities, afraid of further disruption, would not let them into the hearing room. Finally, three women were permitted to



"I don't remember Verona very well. I guess I didn't buy anything there."

• •

speak. They talked about their experiences and demanded a public hearing that would be devoted entirely to the expert testimony of women.

The legislators would not agree to this. "Why do you assume we're against you?" one senator asked. "Four of the witnesses were for repeal. They said the same things you've been saying."

"There's a political problem you're overlooking," said the last of the women to speak. "In this society, there is an imbalance in power between men and women, just as there is between whites and blacks. You and your experts may have the right ideas, but you're still men talking to each other. *We* want to be consulted. Even if we accepted your definition of expert—and we don't—couldn't you find any female doctors or lawyers?"

"I agree with you about the law," Senator Thaler said. "But you're just acting out your personal pique against men."

"Not personal pique—*political grievance!*" the final speaker replied.

"All I can say," Senator Thaler declared, in conclusion, "is that you're the rudest bunch of people I've ever met."

The meeting broke up, and everyone began drifting out. "Well, we're probably the first women ever to talk about our abortions in public," one woman said. "That's something, anyway."

•

OVERHEARD Sunday before last in Chappaqua, when a heavy but lacy filigree of snow had begun to cover house, field, and tree, a bundled-up matron, climbing into a taxi in front of her house, to the driver: "Another damned fairyland!"

1969 to 2019

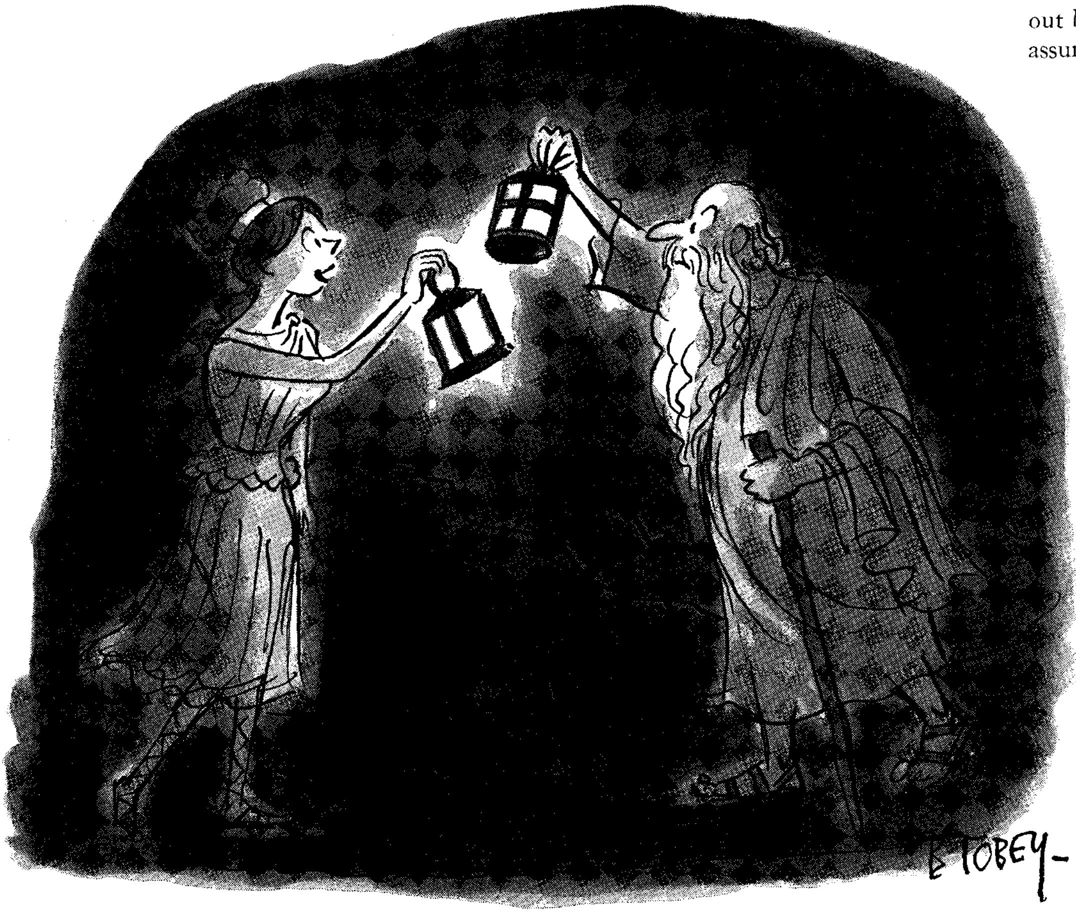
THE proliferation of problems in this increasingly complex society of ours has led to a proliferation of conferences on how to deal with the problems, which, in turn, has given rise to seemingly endless discussion about what sort of projections to make, plans to draw up, and policies to implement in order to solve the problems that, in Mother Goose progression, led to the conferences that gave rise to the discussion—or so it seemed to us by the time we had finished looking in on the American Institute of Planners' Conference that was held for two days recently in the Sert Room of the Waldorf-Astoria. The conference was entitled "Building the Future Environment—An Atlantic Region Perspective to the Year 2020," and was attended by more than four hundred businessmen, government officials, architects, planners, and educators. When we arrived for the first seminar, we found Boris Pushkarev, planning director of the Regional Plan Association, in the midst of delivering a paper that presented a detailed forecast for living and working conditions in the urbanized northeastern-seaboard corridor. Mr. Pushkarev was speaking from a lectern that stood in front of an electronic digital-display unit, which, to dramatize the problems facing the now and future inhabitants of Megalopolis, had been set to advance at the rate of one year for every half hour of the conference, and as he launched into a description of a phenomenon he called "spread city," the machine clicked, new numbers fell into place, and the year changed from 1969 to 1970.

According to Mr. Pushkarev, "spread city" is an amorphous development pattern, neither urban nor suburban nor rural, that occurs when living, working, and shopping facilities are scattered in random fashion over the landscape. "The motor-vehicle traffic generated by such a pattern necessitates the building of freeways that wiggle around and between pieces of developed land, and through the 'spread-city' centers," he said. "The result is a highway map that looks like a bowl of spaghetti." Mr. Pushkarev finished his talk with a discussion of the pros and cons of high-speed ground-transportation schemes, such as automated highways, tracked air-cushion vehicles, and gravity-vacuum transit, and he was followed to the lectern by Jerome P. Pickard, director of the Department of Housing and Urban Development's Program Analysis and Evaluation Staff, who started out by quoting H. G. Wells—"Human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe"—and ended by saying that if present trends continue, today's population of forty-eight million in the Atlantic Metropolitan Region will have increased to eighty-two million by the year 2020.

At this point, a short recess was called to enable those attending the conference to fill out an electronic punch-card opinion survey consisting of questions and multiple-choice answers. The first question was "Present trends will raise the forty-eight million population of the Atlantic Region to eighty-two million in 2020. What is your reaction to this forecast?" The possible answers were "Trend O.K.—We can swing it. No problem for twenty years. Too many too fast—need time to get ready." When the cards had been collected, Professor Benjamin Chinitz, chairman of the Department of Economics of Brown University, delivered a critique of the papers given by the two speakers. "What I find distressing is the business-as-usual spirit with which the authors go about their task," Professor Chinitz said. "We've got to put aside the old concepts of city planning. Our dialogue about urban development must now be directed to the overriding problems of poverty and racial equality." A second critique was then offered, by Lawrence K. Edwards, president of the Tube Transit Corporation of Palo Alto, California, who suggested that automobiles be kept out of overcrowded city centers, and gave way to Elmo Roper, founder and senior consultant of Roper Research Associates, Inc., who proceeded to give the results of the opinion survey. According to Mr. Roper, forty per cent of the audience found the population trend O.K. and manageable; eight per cent felt that there would be no problem for twenty years; forty-four per cent believed that the growth rate was too fast to be accommodated; and eight per cent were unable to answer the question.

When we dropped by on the second day of the conference, it was ten o'clock in the morning (our time) in the digital-clock-year 2007, and Marion Clawson, director of the Land Use and Management Program of Resources for the Future, was delivering a paper entitled "New Responsibilities for Government"—responsibilities that he said rested upon the basic assumptions that men, as rational beings, can choose the kinds of lives they want, that long-range planning is practical, and that such planning should include the maximum permissible range of choice for the individual. A critique of Mr. Clawson's paper was given by Emilio Q. Daddario, representative from Connecticut and chairman of the House Subcommittee on Science, Research, and Development, who started out by questioning Mr. Clawson's basic assumptions. "What philosophical or empirical basis can be used to support these assumptions?" Representative Daddario asked. "There's much evidence, after all, to suggest that man is emotional rather than rational. Furthermore, long-range planning has been tried extensively throughout history, from ancient China down to the Soviet Union, with little conclusive proof that the rational plans of bureaucrats produce results superior to those of the marketplace."

The year had advanced to 2015 when Herman Kahn, director of the Hudson Institute, got up to deliver a paper entitled "New Roles for Private Enterprise," for the afternoon seminar. According to Mr. Kahn, the Western world has suffered since the Second World War a failure of nerve similar to that which occurred in Hellenistic Greece and Imperial Rome. "We're full of guilt and pessimism, which are bad for morale," Mr. Kahn

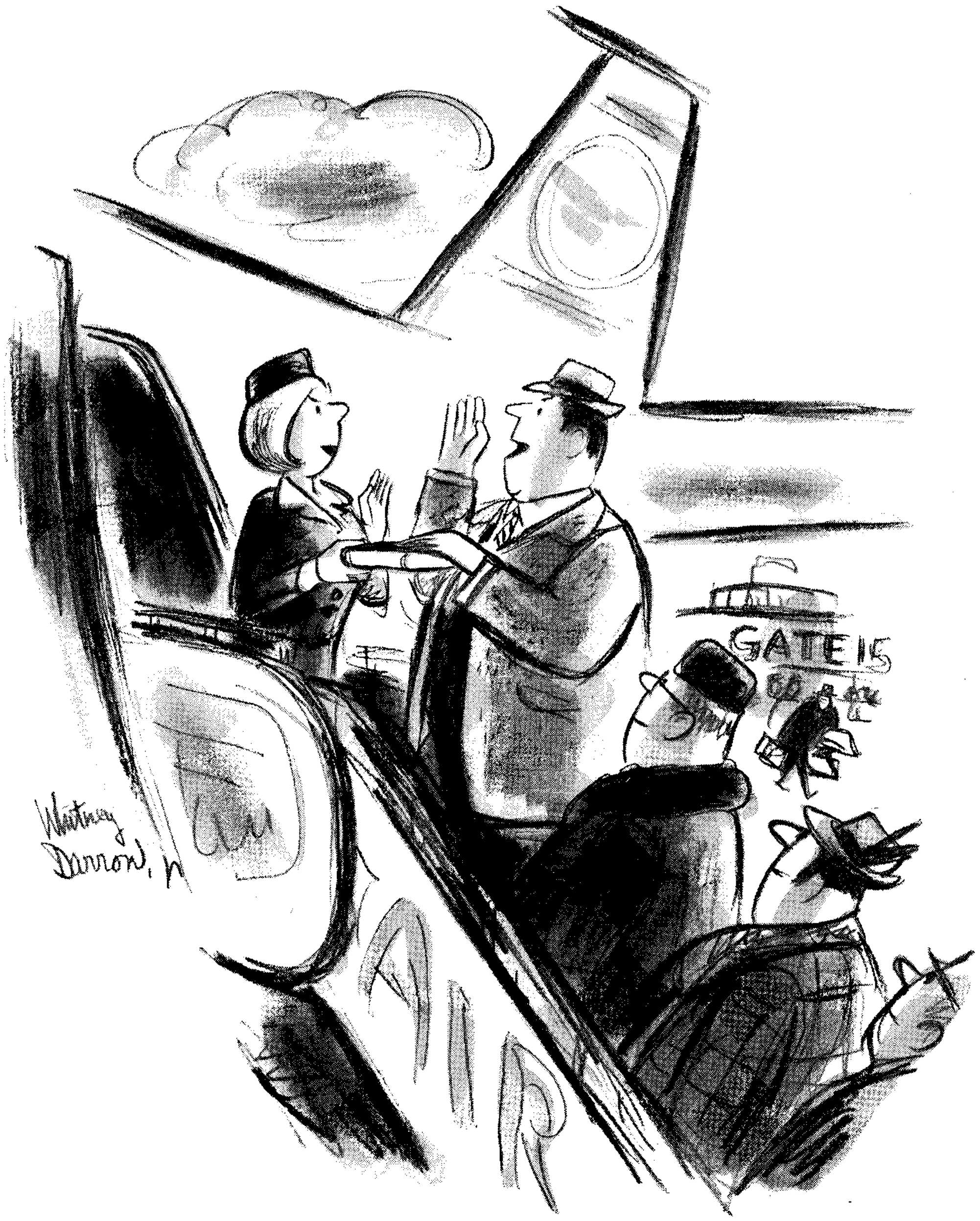


"Me? Oh, no. I'm just looking for a man."

said. "Perhaps we can take comfort from the fact that during the reign of the pessimists, which lasted six hundred years, Athens was better governed than ever before. It was not, of course, as creative, but in my opinion we're in for a similar era—an era of big public works that raise morale and turn people on. It doesn't take great art to make a Lincoln Center, you know. It just takes money and good consultants." Mr. Kahn went on to say that he had devised a plan for turning New York into a "water city," and a scheme for increasing the size of Central Park. "The first idea consists of building a commercial center on the scale of Rockefeller Center on the lower tip of Welfare Island and on filled land extending south to Belmont Island, at Forty-second Street," he said. "The island could then be connected to Manhattan by a broad, low bridge wide enough to have restaurants and stores on both sides. This would provide a huge marina in what is now the west channel of the East River, which would encourage New Yorkers to take to the water by the boatload. As for Central Park, I'd like to double its size by selling small pieces at the southern end and extending it right up through Harlem to the Harlem River."

Mr. Kahn concluded his paper by stating that a city's future depends upon emphasizing the positive as well as the negative, and he was followed to the lectern by Max Ways, a member of the board of editors of *Fortune*, who said that the general attitude toward the city had changed in his lifetime from complacent boosterism to masochistic despair. "To keep saying that the city is ungovernable, unlivable, and impossible is giving in to social hypochondria," Mr. Ways declared. "Cities are attracting people in a mass migration unparalleled in history because people at all economic, social, and educational levels are moved by a profound desire to be where the action is."

Mr. Ways sat down, to considerable applause, and was replaced at the lectern by Anthony Downs, who is executive vice-president of the Real Estate Research Corporation, of Chicago, and one of the authors of the Kerner Report. Mr. Downs began his critique by accusing Mr. Kahn of not addressing himself to the problem of how to get his new schemes accepted. "We've had some ideas paraded before us in magnificent clothes that the emperor does not possess," Mr. Downs declared. "Herman Kahn depends too much on what I call proof by assertion. Let's not forget to differentiate between words and reality, between rhetoric and events. Where, for example, do you put all the people who will be displaced by doubling the size of Central Park? Why, this seminar reminds me of some kind of intellectual Kiwanis Club meeting! Personally, I disagree with all the emphasis on positive thinking. I think a period of dark perception is a healthy thing. We need to take a hard look at what we're really like."



"I hereby swear not to interfere with or disrupt in any way or deflect from its appointed course this scheduled flight."

• •

At this point, with the year at 2019, we decided to call it a day.

The Human Voice

WE'RE happy to pass along the following proof that all is not lost. The other day, we telephoned one of the big airlines in order to speak to a sub-executive in charge of one of the sub-departments. We didn't have the man's name, so we asked for his department, explaining to the operator who took our call that we would talk to the man after she had put us through to his department.

"I'm sorry, I can't do that," she told us.

"Why not?" we asked impatiently. "Just put the call through to the *department*."

"I can't do that," she said with complete firmness.

"Why *not*?" we asked.

"The reason I can't do that is because of the usual bureaucracy of a large company," she said.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY—SINGLE FILE, EYES FRONT, AND NO HANKY-PANKY

IT was nigh on dusk that autumnal London afternoon when I came abreast of Whelp & Cunliffe's in Conduit Street and, as was increasingly my habit, paused to examine their famous waterproof shoe. Whelp & Cunliffe, if anybody needs to be reminded, are one of Britain's outstanding stockists of rainwear, specializing in Inverness capes, riding aprons (as approved by the late Earl of Lonsdale), Newmarket boots, and custom leggings. For the past four years, their window had featured a man's Scotch-grain brogue sitting in a shallow pan of water to demonstrate its moisture-repellent qualities. As usual, not even a bead of humidity shone inside the shoe, for all the colonies of algae on the water's surface and the penicillin mold encrusting the pan. A triumph of the bootmaker's art, indisputably, and I was wondering just how they achieved it—whether, in fact, they hadn't chiselled and rung in a few virginal shoes—when someone clapped me familiarly on the back. Revolving, I beheld a young squirt in a Carnaby Street version of a military greatcoat, his tempestuous inky curls surmounted by a Dutch bargee's cap. He had the sly, hateful face of those imps in Beardsley's illustrations for "Under the Hill," and I knew with absolute certainty that I had never seen him before in my life.

"*Comment ça va*, baby?" he crowed. "Remember me—Pierre Flatulin, public relations, All-Gaul Airlines? We met in Julie Newmar's lobby eight years ago. No, I'm a liar—it was nine years. *Qu'est-ce que tu fais ici?*"

The appropriate answer—that I was minding my own business—froze on my chops, and, mumbling some evasion about salmon fishing north of the Tweed, I made off toward Regent Street. To my dismay, he ignored the snub, linked his arm in mine, and skipped along with me, resisting my most pointed efforts to dislodge him. He adored walking in London—the atmosphere was so *vif*, the girls such goddesses—and he'd be delighted to offer any advice as to shopping or directions. Did I need a gift for friends overseas, like perfumes or scarves? He had a connection in the duty-free area at Heathrow, a porter with access to damaged cartons, who for a slight *pourboire* . . . Or perhaps, he suggested with a critical glance, I might like to have my hair styled in a more becoming fashion; a mere call from him would set Vidal Sassoon athirst to transform me. Clearly, the only way to rid oneself of an incubus was to feign an emergency, and with a plea that I was overdue at my urologist's I fled into a cab.

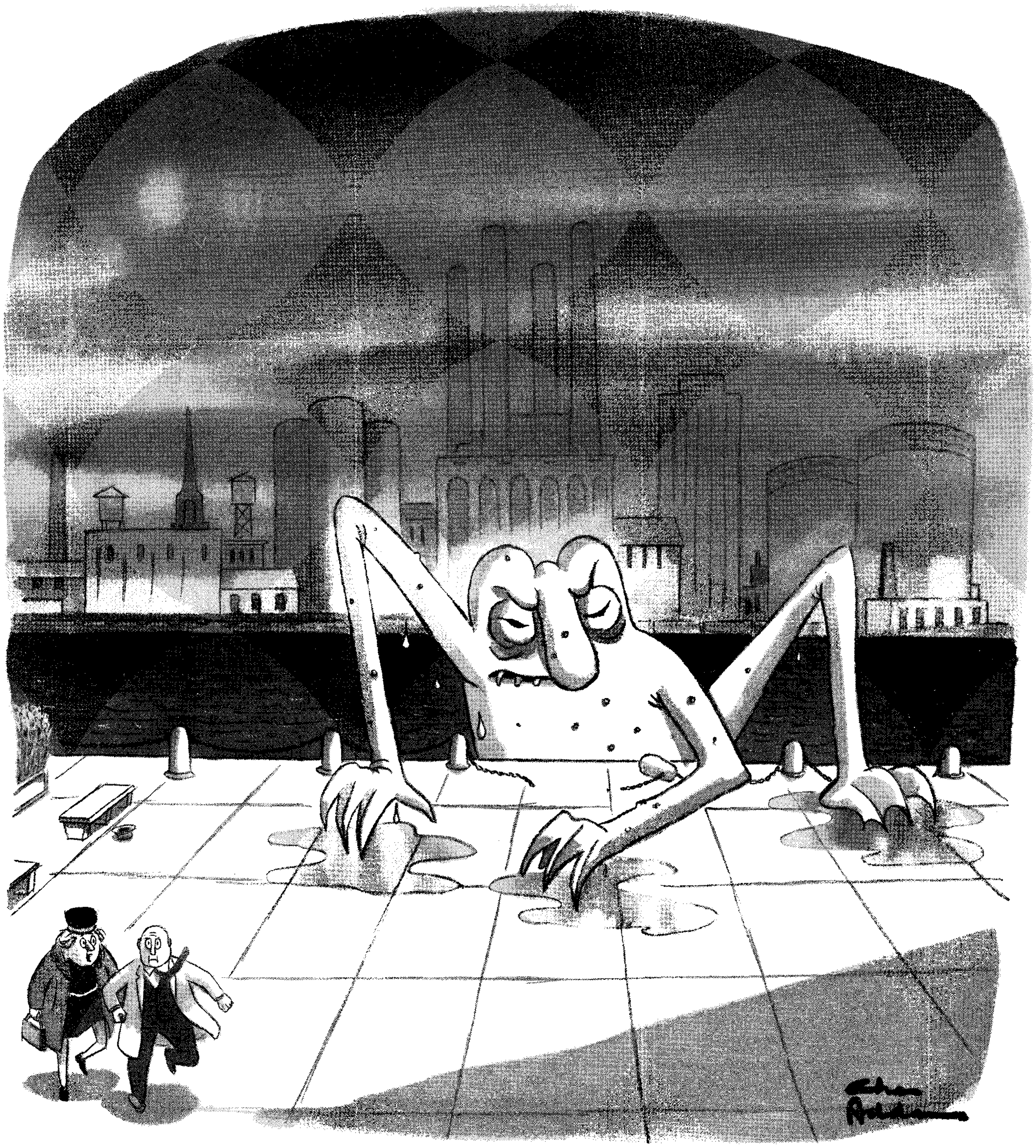
Undaunted, he thrust a large engraved card through the window. "Tomorrow night at the Commonwealth Institute!" he bawled in at me. "A marvellous party—don't miss it! My airline's annual reception for the Miss Globe contestants—sixty-six beautiful girls from all over the world! Where are you staying, so I can remind you?"

I threw him the name of a Turkish bath in Jermyn Street, and we veered away. That anything short of a cataclysm would impel me to attend an out-and-out leg show was, of course, unimaginable, but, incredibly enough, events on the evening in question conspired to. Minutes before I was to join a Welsh couple taking me to an eisteddfod in a Nonconformist chapel in Dorking, I received word that a gas main beneath the church had exploded and reduced the place to matchwood. Crestfallen and yet in a measure relieved, I repaired to a highly touted Indian restaurant and to an equally noxious film about Swedish inverts, and at eight o'clock found myself rigid with despair in the Tottenham Court Road. The thought of immuring myself in a hotel room with the biography of Prince Metternich I had bought in a cultural upsurge was so odious that I whimpered in self-pity. At that instant, clenching my fists in my pockets, I encountered the invitation Flatulin had forced on me. Sixty-six lovelies from as many lands—it was a deliverance, a miracle! My cheeks flamed in anticipation as I raced toward the Commonwealth Institute in Kensington.

The raffish turmoil of an Atlantic City beauty pageant that I had envisioned soon turned out to be a chimera. Several thousand spectators of both sexes, the majority in full evening kit and painfully decorous, were massed in the well of the Institute—a structure resembling a surgical amphitheatre—sipping champagne and rubbering down at an illuminated dais. At periodic intervals, the threescore and six claimants to the beauty crown, each wearing a chaste ball gown and a fixed paralytic grin, undulated out of the darkness, performed a curtsy, and daintily withdrew. The whole spectacle was so singularly bloodless, so devoid of ribaldry, that I was about to fling out, cursing Pierre Flatulin for a blackguard, when a voice on the P.A. system bade us join the contestants for a buffet supper and dancing. Instinct whispered that if I were to procure food and wine for one or two of the hopefuls my gallantry might be rewarded, and so it proved. A quarter of an hour later, I was ensconced in an alcove with three—Miss Iceland, Miss Colombia, and Miss Greece—all of whom simpered gratitude for my attentions. Our preliminary exchanges were marked by an air of constraint; eventually, though, Miss Colombia finished gnawing on a chicken wing, wiped her fingers on her locks, and asked what line of business I was in. I replied that I was a member of an anti-caffeine society sworn to assassinate El Exigente. There was an abrupt swish of taffeta as she disappeared into the throng, and her colleagues resumed simpering gratitude for my attentions.

I removed a shred of carrot from my tie and cleared my throat. "You know," I said, addressing Miss Iceland, "I recently read an article about smoked fish or something that would have fascinated you—I mean, as an Icelander. I forget what it said or just where it appeared, but I remember how groovy it seemed at the time. Did you happen to read it?"

She shook her head, but my query reminded her that she had promised to phone her mother in Reykjavík, and, with a demure smile, she lumbered off. To be candid, I was not at all sorry, as the last of the trio was easily the comeliest. A bewitching creature whose trim black bob awoke memories of the immortal Louise Brooks, Miss Greece was dressed as befitted her origin in a simple white wool chlamys secured at the shoulder with a gold lover's knot, and such was the purity, the calm wisdom of her demeanor that she might have stepped straight off a Grecian vase. My exultation, however, was short-lived, for I quickly discovered that we shared no common language. I tried her in French and a few halting fragments of Italian and German, but she stared at me without a glimmer of comprehension. Suddenly I had a magical, heaven-sent inspiration—the three years of classical Greek through which I had been keelhauled in high school. All I could remember was a single orotund line from the Iliad, but anything was better than this damnable lockjaw. I arose



“*Now maybe they’ll be moved to do something about water pollution!*”

• •

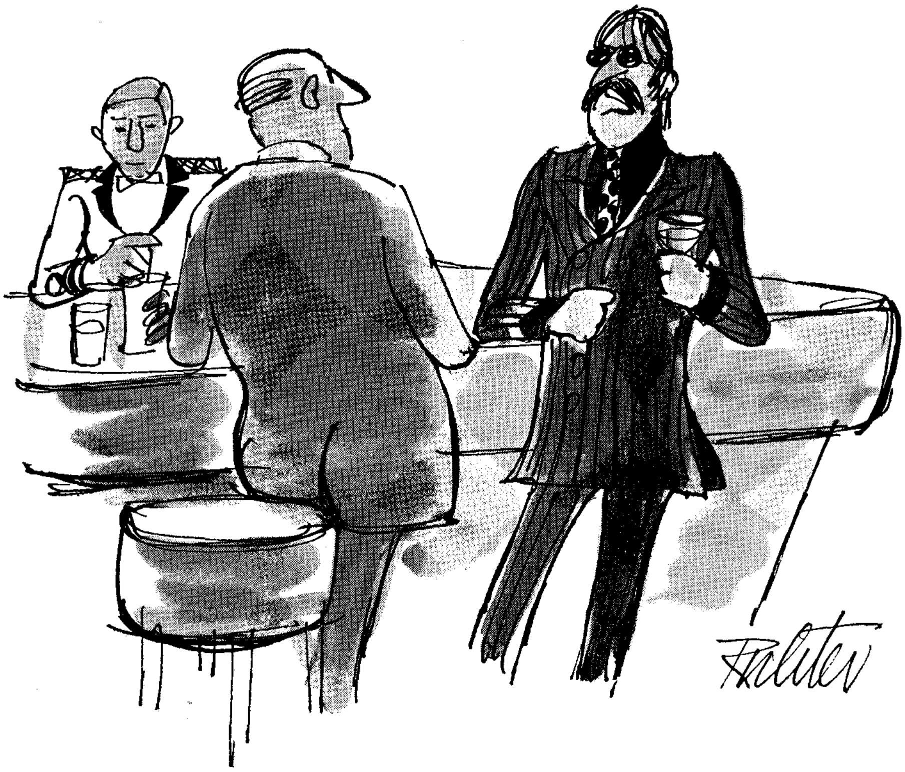
and drew a deep breath. “*Ton d’apamé bomonós*,” I intoned sonorously. “*Prosephē nephelēgeratá Zeus*.” I paused, and translated helpfully, “That means ‘Thus spake the wine-dark, cloud-gathering Zeus.’ ”

“Zeus?” she repeated, blinking.

“Yis—yis!” I confirmed, slipping into pidgin in my desperation to make her understand. “Him wine-dark, you savvy? Him plenty noisy fella with the thunderheads—ho, ho!”

Her look of perplexity slowly changed to one of alarm, and she made a furtive movement toward her handbag. In a last frantic effort to detain her, I recalled another possibility—the two semesters I had spent retracing Xenophon’s “Anabasis.” I grabbed her arm. “ ‘The following day, we advanced twelve parasangs,’ ” I bleated. “ ‘The Thessalonians were drawn up in a phalanx, with the archers in front . . . the archers in front. . . .’ ”

I was still fluthering away about the archers and Miss Greece was undoubtedly halfway back to Igoumenitsa when a fist smote me between the shoulder blades. Pierre Flatulin, in a luminescent green dinner jacket that extruded a cloud of eyelet lace from his shirtfront, stood grinning at me, flanked by two blond amazons. “Perfidious one, where have you been hiding?” he berated me in French. “I searched for you everywhere! *Voici*—our playmates for the evening, Miss Finland and Miss Yugoslavia!” The pressure of their handshakes was almost crippling. “All right,



"I gave her the most creative years of my life."

• •

now," Flatulin commanded, fizzing like a Catherine wheel. "I'm taking you to a really swinging place—*je m'en fiche de cette ambiance.* Come along, everyone—*allons-y!*"

Imbecile though I was, I had sense enough at that juncture to realize that a pit yawned at my feet and that it was time to encase them in bedroom slippers. Before I could formulate the thought, however, the die was cast. The four of us were roaring through Belgravia in a motor so streamlined that we lay tilted like astronauts, our chauffeur, Flatulin, plainly navigating by the stars. Between Hyde Park Corner and Charing Cross, he narrowly missed three traffic stanchions and the statue of Eros, and at last, seizing any pretext to slow him down, I observed that his Jaguar was overpowered.

"What Jaguar?" he said irritably. "This is a Jensen—can't you see?" All I could see was a jetliner knifing across the London sky, and I wished I were aboard it. "I also keep a Lamborghini, a Facel Vega, and a Maserati," he added, "and I'll tell you why. I have a silly aristocratic streak in me—I refuse to drive the same car two nights in a row. . . . Aha, here we are, *mes enfants.* Prepare yourselves for the most exclusive *boîte* in Europe."

The Splendid Silver Spoon—so named, Flatulin explained to us, because its patrician clientele had been born with silver spoons in their heads—was a Stygian-dark burrow in which half a hundred lunatics crepitated to the deafening noise of a West Indian steel band. As we wove past the bar, the group of Maltese procurers, layabouts, and spivs ranged before it appraised our partners' anatomies in the most explicit terms. One of them, in fact, leered so unashamedly into Miss Finland's bodice that I was tempted to box his ears, but the fellow turned away with a mumbled "*Scusi, Signore.*" The choice of refreshment, once we were seated, offered no problem; Beluga caviar and Dom Pérignon, it appeared, were the only things left in the kitchen at that hour. With a lordly wave, Flatulin ordered quantities of both and then bore Miss Finland off to the floor, whereupon I applied myself to weaving a spell around her friend. The language barrier reared anew; I managed to ascertain that she hailed from Belgrade, but since all I could recollect of it was that I had contracted fleas there, our conversation dwindled. In an effort to revive it, I seized upon the gold band gracing her finger. "*Coniugale?*" I queried, simulating horrid jealousy. "Marriage bells? You 'ave 'oosband—*Liebchen?*"

She nodded enthusiastically and fumbled out of her reticule a snapshot of a Cro-Magnon party astride a tractor—the father, she coyly signified, of her three children. Unable to reconcile motherhood with her aspirations to the throne of beauty, I lapsed into a moody silence. Seconds later, Miss Finland rejoined us in high dudgeon. Flatulin, she reported, her magnificent bosom heaving, had precipitately abandoned her on the dance floor and pelted into the street. If this was a sample of our vaunted Southern chivalry, she was content to remain in Helsinki forever, she declared, and, gathering up her fecund companion, she stormed out. As I was vainly trying to decipher what had happened, the maître d'hôtel approached with the request that I proceed to the manager's office at once.

In a malodorous cubicle at the rear, a Cypriote with a face crisscrossed by razor scars, who could only have sprung from the imagination of Mr. Graham Greene, lounged behind a desk. "This is Inspector Sculpin, of Scotland Yard," he said, indicating a craggy figure in a mackintosh. "'E wants to ask you a few questions."

"Purely routine—nothing to worry about," said the Inspector suavely. "Are we reliably informed that you arrived here tonight in a 1968 Jensen drophead coupé operated by a French gentleman? . . . Quite. Did he give the impression the car was his?"

"W-why, yes," I faltered. "He also said he kept a Lamborghini and a slew of other cars."

"He has—briefly," Sculpin corroborated. "All of them stolen, of course, as were his three passports. Did you happen to notice what he was wearing?"

I described his finery as best I could.

"Ah, yes," the Inspector said. "That checks with the description of the articles removed last night from Mr. Fish's premises in Savile Row. Well, sir, I needn't detain you any longer. Should you encounter the bleeder again, you might ring me up at the Yard. We'd rather like to return him to Wormwood Scrubs."

An hour later, recumbent on my bed at Fledgling's Hotel, I finished totting up the charges at the Splendid Silver Spoon and exhaled gratefully. Ninety-seven pounds sixpence—a picayune price indeed for having come through such an evening unscathed. I was snug in my haven, beholden to nobody. No Rubensian pink-and-white females whining to be caressed, no lingerie or hose flung about, no lipstick on the counterpane—everything was neat as a pin. It was phenomenal what disorder, what complications I had been spared. I picked up the phone, called room service for a double order of hot cocoa, and, with a sob, opened the biography of Prince Metternich.

—S. J. PERELMAN

GOOD DEED

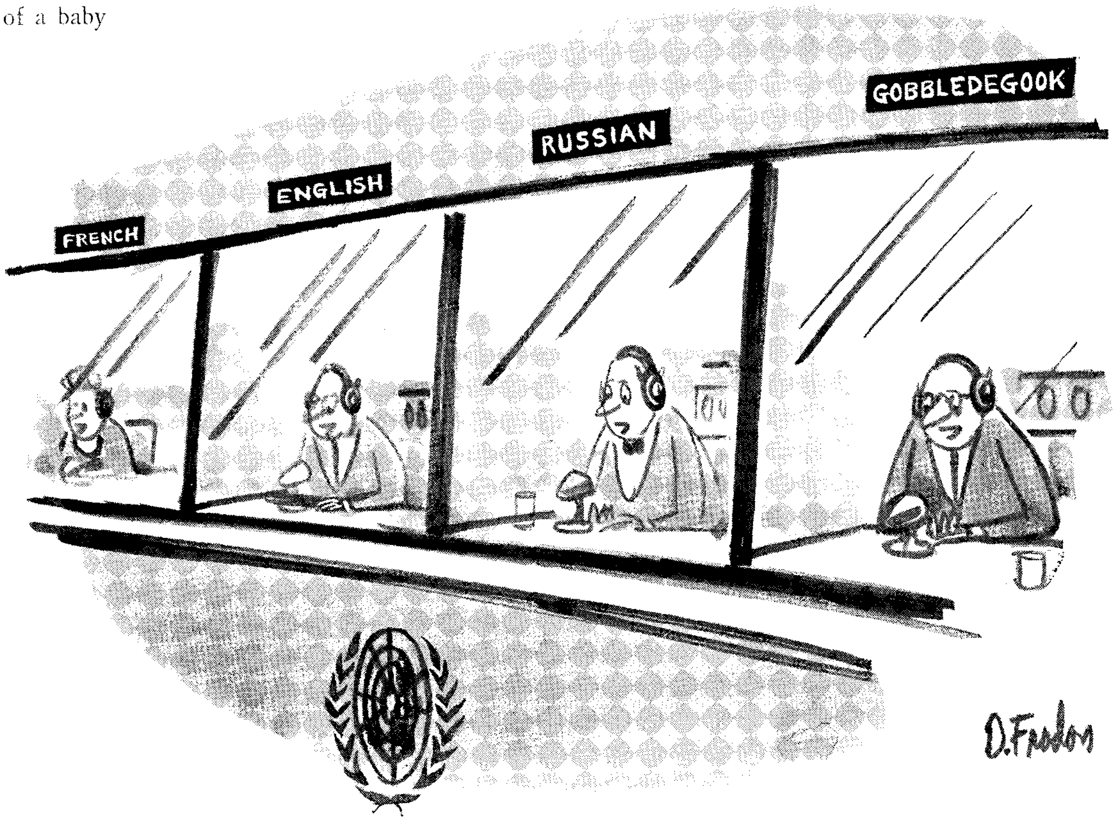
HOUSES of widows on the French Riviera have in common the outsize pattern of flowers on the chintzes; there is too much furniture everywhere, most of it larger than life. The visitor feels, as he is intended to, very small. These are child's-view houses, though real children may feel oppressed in them, and are not often welcome to stay. The photographs jostling each other on the tables are of grown, formidable people—sepia-tinted parents in profile, brothers dressed for old wars. All are dead now. The most recent pictures are likely to be of animals; inquiring, the visitor learns they have died too. In the kitchen, where a slut in felt slippers has been taught to make treacle pudding, the food on the shelves gratifies, at last, a nursery craving for sweets. There is jam and honey and golden syrup, and condensed milk that can be poured over or stirred into nearly everything. Left to herself, with the possibility of having life as she now wants it, the solitary old woman recovers a child's dream diet, a child's pet animals; she furnishes a vast drawing room intended for giants, and creates her mother's bedroom, as she remembers it—bright and secret, with smooth curtains, and cats all over the bed.

The room in which Olivia now waited for her guest to arrive contained, along with a tribe of animals, a moth-eaten shako hung on a nail, a regimental drum, a parrot cage with nothing inside it, and the picture of a baby boy or girl, perfectly bald, upon a cushion. Although she was naturally idle, waiting for anyone tried her nerves. She began, in her mind, a letter saying, "My dear Hugo, It is three o'clock, and there is no sign of your secretary. I am afraid the poor creature has perished. The plane that was bringing her from London was seen punctually descending upon Nice Airport, when suddenly it exploded and shot, flaming, into the sea. Old Joseph, who was standing beside his taxi holding a cardboard sign with Miss Freeman's name printed on it, heard the screams of young women (your secretary's certainly among them) above the roar and hiss of the flames as the plane met the waves. I am most frightfully sorry about your having lost Miss Freeman, and do hope you find another secretary soon."

In reality it was only half past two, which still left a margin of time for Miss Freeman's destruction. Olivia now began to revise the instructions she had drawn up for the disposal of her own body after her death. She wished to be cremated, which would cause one great and final inconvenience. She was certain to die where she lived, on the coast below Nice; which meant that the person chosen by Olivia would be obliged to accompany her coffin to Marseille and, as recommended by a curious French law, identify her once before she was rendered unrecognizable. She thought of every grotesque possibility, including that of a real mistake, and added to the list of victims the name of Hugo Mellett. Hugo was quite far down on the list. First (and he would certainly be the first refusal) came her brother-in-law, who was a Greek living in Athens, and who had never been able to bear the sight of Olivia in life. Next came old Joseph, who had once been her chauffeur, and now drove a taxi. A habit of slavishness might bind Joseph to commands from beyond the grave; he was dutiful in his behavior but stealthy with regard to his own feelings. Olivia had called him a coolie to his face, and his face had not changed. For many years she had been trying to give old Joseph a shock; she could think of no greater shock for him than the sight of his former employer going up in flames. She added to her instructions, "I want this treated as a pagan ceremony," for Joseph was an unquestioning Roman Catholic.

Just after three o'clock she heard his old green Daimler creeping along the drive. Miss Freeman had evidently caught the right plane, which was clever of someone who had been described to Olivia as not quite right in the head. Olivia then heard the bell, the door, the car starting up again, and finally a sound that was still absolutely excruciating to her, though she had left Ireland some sixty years before: an English female voice. The pitch of Miss Freeman's voice was an octave higher than it need have been, as if a penny whistle were lodged in her throat. The clock in Olivia's room chimed the quarter hour, which made Olivia grumble, "What a lot of noise, and she's only just got here."

Miss Freeman had been admitted by Olivia's latest kitchen slattern, who climbed the stairs silently to announce the guest. Olivia placed a long finger against her lips. The cook shrugged; she was here only because she would put up with the cats, and understood English. Madame was resting but would shortly put her clothes on, Miss Freeman was told. An hour later the cook came up again and stood looking at Olivia. "What am I to say to her now?" she said. "That Madame is



fully dressed and playing with her cats?"

"Give the creature tea."

"She prefers to wait for Madame."

"Isn't there a newspaper she can read? She could go for a good walk. That's it—tell her to go for a walk."

There were no walks—none, at least, Miss Freeman could know about. Olivia's house backed on a highway clogged with cars. Moreover, if what Olivia had heard of Miss Freeman was true, she would never be brave enough to venture out alone in a strange place.

Miss Freeman belonged to Hugo Mellett; Olivia imagined her made up from one of Hugo's ribs. Hugo and Olivia maintained a light ironic correspondence, in which Hugo revealed a good deal of himself. He trusted Olivia completely. He had not seen her for twenty years now, but she remained in his mind as the beautiful elderly widow who had once shown him uncommon understanding.

"Wendy Freeman is a first-rate secretary," he had written. "Try to find out what has gone wrong. It might be overwork, but this office is better designed and infinitely more pleasant than her own home. As her breakdown was set off by the sight of an electronic machine, I should keep all mechanical objects out of her way. It happened when she saw a computer. What do you imagine the poor child had expected to see?"

"Now, *that* is a *brain*," Hugo had said of the computer.

"It is larger than I had thought," Wendy Freeman had remarked. "But it can't be a brain, because it has nothing but memory. It has no feelings. It can't even change its mind."

"That is the best part about it," Hugo had replied. "It can do a job without steaming up the atmosphere." It was known to Hugo that computers were capable of violent and unreasonable behavior, of hysteria even, but he did not tell his secretary this, for he did not wish her to follow suit. She had been tearful and jumpy recently, and this visit to a display of electronic machines was Hugo's attempt to distract and cheer her up. He was an architectural engineer consulted on large housing projects. He had worked in Zurich in the nineteen-thirties, and in Milan after the last war. He knew to the cubic centimetre the amount of space into which a family may be compressed without incidence of paranoia; he knew when to allow half an inch lift to a ceiling and when to be firm.

"What an ass you are," Wendy said, staring at the computer. He pretended not to hear. Breakdowns in machines and in persons seldom occur without warning. He felt responsible.

"I should like to send you to an old friend of mine in a warm climate," he said. "She is a marvellous person." Wendy's eyelids turned pink. He pretended not to see.

"You are generous," she said, a week later, as he drove her to a place unpropitious to outbursts of any kind—the London airport. He was not unaware of Wendy, and, as he was something of a hypochondriac, often wished he had someone to look after him; but he thought he was too old for Wendy, and he had been married twice.

"I expect I *am* generous," he said.

"And kind," Wendy went on bitterly.

"That too." He did not think of it as flattery on her part, or conceit on his own. Who should know Hugo better than these two, his secretary and himself?

If he had known at this moment how Wendy was cooling her heels in a decayed drawing room, sitting on the edge of an armchair that had been clawed by cats, staring, terrified, at the monstrous cat on the mantelpiece that seemed about to spring at her face, he would not have thought Olivia rude. Olivia, when younger, had kept people waiting for hours, and they had always come back. The attraction women exert lies often in what has been said about them. Her lovers were a legend, her women friends faithful, and her husband had worshipped her. Hugo had heard him described as a funny, ugly little Greek. The Greek admired her because she was blue-eyed and fair, and he thought her an intellectual—something he would not have tolerated in a woman from his own country. It was true that she had a reputation for cleverness. She had, at the age of twenty, written a spiteful novel about her Irish relations, cutting herself off from them forever but gaining a lively existence based on a rumor of past performances; for no one remembered exactly what it was she had done. The Greek died, before the clumsy villas they had

WE HAVE MET THE *SASSENACHS* AND THEY ARE OURS; EVEN THE YEAR IS NOW McMLXIX

Lang syne 'twas only a pair of Mc's
Gaed wimplin' through the town—
Marshall McLuhan and Rod McKuen,
Wi' never an Alec McCowen.

McLuhan shared a braw pint-stowp
Wi' ghaist or deil or Ouija,
Till himsel' nor naebody else could tell
The massages from the meja.

McKuen trolled the guid folk song
Like "Relique of Bishop Percy,"
And frae dine to ilka mornin' sun
Set the bairns all arsy-versy.

But a' things canty maun come in threes
(Sing thistle, heather, and rowan!);
Quo' Rod McKuen to Marshall McLuhan,
"Ca' oot for Alec McCowen!"

"And gie's a hand, my trusty fiere,"
Says McLuhan to McKuen.
"We'll take a right guid-willie waught
In honor of the new one."

Now there's three hae rin about the braes
And pu'd fu' monie a gowan—
Marshall McLuhan and Rod McKuen
And His Holiness Alec McCowen.

—Ogden Nash

• •

"*I think it's unquestionably the finest letter you've ever written to the 'Yale Alumni Magazine.'*"

• •

lived in along the coast became old-fashioned and were torn down. The books he had amassed for his wife, thinking she read them, became speckled and brown. After his death Olivia discovered he considered her cold and brainless and a fraud. She was shown a copy of a letter he had sent his brother in Athens. "They love and pursue her *because* she is made of marble," he said. "If I live long enough, I may understand." He made his brother his heir, which was, she thought, a trivial way of showing dissatisfaction. This house, which was Olivia's for her lifetime, reverted to the brother-in-law at her death. He was eighty-one, but he wished to outlive her so that he could demolish the villa and put up a garage and filling station in its place; he had said so.

Hugo came to Olivia at a time of great crisis in his life. He sat at her feet, wondered if he was in love with her, and unburdened himself of secrets that were no one's business but his. It was, for him, unforgettable; he supposed he and Olivia were now tied for life. She was old enough to be his mother; would she claim him forever? It turned out that she did not want to. For years, remembering her, he praised her composure and her disinterested replies. She never judged me, he believed. But her calmness was only because she had heard anguish before. Questions such as "What am I to do? What will become of me?," which one might hear in the course of a close friendship, in an atmosphere of stress, were Olivia's small talk. As her husband had observed, her fascination resided in her failings. People were drawn by her cynicism and selfishness; by her known preference for animals over people; by her cruel theories about her friends and her indifference to their fate. She heard, with self-possession, the usual questions: "Where did I go wrong? Was there one first mistake? Am I repeating a pattern? Is the failure in my character, or have I been unlucky?" She sat, hands folded, only the pressure of one thumb on the other betraying a brief impatience. Hugo had thought, She despises everyone except me. He had not sought a warm listener, for warm people are not exclusive: they are kind about everything. He had looked for, and found, the concentration that could be obtained only from someone entirely idle, with a shrewd eye, a selective ear, and a spirit of flint.

"There is nothing whatever the matter," Olivia had said, slowly. "You are thoroughly selfish, Hugo, and that's all. You've got enough to live on?" It was the only problem she took to heart—that and one's health. ("A pain? Where, right side or left? Before or after your food? I have seen people carried off in twenty-four hours.") She had no qualms about saying it, and no one had ever minded being told. Hugo was relieved; believing himself exploited and indecisive, it was a deliverance to be thought selfish and headstrong. The threat of a fatal illness froze his terrors into a single shape. He was completely demented when he left her, but cured of his immediate torments. This was more than twenty years in the past, and blurred at the edges. He said to Wendy, "I am sending you to someone very kind."

OLIVIA did not come down; Wendy was summoned upstairs. She found her hostess wearing a crêpe de Chine dress that reminded Wendy of old films in which the heroine has curly blond hair. Wendy still wore the clothes she had put on that morning. Hugo and the airport seemed weeks ago. She felt in exile. The cook had lied about having offered tea; and no one had asked her if she wanted to wash her hands. She sat on the edge of Olivia's bed and became homesick.

Olivia's first question was "How did you like old Joseph? I am speaking of your taxi-driver."

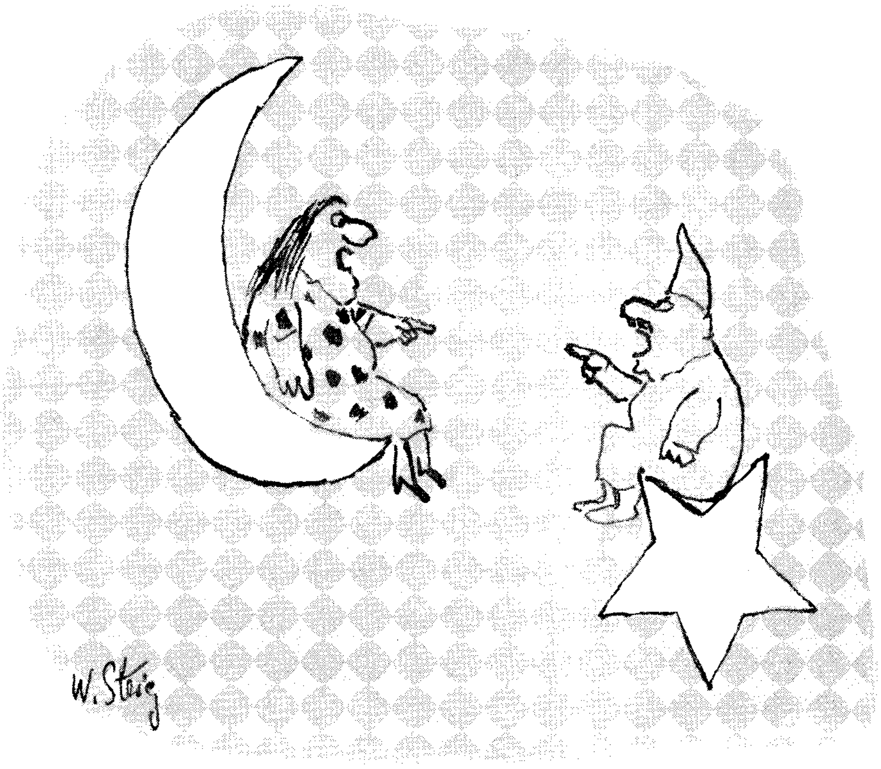
"He had a sign with my name," said Wendy. "I thought that was intelligent of him. We didn't speak much, though he does know English."

"Hugo said it was best not to have you paged at the airport," said Olivia. "A mechanical system."

Wendy did not respond; she seemed in fact puzzled.

"Hugo thinks you are overworked," Olivia continued.

Wendy submissively stroked the cat that was trying to take possession of her part of the bed. Her obsession was Hugo Mellett. She was putting her faith once and for all in Hugo's magic friend. She would have lighted a candle before Olivia's effigy if she had thought it would do any good. She was an eager but careful girl; she felt she had been too careful until now. She did not mind how many times he had been married. She saw Olivia's long hands, and wild white hair. Wendy believed in the solidarity of women and thought



her youth would render her appealing to Olivia. She looked straight into the old woman's eyes, in the mirror.

Olivia had fallen asleep; she often slept with her eyes open now. In a brief dream she saw old Joseph, who, after having been chauffeur to this lady and that, had kept the habit of driving at thirty miles an hour in the stately car someone had let him buy on easy terms after sixteen years of service. It still resembled a private car, with fresh flowers in containers, and the folded rug on the seat. No one had ever been so docile; as pleased with little. Olivia awoke and began rattling rings and pins in a china dish on her dressing table. "Sapphires would look well on you," she said, as though there had never been an interruption. How long had Wendy been in her room—hours? Days? "They are mine, but promised to my niece, who is a fat bore." She spoke rapidly and did not address her remarks to Wendy. "Are you superstitious? Some women are, about opals. These would suit you, but they belonged to Nicky's mother and must go to his brother in Athens after I die. He is dull, and so is his wife. Most people are dull dogs, when it comes to that. I feel it most keenly about the Greeks, though I have never set foot in the country. When my sister-in-law came here from Athens on a visit, she put on sparklers every night, but I made her sit down to a poached egg on toast. 'That is my supper,' I told her. 'Cutlet or egg, and that is that.' If I went to Athens I would eat slops without complaining. I told her that too."

"What a dear little girl," said Wendy, of the bald baby. She had not been able to follow anything of Olivia's explanation. "Is it you?"

"My son," said Olivia. "Just as he was becoming interesting to me he had a sort of fit and died. If he were still living, he would be older than Hugo."

Wendy, watching closely to see that Olivia was not looking at her, put down the cat. She had been prepared to accept everything about Hugo, and had swallowed whole the assumption that understatement was the mark of a delicate mind. Hugo might have said exactly the same thing, in the same negligent tone: "had a sort of fit and died." She was determined to save Hugo, and hoped she had not been born too late.

WENDY was not forthcoming about her problems, and before the end of her stay, which was seven days long, Olivia was sick of having her about. The girl's eager face when she came down to lunch put her off for the rest of the day. "You don't want to talk to an old thing like me," she said, knocking the cane on the floor to summon the cats for their meal. She made as much noise as she could.

"Oh but I do," said Wendy. "Because that's what I'm here for."

Exasperated, Olivia suddenly leaned on the cane. She seemed so disjointed and helpless that Wendy rushed forward, thinking Olivia had doubled over and could not straighten up—which was in fact what had happened.

"I am all right," said Olivia. "I find the position restful. My dear, why don't you marry some young man instead of wasting your time with old people? You have cried every night—your eyelids are like fuchsias."

"I am in love with someone who never looks at me," Wendy muttered. That was her secret, her neurotic confession. Olivia, having straightened up without help, was tempted to slap her. She thought, with nostalgia, of the old days, when one could get rid of a dull guest by sending him down the coast to Rapallo with a letter of introduction, or up the other way to Mr. Maugham. How dare Hugo send me this, she thought.

Wendy repeated her charge that some man or other never looked at her.

"Forget about him. Marry someone."

"I can't. I see him every day. He is the one I love."

"Love?" said Olivia. "What you need is eighteen months' travel and some decent dresses."

"You must have loved your husband," said Wendy, controlling herself. She knew, and minded, about her eyelids coloring. Her sandy lashes darkened after only a few tears.

"I don't know about that," said Olivia. "I wanted to get out of Ireland. Has Hugo ever tried to make love to you?"

"No," said Wendy. "No, he has not."

Olivia, having cut her poached egg up with a spoon, put the plate on the floor for one of the cats. "Are you sure he likes it?" Wendy had asked the first time she saw this. "No, he never touches it," Olivia replied. "But, you see, he is so terribly fond of me." With a little shudder, Wendy now averted her eyes. Not knowing what Olivia was talking about was no help at all; it simply made her feel she had been put down a well.

Olivia said, "Secretaries know everything about the men who employ them, isn't that so? Hugo was a dedicated homosexual until the age of twenty-seven, when he married a woman for her money. Ianthe was her name. She died of drink in a hotel room in Geneva, and he then married a crony of hers, whose hair was purple and who wore garnets on a dried or nonexisting bosom. They paraded their squalid alliance up and down this very coast, and then she died. He neglected her shamefully in her last illness, and after a short period of neutrality began having—as a sort of pre-senility, I suppose—affairs with young females."

Wendy listened with her head bent and her lips apart. Then she said, "I doubt if he has lived on anyone's money. He has practiced his profession all his life. I once had to catalogue his published articles—I don't know of any gaps. I don't gossip or listen to gossip." She had been quite brave, but now she choked.

To stop any sign of tears, which she could not countenance, Olivia produced one of her eternity games, with which she had often sent her true neurotics home for a sleepless night. She omitted the simplest question, "Would you prefer, for eternity, to be shut up in a cloistered nunnery or an Oriental bordel?," knowing the innocent and devoted girl would jump at the bordel, thinking that that was where she could do the most good. "I wonder . . . I know so little about young people now," Olivia said. "Which would you choose for eternity? Now, do think carefully. A cell crowded with filthy and ignorant prisoners, or a charming house and garden provided with every mortal comfort except a human presence?"

"Why, the cell full of people, of course," said Wendy. She spoke with composure, and even some surprise.

"It is forever," said Olivia. "And their habits are disgusting."

"So are people's minds," said Wendy. "Even when their manners seem perfect. Habits can be broken."

"They are unteachable. You would never have a second's privacy again."

"I wouldn't try to teach them all. I would take one, and teach him. The only privacy you can have in real life is invented anyway." She had just experienced the greatest fright she had ever thought possible: she had seen an infinity of silence and light, millions of silent perfect meals, silent aimless walks in a garden where the sky was a witness but would never speak.

"You say 'him' as if he existed," Olivia said. "You are not playing the game. He would never understand a word you were saying. He would laugh at you."

Wendy did look then, not at Olivia but at the door left open for the cats. "I wonder if in eternity there would be no such thing as corruption anymore. How do we know there aren't planets where everything we think right is forbidden, and what seems decent to us revolting to them?"

Olivia said, to the girl who had broken down over an electronic machine, "You aren't afraid of dying, then?" Wendy did not reply, and presently Olivia went on, "I think Hugo ought to marry you."

"Why?" said Wendy. "He won't think of it, and if he asked me now I would refuse. I'm speaking the truth." She felt baited beyond endurance, and could only lie with all her heart. "If he asked me, I would say no."

Eternity has done it, Olivia decided. She will see everything as solitude or a cell.

She wrote that day to her old friend, "You must ask this girl to marry you. She could be your salvation. She is quite sensible, but madly in love with you, and would accept in a minute. Tell her it is forever—that you have thought it over carefully." Believing that both his previous wives must have proposed to him, she added, "Take her out and feed her and get a very good bottle of wine." She had a shadowy desire to punish Hugo for having foisted on her this dull girl, but there was a nagging irritation too. For twenty years, and without her ever having to see him, she had remained the only woman in his life. He had never bothered about the health or the feelings of anyone, until Wendy. If he believed her letter but did not wish to marry Wendy—if, indeed, the very idea was abominable to him—he would feel uncomfortable keeping Wendy in his office. If she refused him, he would be humiliated. If she accepted, he would soon learn he was in a cell with an ardent educator, and fly to Olivia for counsel.

After posting the letter, Olivia accompanied Wendy to the airport. She could scarcely conceal her excitement that the girl was leaving.

"Joseph was the best chauffeur on the coast years ago," she said, loudly, as she sat in the back of his car with Wendy. "But he drove terrible women. . . . Joseph! Who was it wouldn't let anyone eat oranges because if she smelled oranges she would be sure they had been stolen from her trees?"

"Mrs. Willcox, Madame," he said, without turning.

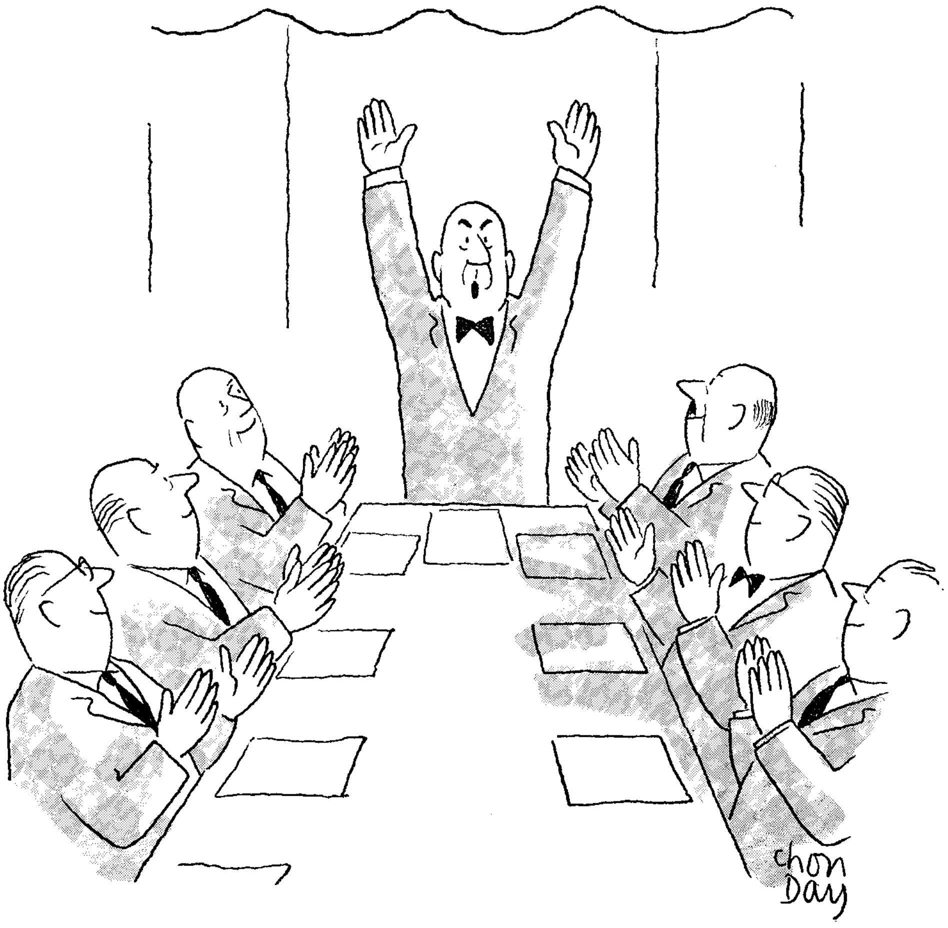
"And smoking—who wouldn't allow the smell of it anywhere?"

"Many ladies, Madame. Nearly every one."

Wendy said only, "There is nothing like that now."

Olivia smiled. "Who was the one with the riding crop, Joseph?" she called again.

His eyes, seen in the mirror, did not



"Hold it, gentlemen, hold it! I had it the wrong way around. It isn't assets that are in excess of ninety-seven million. It's liabilities!"

REPORT OF HEALTH

I

I am alone tonight.
The wrong I have done you
sits like a sore beneath my thumb,
burns like a boil on my heart's left side.
I am unwell.

My viscera, long clenched in love of you,
have undergone a detested relaxation.

There is, within, a ghostly maze
of phantom tubes and nodules where
those citizens, our passions, flit; and here,
like sunlight passing from a pattern of streets,
I feel your bright love leaving.

II

Another night. Today I am told,
dear friend, by another,
you seem happy and well.
Nothing could hurt me more.

How dare you be happy, you,
shaped so precisely for me,
my cup and my mirror—
how dare you disdain to betray,
by some disarray of your hair,
my being torn from you?

I would rather believe
that you knew your friend would come to me,
and so seemed well—
"not a hair out of place"—
like an actress blindly hurling a pose
into the fascinated darkness.

As for me, you are still the eyes of the air.
I travel from point to point in your presence.
Each unattended gesture hopes to catch your eye.

III

I may not write again. My voice
goes nowhere. Dear friend,
don't let me heal. Don't
worry, I am well.
I am happy
to dwell in a world whose Hell I will:

the doorway hints at your ghost
and a tiger pounces on my heart;
the lilac bush is a devil
inviting me into your hair.

—John Updike

• •

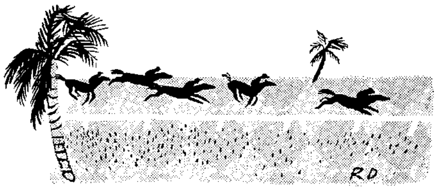
change. They crept along the Corniche road with a streamer of cars behind. He seemed to be considering something outside himself. "Madame is thinking of my next-to-last employer," he said.

"So I am! She had a riding crop or a little belt—am I right, Joseph?—and when he drove too fast or too slowly or hadn't stopped where she wanted because of some silly rule, she would beat him about the shoulders. She was a sight! He put up with it. It might have been a fly. Oh, he was used to it, of course." And so she saw Wendy off.

Hugo's telegram arrived seven days later. It said, "DONE AND DONE A THOUSAND THANKS." Wendy had accepted! If Olivia had stopped to think of the sound of "a thousand thanks," she would have been struck by its finality. A language softer than English might leave room for an answer, but the double "th" was barbed wire. *Done, a thousand thanks*.... Why, she thought, it was the lightest kind of gratitude. It applied to a pleasant luncheon party or a box of *marrons glacés* or a month-old copy of the *Observer* containing some outrage. Hugo might have wired exactly the same message if she had advised him to have a tooth pulled and supplied the name of her dentist. She wrote, "Hugo, do not marry this girl. We are both mistaken about her, you in thinking she was insane, and I in believing she was too innocent. She is a liar, and as hard as nails. *Do* consider this letter, for I think the warning I am sending you may be my one good deed. Miss Freeman butters her bread and cuts it into little squares. She spends half the day looking for her comb. She only pretends to listen. She will drive you mad."

THEY came south for their honeymoon, and on their way home stopped overnight at a hotel near Olivia's house. The bride had brought a tin of Jackson's Earl Grey tea for Olivia, and a family of rubber mice for the cats. They did not call on Olivia but asked her to come and see them. She was so astonished at being summoned that she went. She was kept waiting in their sitting room. She sat fully six minutes, depositing cat hair on a blue velvet *bergère*. Wendy came in, blooming, in command, and looking some fifteen years older. Her hair was cut straight across her brow, and she had added a false chignon.

"I think Hugo may have had a mild form of sunstroke," said Wendy in a low voice. "You will see that one of his eyes is quite bloodshot."



"It was always his weak point," said Olivia. "Reckless exposure. What is that sound?"

"Hugo's electric razor."

"Poor man!" said Olivia, meaning how unfortunate, what a comedown, what a miserable link with the world of ordinary men. Hugo *was* bloodshot, but younger. The two had conspired, in a short time, to arrive at an average age of about thirty-seven.

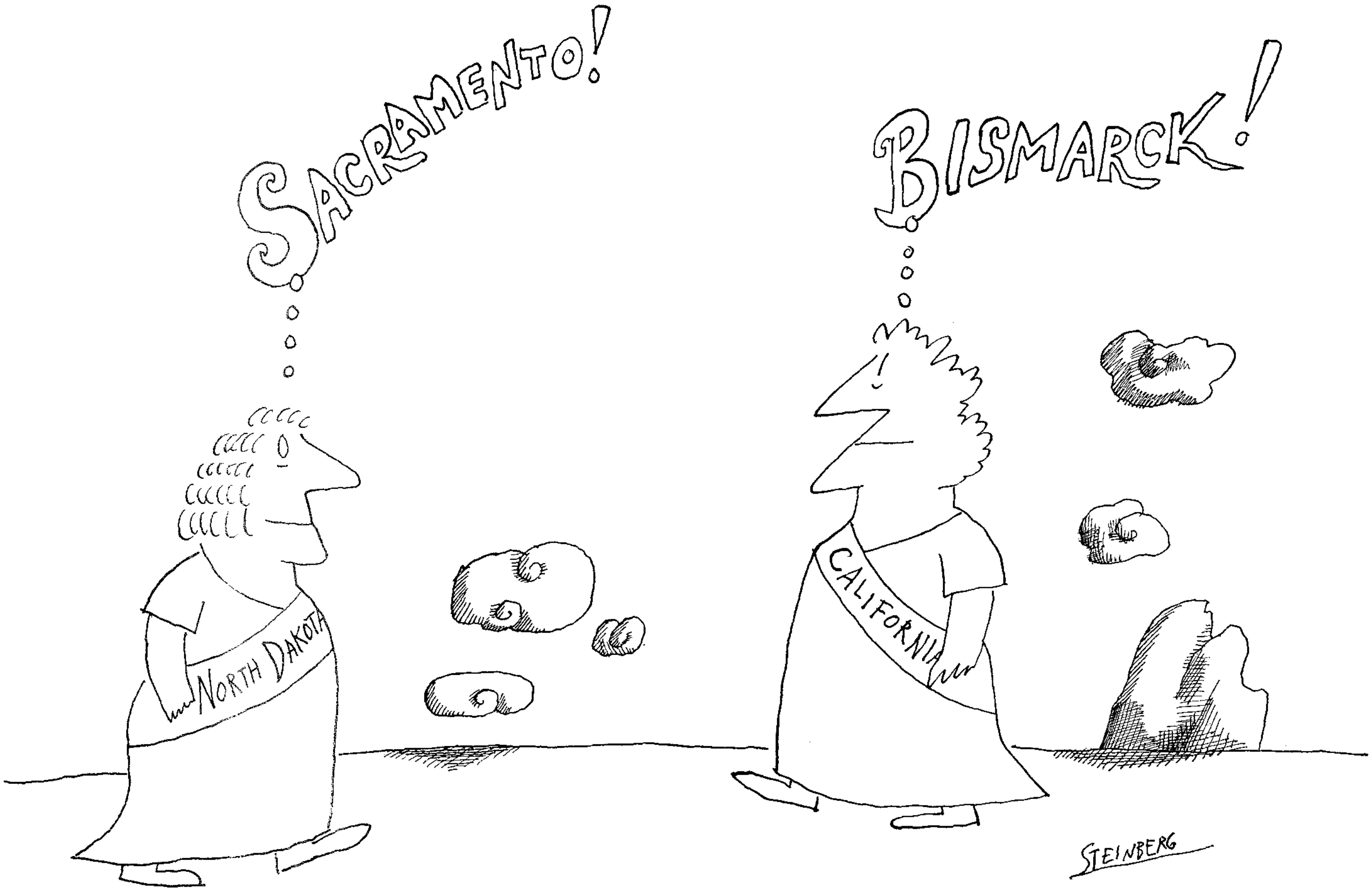
"Come along, Hugo," said Olivia. "I'm giving you lunch. No intellectual conversation, now. I want to hear something interesting."

Hugo replied, "What's the food going to be like?"

Wendy said patiently, "It's too late for lunch, darling. It's nearly suppertime, and we shall have that on the train."

"We were remembering Olivia's famous luncheons," he said, and turned slightly away from her, as if he did not wish to be overtaken by the memory.

"They really consisted of bringing together people who could not possibly like one another, and letting them try to get the better in conversation until the wine made them all too stupid to talk," said Olivia. "But sometimes I took my party to a restaurant. I would decide the menu for everyone in advance. I took it for granted they all went out to be nourished. Would a


SACRAMENTO!
BISMARCK!
NORTH DAKOTA
CALIFORNIA

• •

sane person desert his own table for any other reason?”

Hugo looked confused, as if time were tangled in his mind, and Wendy said, “I’m afraid he must rest until train time. By the way, do you think Joseph would drive us?”

“A good deed in a naughty world, or something of the kind,” said Olivia, rising. But Hugo seemed to have forgotten what she meant.

They strolled, following the porter, up to the end of the platform. When the train swept in, she remembered having read in her girlhood a warning that the vacuum created when air was displaced by an onrushing express, or even the giddiness caused by the sight of the wheels, could make one lose consciousness. In her mind was a traveller, surrounded by alps of luggage, including a bird in a cage; the traveller stepped back from the train, an example of prudence. She stepped back and nearly fell. Wendy was reading the numbers on the carriages as the express slowed.

“Seven, that’s ours.” With dumb show she indicated the carriage to the porter. Seeing his wife walking away with the porter, Hugo rose from the bench where he had been resting. He trusted Wendy to attend to everything, and to come back for him. The porter was handing their luggage in through the window to the sleeping-car attendant. Wendy, having set this in motion, took his arm. “The train only stops a minute,” she threw over her shoulder. Olivia, who had established long ago that she disliked being kissed, wondered why neither of them kissed her. From the window of their compartment they looked down—first Wendy, who said something and smiled and urged Hugo to stand up and say a word to his old friend, who was on the platform.

“Hugo,” Olivia said loudly, leaning on her cane and looking up at him. “I am very ill.” His eyes expressed mild distress, perhaps about the train, which had begun to roll slowly. They were borne apart. She felt as if she were sliding and unable to stop herself. She said, over considerable noise, “Pain in my ribs, just below the shoulder, on the left side.” Hugo smiled anxiously. “My brother-in-law is going to sell my house. Do you hear me? It is in his name. He can do whatever he likes with it. What shall I do? When they visited me from Greece”—her voice rose—“my sister-in-law tried to throw me down the stairs. The cats have taken over the house. I am afraid of them. Someone ought to protect me from the cats. One sits on my chest in the night, and when I try to move . . .”

“Goodbye, Olivia,” said her old friend. She saw the words take form and float. He leaned out of the window. Beyond the station the train bent round a curve, and now a hand with a fluttering handkerchief replaced Hugo’s bowing form.

Hugo is deaf as a post, Olivia decided, walking away. I hope he will not send me any more of his friends.

“Joseph!” she said. “What would you do if I were to die? Would you look after my funeral?”

She sat in the middle of the back seat, and Joseph drove at a snail’s pace, taking no notice of the furious drivers behind. “Answer me!” she said. “Would you adopt all my cats?” His head, his neck, his hands on the wheel seemed acquiescent. What a coolie he was! He had the soul of a carpet. “Why don’t you answer?” she said. “I know *you* aren’t deaf.”

“I would do whatever was correct,” he said. That was all.

If she had had a riding crop, a belt with a buckle, she would have struck him. His head turned an inch, then another; for a second his eyes left the road, but his expression was as she had always known it.

What a terrible face he must have when he is not with me, she thought. “Joseph!” she said. “Do you think I am dangerous and old?”

—Mavis Gallant

•

The resulting statistics indicated that children with such disturbances as destructiveness, truancy, stealing, head banging and school failure had parents who spent time with their children.—*Salt Lake City Tribune.*

Get those kids back on the streets!

ANNALS OF JURISPRUDENCE

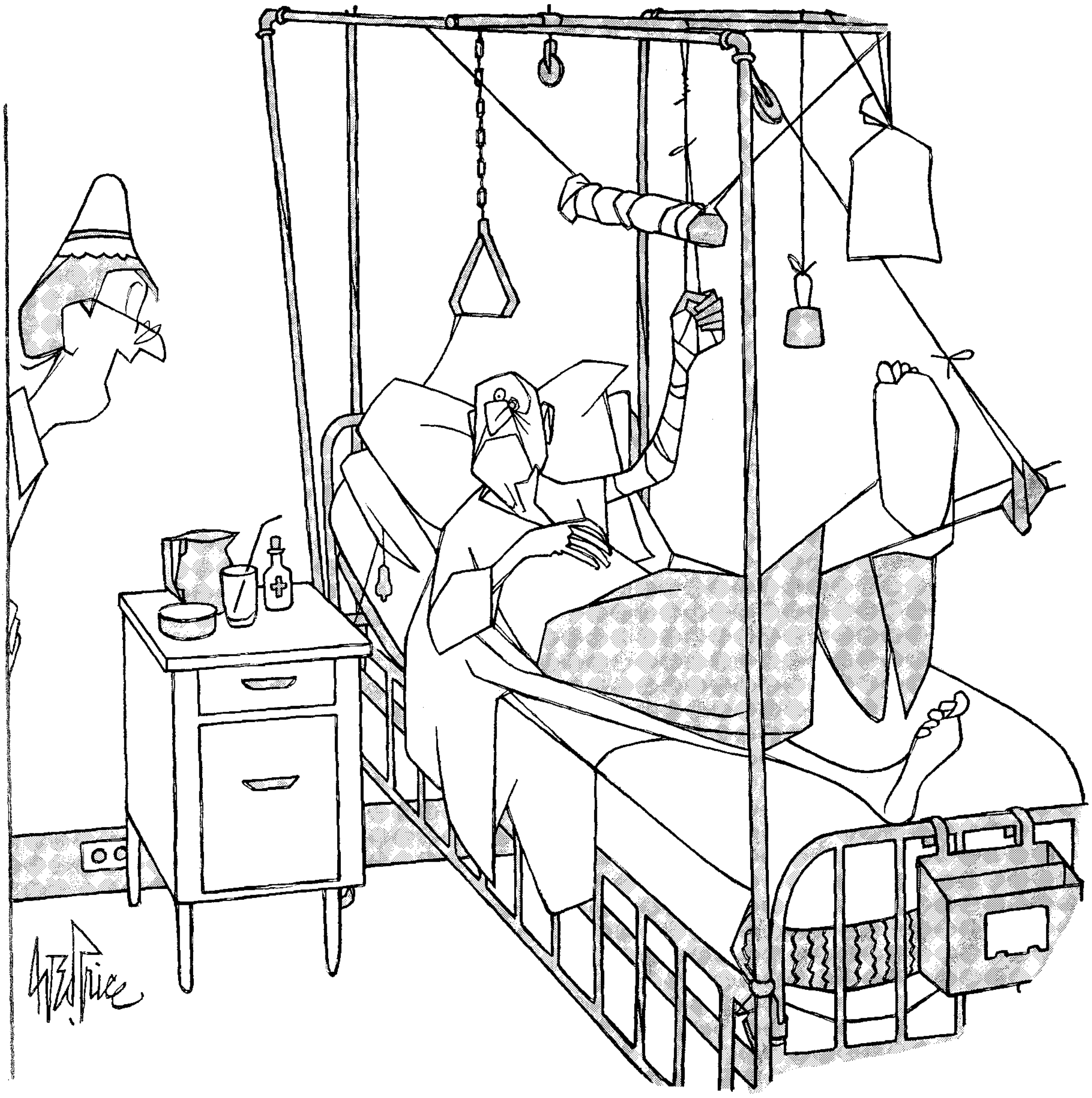
THE WHITMORE CONFESSIONS

III—A FETISH OF OUR SOCIETY

BY the beginning of May, 1965, George Whitmore, a twenty-year-old Negro from the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, had been confined for more than a year—in jail and in the mental wards of Kings County and Bellevue Hospitals—but he did not at that time stand convicted of any crime, although he had been indicted for three crimes and had, under disputed circumstances, confessed to all of them. The number was reduced to two on May 4th, when Manhattan District Attorney Frank S. Hogan joined in a motion to dismiss the indictment charging Whitmore with what newspapers called "the career-girl murders" of Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert, which had been committed on August 28, 1963, in Manhattan. Unfortunately for Whitmore, the dismissal came just too late to exonerate him of that crime in the eyes of the jury when he was tried for the unpublicized but equally brutal murder of Mrs. Minnie Edmonds, a dayworker, on April 14, 1964, in Brooklyn. Although the trial judge in the Edmonds case ordered the jury to disregard the Wylie-Hoffert case, it figured significantly in the deliberations of the jury, which was finally unable to reach a verdict. After a mistrial was declared, Whitmore's attorneys expressed bitterness over what appeared to them to have been undue consideration shown by one prosecutor toward another. Hogan had arrested and indicted Richard Robles, a "second suspect" in the Wylie-Hoffert killings, *more than three months before*, and yet, on a technicality, had retained the Manhattan indictment against Whitmore until after the Edmonds trial in Brooklyn ended. In addition to the possibility of a new trial on the Edmonds charge, Whitmore was still under indictment on a charge of assault and attempted rape of Mrs. Elba Borrero, a practical nurse, on April 23, 1964, on a street in Brooklyn not far from where Mrs. Edmonds' body had been found. The attempted-rape case was the only one in which there was more evidence against Whitmore than his own repudiated confession, and in November of 1964 another Brooklyn jury had accepted the victim's identification of Whitmore as her attacker and returned a guilty verdict. However, this verdict was set aside, with the consent of Brooklyn District Attorney Aaron E. Koota, after it became known that the prosecutor had withheld some details of an F.B.I. report that might have been helpful to Whitmore, and after new defense attorneys were able to show that the jury had been influenced by irrelevant considerations—possibly by anti-Negro prejudice and certainly by the knowledge that Whitmore was still under indictment on a charge of murdering Janice Wylie and Emily Hoffert.

The next move was up to Koota, and he made it, on May 5th, with the announcement that Whitmore would be retried first on the Borrero assault charge. This was the second time that the Brooklyn District Attorney had decided to prosecute Whitmore for the less serious crime of attempted rape before taking up the murder, which had preceded it chronologically, and the chief defense counsel, Stanley J. Reiben, pointed out to reporters—as had Whitmore's previous lawyer, Jerome Leftow—that the prosecution could use a conviction in the Borrero case to discredit Whitmore's testimony when he took the stand to repudiate his confession of the Edmonds murder. Reiben called on Robert L. Carter and Lewis M. Steel, at that time the general and associate counsels of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, which was supporting Whitmore's defense, to draw up legal objections to the scheduling of the trials. With this brief, the Whitmore defense petitioned Kings County Supreme Court Justice Vincent D. Damiani to strike the Borrero indictment from the calendar until the Edmonds case was disposed of. The attorneys cited a concurrent Manhattan case in which a justice had barred a prior prosecution of a murder defendant for robbery—a ruling that District Attorney Hogan did not see fit to appeal—and they declared that Whitmore "is entitled to have the homicide disposed of first, since it is of far greater importance to the defendant and the community," adding, "The present course of the District Attorney amounts to playing the game of musical chairs with indictments, and with the defendant's life as the prize." Justice Damiani agreed. "While it is true that it is 'the duty of every district attorney to conduct all prosecutions,' " he wrote in a six-page ruling, "it is equally true that this court has the power to prevent the adoption of an order of trial or a trial procedure which would be likely to violate defendant's constitutional right to a fair trial by an impartial jury. . . . The defendant has been in jail since April 24, 1964, without bail, and his continued incarceration during another trial for attempted rape before disposing of the murder indictment is likely to build up public suspicion in connection with the more serious crime of murder. . . . Logically, it would seem that the murder indictment should be tried first because, as between the two crimes, the murder occurred first. The indictment therefore was filed first, and it is the more serious crime."

After Justice Damiani's decision was handed down, on May 26, 1965, Whitmore sat in jail for nearly ten months while the argument over the order of prosecution wound its way into the rarefied air of the appellate courts. One of the ironies of this legal complication was that, at first, Whitmore was not even a party to these proceedings. Unable to appeal the ruling directly, District Attorney Koota had taken the unusual step of seeking from the Supreme Court's Appellate Division a writ of prohibition to prevent Justice Damiani from signing the order enforcing his decision. The action therefore became Koota v. Damiani, and Reiben was forced to seek permission from the Appellate Division to argue on behalf of Whitmore. Justice Damiani himself was represented in the action by a New York State Assistant Attorney General, who, though a prosecutor himself, was in the position of attempting to justify a ruling that, if it should be upheld, could restrict the actions of prosecutors. Actually, most of Justice Damiani's defense was presented by Reiben, after Reiben had been granted permission to intervene. "Nobody questions the District Attorney's powers to prosecute," Reiben argued, "but once the case gets into the court, the court has certain powers, too, and the powers of the court are stronger than those of the District Attorney." Koota's argument was drafted by Aaron Nussbaum, an Appeals Bureau attorney, who, in the course of several years, did most of the prosecution's paperwork in the Whitmore cases. In his brief, Nussbaum officially verified something that Koota had been hinting at for some time: A guilty verdict against Whitmore in the attempted-rape case could conceivably result in an indeterminate sentence of one day to life under the so-called Sexual Offenders Act. If Whitmore were to embark on such a sentence (termed "running wild" by prisoners subjected to it), there might be no point in bringing him to trial again on the Edmonds indictment. Besides, Nussbaum wrote, "in the present uncrystallized state of the law governing confessions in general, it was incumbent to give priority to the rape prosecution, supported as it was by cogent proof of guilt over and beyond a bare confession."

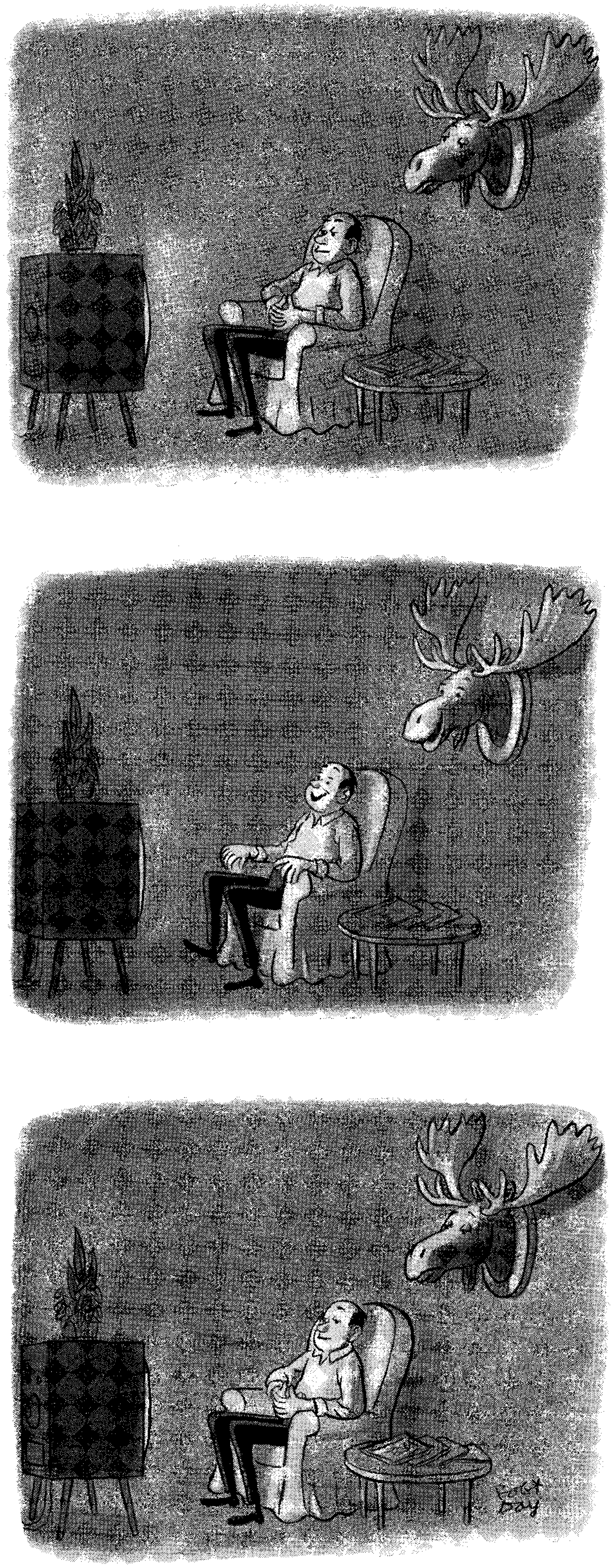


"Have your pillows been plumped this morning?"

Following the submission of the arguments, there was a hiatus, during which Reiben (who, along with his associate counsel, Arthur H. Miller, had been handling an extremely complicated defense for seven months without payment and without any real hope of eventual payment) was able to devote some attention to the rest of his practice. As for George Whitmore, he continued to wait. One day, lacking his attorney's address, he wrote a letter to the New York State Supreme Court in Brooklyn, on his own initiative, to ask about the possibility of bail. A clerk at the court directed him to route the request through Reiben, and supplied him with the address. Whitmore then wrote to his chief counsel:

> My mother came to see me. And told me about Gerry [Whitmore's younger brother] pertaining to what he is doing at home. And if I can help it. I don't want Gerry to be look upon as a street boy. I am deeply displeased with the way he is carrying his self. He is not working or trying to do anything to help his mother whail I am away. He is only makeing it tuff for her. There is more to it than this. I can explain better if you would come in to see me. I hope you do not disagree with my wanting to get a bail? If and when I get out, I intend to make my mother happy as I possably can. Even though my eyes are bad, I have been trying to knowledge as much as I can. This is because I inten to go to school. All I want is the opportunity to make something of my self. Maybe I am going to forward in the future. But this is my desire, to be something my family can look up too.
>
> I hope you are well. In the company of your love one's by the time you receive this letter. Well I can not say too much except give my utmost respect and admiration to everyone. I am deeply grateful for what you and my other counsuls have done for me.
>
> Until then, may God bless and show you the way.
>
> Respectful Yours
> George Whitmore jr.
>
> PS hope to hear from you in the near future.

Whitmore did eventually hear from Reiben, but the news was not good. As it happened, Reiben told his client, he had already sounded out the Brooklyn District Attorney on the possibility of bail, but Koota, though he had hinted to reporters that he might agree to the setting of a "reasonable" figure, had fixed fifty thousand dollars—a sum far beyond the fund-raising capacity of the defense—as the minimum he would accept. Meanwhile, Justice Damiani's ruling had been set aside by the Appellate Division. The five justices who heard the arguments over



trial precedence found a legal basis for avoiding a decision on the point. The murder case had already been assigned to a trial court, they ruled, and therefore Justice Damiani, sitting in motions part, had no jurisdiction "to direct the sequence in which the action shall be tried." The matter went on to the Court of Appeals, the highest court in the state (in New York, the Supreme Court is the felony court of original jurisdiction), which, on February 24, 1966, ruled that the District Attorney was free to try the Borrero assault case first.

BEFORE the Borrero case was tried again, however, Whitmore appeared in yet another court proceeding—this time as a witness rather than as a defendant. The defendant was Richard Robles, whose indictment for the Wylie-Hoffert murders had eventually cleared Whitmore of that charge. During more than twenty hours of nearly uninterrupted interrogation in the Seventy-third Precinct station house in Brooklyn on April 24, 1964, detectives had in one way or another drawn detailed confessions from Whitmore to all three of the crimes for which he was subsequently indicted, including the Wylie-Hoffert murders. Whitmore later claimed that the confessions were false and had been given under duress, but one of the ironic aspects of the stringent rules governing the materiality of evidence is that to this day, although Whitmore himself has been tried repeatedly, most of what has been presented in court about his confessions appeared in the testimony taken at the trial of Robles. From the outset of these proceedings, which began on October 18, 1965, before Supreme Court Justice Irwin D. Davidson, in Manhattan, Robles' attorneys, Jack S. Hoffinger and Frederick H. Block, based their client's defense on Whitmore. If they could convince the jury that there was at least a possibility that Whitmore had killed the girls—as nearly everyone in New York who read a newspaper had once assumed—they would open the door to reasonable doubt about Robles' guilt. And even if they couldn't, they would force the prosecution to argue that detectives had coerced Whitmore into making his confession, and therefore that confessions are not always what the police say they are—for part of the evidence against Robles was an alleged confession to detectives.

Under the self-incrimination safeguards of the Fifth Amendment, Whitmore could not have been forced to testify in the Robles trial, but it had been the contention of his attorneys that he would be glad to do anything at all to demonstrate his innocence, so he appeared voluntarily as a witness for the Robles defense. Because of the legal ground that was being broken, Justice Davidson invested Reiben with standing in the case and directed that a chair be drawn up for him next to the witness stand. Whitmore's

© 1968 Estée Lauder Inc.

Estee is the
first super perfume.

And only one woman
could have created it.

Estée Lauder

estée
super perfume
estée
ESTÉE LAUDER

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Paisleyed Ban-Lon® pantsuiting. Or maybe we should say our empire tunic-dress and pull-on trousering. Whatever, it's very good to look at in a mélange of pinks. Monsanto nylon jersey for 6 to 16 sizes, $55. From our Sport Separates Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

recollection of the station-house interrogation was extremely hazy, as Reiben had reason to know only too well, but even Reiben was surprised—and both the prosecutors and the defenders of Robles were astounded—when Whitmore, on the stand on Friday, November 12th, adamantly denied that he had ever signed or put his initials on the papers that had been introduced in evidence as the notes of Detective Edward J. Bulger, the officer primarily responsible for his confession to the Wylie-Hoffert murders.

The following Monday, November 15th, the Robles defense got its chance to put Whitmore's full confession before the jury. "Were you asked those questions, and did you make those answers?" Block asked after reading several questions.

"No, sir," said Whitmore. "The question was asked, but I didn't know, so they told me."

"Who told you?"

"One of the detectives. . . . I was asked what I saw. I said I was never in the house, that I was not in the building, so he insisted that when I went into the building and pushed the door open the first thing I was supposed to have saw was soda bottles. Everything was suggested to me in this way."

Under friendly cross-examination by the prosecutor, Assistant District Attorney John F. Keenan, Whitmore responded at unusual length to one question, concerning the tactics employed during his interrogation on the Wylie-Hoffert murders. "One of the detectives came in and told me the girls were all right," he said. "One of them told me that the girls I was supposed to have cut up had gone to a hospital and were all right. One of the detectives left the room for about five or ten minutes. When he came back, he said he just spoke to the girls and they were all right."

After Whitmore had completed his testimony, the Robles trial continued to deal, to a large extent, with Whitmore's interrogation and confession. Some of the most interesting material was developed during the prosecution's cross-examination of Bulger and another detective, Joseph Di Prima, who had been with Whitmore during almost the entire day and night following his arrest. Keenan got right down to business with Di Prima after the detective contradicted, on direct examination, Whitmore's claim that he had been told the murdered girls were alive:

Q.: Did anyone in your presence tell Whitmore the girls were still alive?
A.: No, sir.
Q.: Did anyone in your presence tell Whitmore the girls were dead?
A.: I don't recall.
Q.: Isn't it a fact, Mr. Di Prima, that you told Mr. [Peter J.] Koste [the Manhattan assistant district attorney who took Whitmore's formal Wylie-Hoffert confession] that as far as he knew the girls were still alive? Didn't you tell that to Mr. Koste?
A. (*after a pause*): I said to Mr. Koste—
Q.: I submit that should be responsive.
A.: I will give a yes answer with a reservation.

From there, Keenan went on to establish that Di Prima had "twice or three times" visited a doctor at 57 East Eighty-eighth Street in Manhattan, and that he had been told by the doctor that the girls were killed in that building. "So you knew the killings were in 57 East Eighty-eighth Street before you questioned Whitmore?" Keenan asked.

"That's right," Di Prima answered.

Keenan then leafed through the transcript of Whitmore's pre-trial hearing on the Edmonds murder charge and read Di Prima's answer to a question about the site of the Wylie-Hoffert killings. " 'I didn't even know the address of the place. I knew they had been killed in Manhattan.' Did you make that answer?"

"If it is on the record, I did," Di Prima said.

"But you did testify, 'I didn't even know the address of the place?' " Keenan put in a moment later, to drive his point home.

"Your Honor, can I elaborate on that?" Di Prima asked.

"You may not," Justice Davidson said.

"Was that the truth when you testified in Brooklyn?" Keenan pressed.

"I can't answer that question without elaborating," Di Prima said, to end it. "My answer of yes would be misconstrued."

In trying to demonstrate the implausibility of Whitmore's confession in order to refute the defense suggestion that Whitmore could have committed the murders, Keenan was also, of course, necessarily offering a measure of assistance to the defense by demonstrating that police procedure sometimes left a good deal to be desired—at least in some parts of the city. But Keenan pressed all the police witnesses

100% blend of Irish Whiskey · 86 proof · Bottled in Ireland. The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N.Y. ©1968

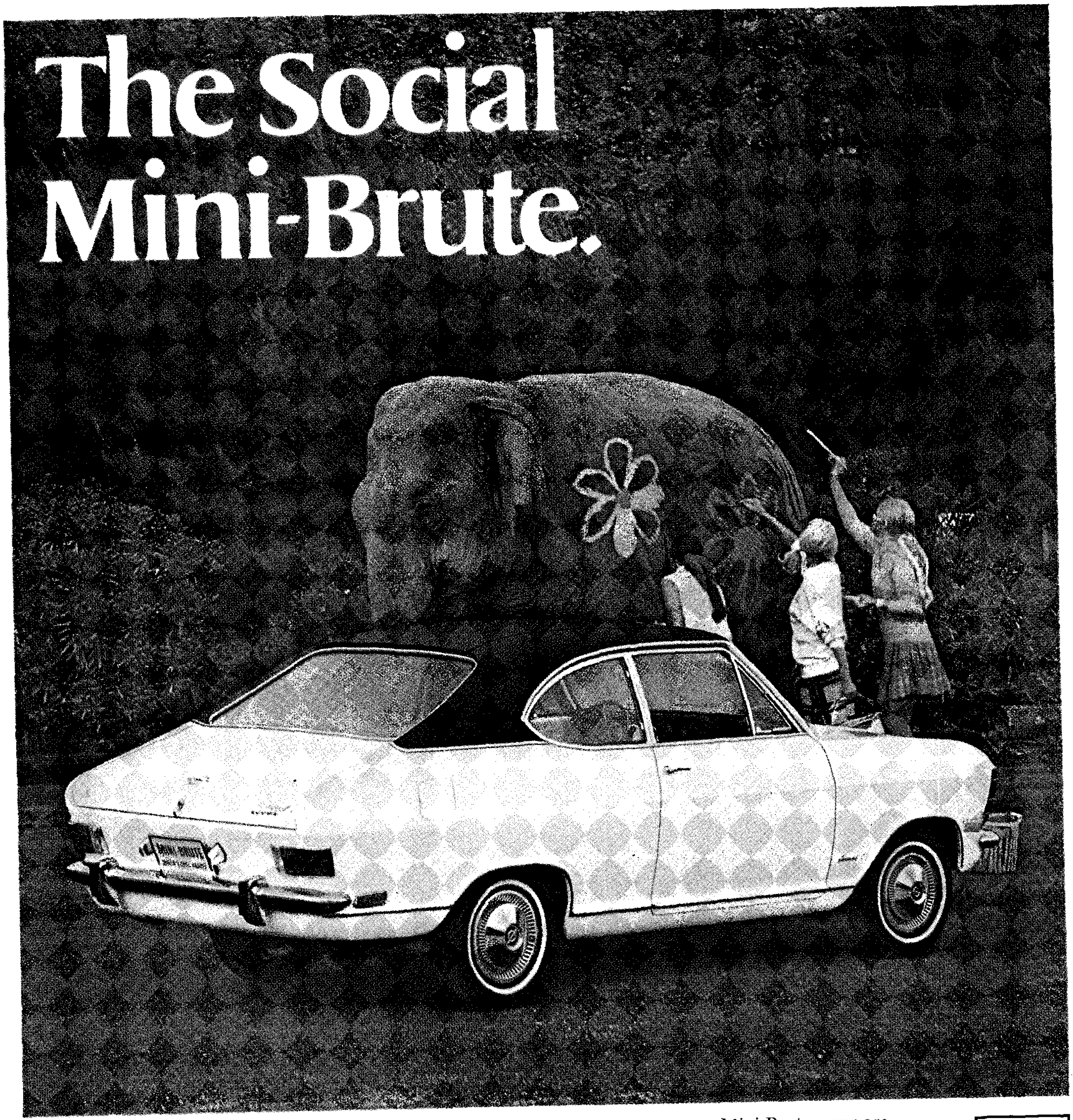
Old Bushmills' new recipe for Irish Coffee.

PRODUCED UNDER THE SAME FORMULA
FOR 150 YEARS
AT THE WORLD'S OLDEST DISTILLERY
OLD BUSHMILLS
IRISH WHISKEY
A BLEND
100% IRISH WHISKIES
ESTD 1784
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
The Old Bushmills Distillery Co.
LIMITED
BUSHMILLS
IRELAND
CONTENTS
4/5 QUART 86° PROOF
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
THE JOS GARNEAU CO. NEW YORK N.Y.

Forget the coffee.

Remember: Old Bushmills is lively and light. Splash it with water or float it in ice cubes or spritz it with soda, if you must. But please, have your coffee on the side.

Leave that light and lively Irish taste alone.



The first automatic transmission available on the Mini-Brutes makes our story more colorful than ever for 1969.

The excitement begins. With the introduction of the first Mini-Brutes to offer a 3-speed, fully automatic transmission. One that lives up to General Motors' standards and yours.

The excitement increases. With the introduction of the luxurious Opel Kadett Super Deluxe Sport Coupe. With standard equipment that includes simulated wood-grain appliqué on the instrument panel, antique-grain vinyl interior, carpeting, front bucket seats, a long list of GM standard safety equipment, and even an electric clock.

All the excitement is waiting for you. The most colorful Mini-Brutes ever are waiting for you. At any one of the more than 1800 Buick-Opel showrooms across the country. The Mini-Brute has more dealers than any other import car. Super Deluxe Sport Coupe. GM Rallye Kadett. Two-door Sport Sedan. Deluxe 2-door Wagon. Two-door Sedan.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Buick's Opel Kadett. The Mini-Brute.

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

hard, and Justice Davidson gave him wide latitude to do so. Because of this latitude, and because the prosecutor had access to special "commendation reports" that Manhattan Assistant District Attorney Koste had asked the detectives to fill out several days after Whitmore's arrest, Keenan was able to shed a little light on the extraordinary consistency of the testimony given by the detectives during cross-examination in Whitmore's Brooklyn trials. Bulger, who had retired from the Police Department three days before the Robles jury was impanelled, and who had been served a subpoena to appear in court, admitted that he had written in his commendation report that Whitmore's Wylie-Hoffert interrogation had begun at about 5 P.M. and had gone on for about an hour before Whitmore made his first admission. He now said, in accordance with his previous testimony, and also with the previous testimony of other detectives, that the interrogation on the Wylie-Hoffert murders had begun at about three and had gone on for only about thirty minutes before Whitmore admitted having been in the apartment on Eighty-eighth Street.

From his place at the counsel table, Keenan positively yelled, "So you weren't sure of the time, and you prepared a form for an assistant district attorney on a double homicide? . . . When was your memory refreshed?"

"When I spoke to all the other men in the squad," Bulger said. "When we talked about it and got times all straightened out, I knew I was in error."

Because the Wylie-Hoffert murders had been investigated exhaustively by the New York City Police Department, an unusual number of men had been assigned to work on the case in Manhattan, including, for several months, Detective Bulger, from Brooklyn. In the course of that assignment, Bulger had questioned several suspects, and when he took the stand, Keenan asked him to describe his general methods of interrogation:

Q.: When you question a suspect, Detective Bulger, you are polite to them?

A.: Yes, sir.

Q.: You ask them what happened, you don't feed them information?

A.: No, sir.

Q.: You don't tell them they did something, you ask them did they do something—is that correct?

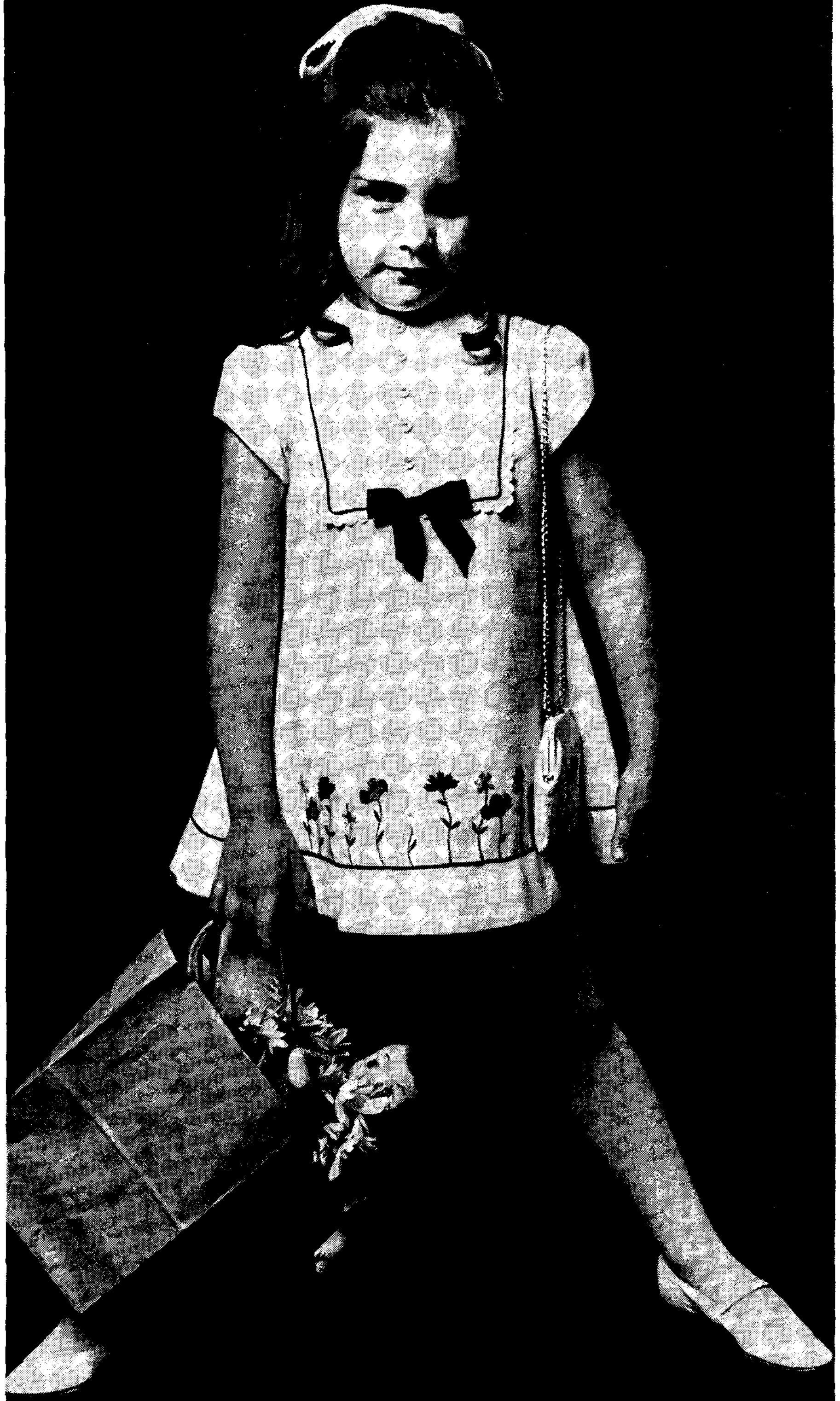
A.: Yes, sir.

Q.: And you speak in the tone of voice you speak to us here . . . polite, calm—that is to say, when you question a suspect?

A.: Yes, sir.

Q.: Do you remember questioning a

COTTON:
YOU CAN FEEL
HOW GOOD
IT LOOKS



RUTH OF CAROLINA knows what little girls are made of. But better yet, knows what little girls' pretty dresses are made of. Cotton! Cool, fresh, *comfortable* cotton. Bright, clean, crisp cotton piqué, beautifully designed by Ruth Combs. As shown only; 2 to 4T about $15.00, 3 to 6X about $16.00; slightly higher on the West Coast. At these and other fine stores.

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE COTTON

COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE, BOX 12253, MEMPHIS, TENN. 38112.

J.P. Allen, Atlanta; The Union Co., Columbus; F.A.O. Schwarz, New York; D.H. Holmes, New Orleans; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Harzfeld's, Kansas City, Mo.

Now there's something more to be said for the vodka martini.

"Borzoi"®
ENGLISH VODKA

Imported from England
for the Vodka Martini Man.

BORZOI
VODKA
IMPORTED from ENGLAND
4/5 QUART 91.5 PROOF 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
IMPORTED BY KOBRAND CORPORATION NEW YORK, N.Y. SOLE UNITED STATES IMPORTERS

Borzoi vodka is distilled and bottled by James Burrough Ltd., London's foremost family owned distiller since 1820.

BORZOI IMPORTED ENGLISH VODKA. 91.5 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. BY KOBRAND NEW YORK.

certain window-washer by the name of Eddie White?

A perfunctory objection for the record was overruled, and Hoffinger shrugged; after all, at this point he had little interest in protecting Bulger from the prosecution. When Bulger said that he did recall Eddie White, Keenan asked, "Do you recall saying to Mr. White, leaning across the desk in the presence of Sergeant Brent, of the Twenty-third Squad, and hitting your hand on the desk, 'You're the guy who did this. . . . You saw the door open and walked in, you saw the bottles on the floor and picked them up, and you saw Janice nude.' Do you recall saying that?"

Bulger denied what amounted to an accusation that he had tried to put precisely the same sort of details that appeared in Whitmore's confession into the mouth of another man, but, in the presence at the prosecution counsel table of Melvin Glass, an assistant district attorney who had been active in the investigation that cleared Whitmore of the Wylie-Hoffert murders, the detective could not deny another of Keenan's charges. Holding up a snapshot of a blond girl that Bulger had mistaken for a picture of Janice Wylie when it was found in Whitmore's wallet after his arrest, the prosecutor asked the detective about his response when Whitmore told him he had found the picture on a dump in Wildwood, New Jersey, where he had lived before moving to Brownsville. Bulger replied that he had told Whitmore he didn't believe him, and Keenan asked, "When you told him you didn't believe him when he said that he got it from a dump in Wildwood, were you looking at his stomach, did you notice his stomach moving up and down?"

The bewilderment of the jury and the spectators was apparently shared by Bulger. "I'm sorry," he said, after a pause. "What do you mean?"

"Whitmore was a young Negro boy. Didn't you tell Mr. Koste and Mr. Glass on July 30th, in this very building, that you could always tell when a Negro is lying by watching his stomach, because it moved in and out when he lied?"

Bulger looked stunned. "I don't remember," he said, after a minute, looking beyond Keenan at Glass. "I might have said it."

A little while later, Keenan shouted at Bulger, "Didn't you tell Whitmore that you had just talked to the two girls a moment ago and that they weren't mad at him and had

rike your colors ashore. Red shirt, white bikini, navy blue bell-bottoms. In Cotton/Dacron Dotted Swiss. About $58 at Bonwit Teller, New York,
lius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C., Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Gidding Jenny, Cincinnati. Sizes 5/6 to 13/14. Craig Craely, 498 7th Ave., NY 10018.

CRAIG CRAELY

Classic
Put-On

For the spring scene—
our chic check of pure
virgin wool to inspire
second glances. One of
Tailorbrooke's colorful
hang-ups priced from $65
to $140 at fine stores
including:

Best & Co., New York
Jacobson's, Michigan
L. S. Ayres & Co. of Indiana
Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago
Roos/Atkins, San Francisco

Impeccably
Tailorbrooke

Tailorbrooke Clothes, Inc.
533 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y.

only been in the hospital a short time?"

Sighing perceptibly, Bulger answered, "I'm not sure. I might."

"And if you did, that was a lie, wasn't it?"

"Well," said the detective, "that's all the way you looked at it."

When Bulger stepped down from the witness stand, he seemed tired and depressed. His distress might have increased if he had been in court several days later to hear the prosecution's summation against Robles. Terming Bulger a "disgrace," Keenan accused him of having "tricked and misled" Whitmore, and added, "Mr. Whitmore was Trilby, Mr. Bulger was Svengali." Keenan was equally blunt about Di Prima, whom he accused of "perjury." "Di Prima's testimony is not worth anything," Keenan said. Apparently, the jury agreed with him that Whitmore's confession to the Wylie-Hoffert murders was false: On December 1, 1965, it found Richard Robles guilty of killing the two girls.

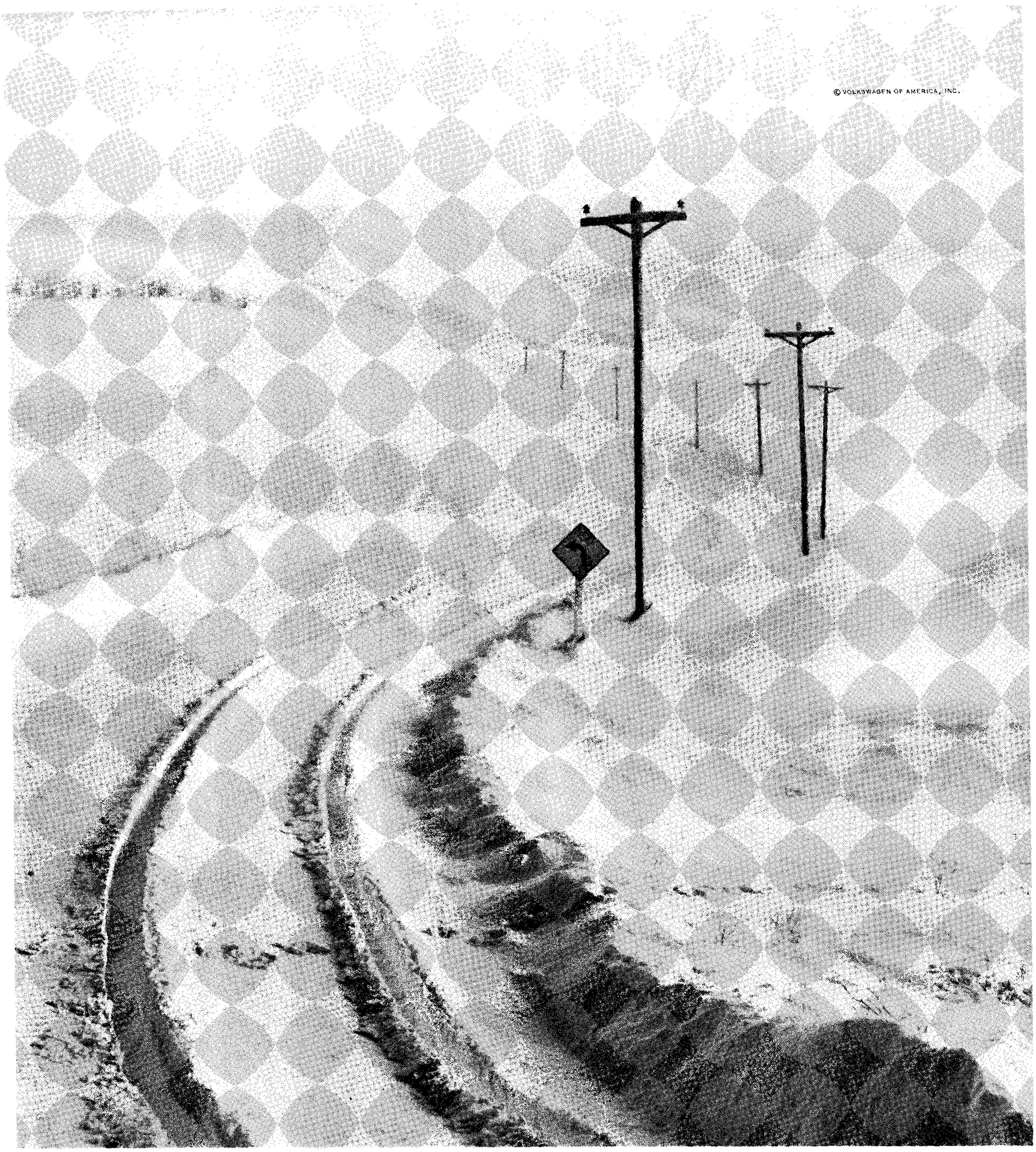
But even though the Robles defense strategy had failed, Whitmore had helped Robles in another way. Six months before, in large measure because of the circumstances in which Whitmore had been indicted for two murders he didn't commit, the state legislature had passed a law abolishing the death penalty except for those who kill a peace officer acting in line of duty and for prisoners serving life sentences who commit murder either in prison or while trying to break out. Robles was sentenced to life imprisonment, but an appeal, based on the question of the admissibility of his confession in a jury trial, is still pending.

A police investigation into the circumstances of Whitmore's confessions had been promised when Robles was arrested, and after the verdict was handed down, Milton Lewis, a reporter for the *Herald Tribune*, asked a police spokesman what departmental action was contemplated as a result of Keenan's charges against Bulger and Di Prima. Detective Bulger, the spokesman noted, had retired, and was therefore beyond police discipline. In reference to Di Prima, he said, "Any action would be up to the District Attorney. He is alleging a crime." No charges were ever filed against Di Prima, and a short time later he, too, was permitted to retire as a first-grade detective.

WITH the conclusion of Robles' trial in Manhattan, interest in the fate of George Whitmore declined sharply. What was left of it was focussed on the legally intricate question of how the Brooklyn District Attorney could use a confession that had been made in the course of an interrogation that had been thoroughly impeached by the Manhattan District Attorney. At the beginning of the Robles trial, Koota conceded that he had been impressed by the developments in Manhattan. "I have been taking a reading over there," he told a reporter. "If there is a pretty strong case against Robles, as it appears, I think I will have to review how they got a confession against Whitmore. I will have to take a review of that."

The case against Robles was strong enough to convict him, but the verdict had no noticeable effect on Koota's plans to prosecute Whitmore, and his second trial on the Borrero indictment began on March 21, 1966, before Justice Aaron F. Goldstein. Reiben, who had been dissuaded by Whitmore himself from withdrawing from the case after a disagreement with Miller, his associate counsel, promised that the second trial would show some surprises. There seemed reason to expect a somewhat different approach from the prosecution, too, because Sidney A. Lichtman, who had presented the case against Whitmore in his first trial, had been replaced, at his own request. The new prosecutor was Benjamin Schmier, who had joined the staff of the District Attorney after fifteen years with the Legal Aid Society—a period in which he estimated that he had defended approximately fifty thousand clients. (Perhaps his best-known defense was of a man who had confessed to a 1947 burglary that, it turned out, had taken place while he was in jail. Although the police emphatically denied it, Schmier charged that the suspect "admitted the crime after he had been beaten in the station house by police officers," and he went on to say, "We of the Legal Aid Society are confronted with situations like this time and again. Many an innocent man is in prison as a result of admissions to police.") Assisting Schmier was Donald Massiah, an investigator on the District Attorney's staff, who had also assisted Lichtman during the first trial, and who noted glumly that "prosecutors come and prosecutors go, but I seem to be making a career out of the Whitmore cases."

Whitmore's mother had acquired a new brown suit for her son, and she brought it to the courtroom at the opening of the second Borrero trial. Regulations prevented her from giving



© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

We finally came up with a beautiful picture of a Volkswagen.

A Volkswagen starts looking good when everything else starts looking bad.

Let's say it's late at night and you can't sleep. It's 10 below and you forgot to put antifreeze in your car.

(A Volkswagen doesn't use antifreeze. Its engine is cooled by air.)

Let's say it's now morning: You start your car and the gas gauge reads Empty.

(Even with a gallon left, you should go approximately 27 miles in a VW.)

Let's say you notice on your way out of the driveway that every other car on your block is stuck in the snow.

(A VW goes very well in snow because the engine is in the back. It gives the rear wheels much better traction.)

Let's say you make it into town and the only parking space is half a space between a snow plow and a big, fat wall.

(A VW is small enough to fit into half a parking space.)

Let's say it's now 9:15 a.m. and the only other guy in the office is your boss.

(Now what could be more beautiful than that?)

Carter's
cares about your children and it shows.

It shows in Carter's style-splashing "Poolsiders", a rugged collection of fashionable boys' wear. Washables of nylon and cotton knit. Kerplunk colorfully, in combinations of gold, red, lime and blue. Sizes 2–4. Playsuit – $4.00. Cabana Set – $6.00. Striped or solid Polos $3.00, boxer or swim trunks $2.59. Not shown.

Available at
B. Altman and Co.

it to him there, so it was later delivered to him in jail, but it didn't fit, and he attended court sessions in a black sweater and dark trousers. At the time of his arrest, he had had an extremely bad case of acne, but during his nearly two years of confinement it had improved steadily, and it was scarcely visible as the familiar testimony was presented to a jury for the second time. Reiben was unable to shake Mrs. Borrero's insistence that Whitmore was the man who attacked her, but whereas Leftow, Reiben's predecessor, had tried to show that the mist and drizzle that enveloped Brownsville on the night Mrs. Borrero testified she was attacked and forced into an alleyway would have made identification difficult, Reiben chose to concentrate on discrepancies in the testimony of Patrolman Frank Isola, who had come to Mrs. Borrero's assistance and who had later been involved in Whitmore's arrest. If the street lighting was adequate to read a newspaper by, as a prosecution witness maintained, then why, Reiben asked, was Patrolman Isola, who said he had a clear view of the man and Mrs. Borrero from half a short block away, unable to discern at once that the woman was being forced into an alleyway against her will, with a hand clasped over her mouth? And why was the officer unable to recognize the defendant when he talked with him face to face later in the morning? Still, the trial was beginning to seem pretty much of a rerun of the first trial until the prosecution called Detective Richard Aidala, the officer who had actually arrested Whitmore. Under direct examination, Aidala quickly recounted Whitmore's arrest, his identification in the station house by Mrs. Borrero, and the first admissions he was reported to have made to Detective Di Prima. Routinely, Aidala denied that Whitmore was struck, threatened, or coerced in any way to make these admissions, and at that point Schmier returned to the counsel table. "Your witness," he said abruptly.

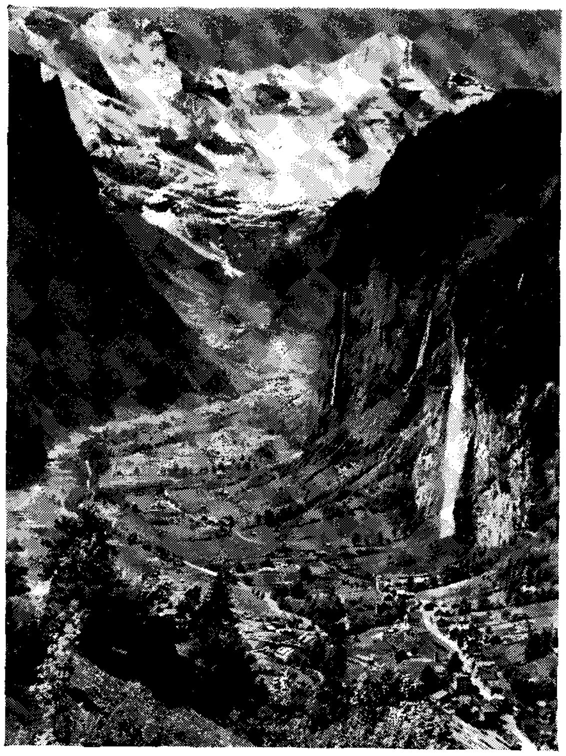
Reiben had been waiting confidently for the introduction of the written confession, which he was prepared to attack as a tissue of lies that had been drawn out of his client by coercion. But the prosecution was not going to oblige him. Rather than introduce the formal confession, which was vulnerable because it had been taken by an assistant district attorney after Bulger and Di Prima had obtained the now disproved Wylie-Hoffert confession, Schmier had decided to rest on the rather sketchy admissions Whitmore was said to have

Carter's
cares about your children and it shows.

It shows in Carter's "Window Pane" collection, a variety of little fashions reflecting happy styling and long wear. Washables that hold their shape; made of a soft cotton knit. They beam in Blooming Pink, giggle in Gay Yellow and mirror the world of the small in Azure Sky. Sizes 2–4. Blouse $2.50. Slacks $3.00 and Scooter Set $6.00.

Available at
B. Altman and Co.

Begin your European tour where European tours began.



There's more to Switzerland now than the things that brought the first tour groups here in the 1800's. More than Alps and clean, sweet air. More than waterfalls, valleys, flowers, lakes, green, green grass, and fabulous food. Now there are fabulous resorts where you can start your European vacation eating, breathing, dancing, sunning and swimming with some very European Europeans. Now there are Swissair jets non stop to Geneva and Zurich. Three full weeks, $338. Hotels, transportation, round trip group economy fare included. Call your travel agent or Swissair.

SWISSAIR

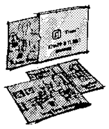
Heidi wouldn't lie.

Just one nice thing after another! Knapp & Tubbs has so many wonderful things for you to see. American, English and European craftsmanship at its best. And documented antiques. We'll be delighted to show you around. Your interior designer or furniture dealer will provide the needed introduction.

K & T "TRIAD." Three brochures, attractively jacketed. More than 140 illustrations. Order from Dept. K, nearest showroom. $2.00.

Knapp & Tubbs

NEW YORK: 979 Third Ave. (Decoration & Design Bldg.) · CHICAGO: Merchandise Mart · CLEVELAND: 2900 Superior
GRAND RAPIDS: Exhibitors Building · LOS ANGELES: 8778 Beverly Boulevard · SAN FRANCISCO: 737 Sansome Street



Swanson's
on the plaza

MIDRIFF MANEUVER IN RED, WHITE AND BLUE. KASPER OF JOAN LESLIE DOES IT IN AN AIRY FABRIC, FRENCH RIVER MILLS' WORSTED AND TREVIRA®. SIZES 4-14 $96. POSTAGE INCLUDED. MISS SWANSON SHOP, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

made to Aidala and Di Prima about the Borrero case in the early stages of his interrogation. It was a surprise, but Reiben responded without hesitation. Even before the prosecutor had settled into his chair, the defense attorney was on his feet. "Did anybody force or coerce him in any way into making the Wylie-Hoffert confession?" he shouted at Aidala.

Schmier shouted an objection, but Aidala shouted louder, "No, sir!"

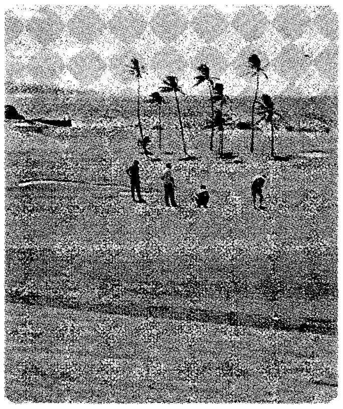
The prosecutor, back on his feet, was upset, to put it mildly. "I call on you," he said to Justice Goldstein, "having had prior discussion in your robing room . . . to act in view of Mr. Reiben's intemperate question."

The Justice was also agitated. "Mr. Reiben, I thought I made it clear at the very outset of the trial that the defendant was going to be tried on the facts of this case, and no other case, and no other names are to be used in the presence of the jury."

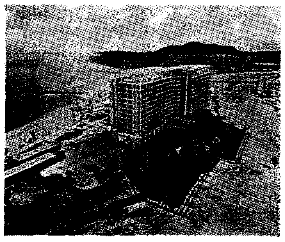
Reiben, however, had got the magic names of Wylie and Hoffert before the jurors, and he was smiling contentedly as Justice Goldstein sent them home for the day. Then, on a more formal basis, Reiben renewed his argument that he was entitled to put before the jury "the totality of circumstances" surrounding the Whitmore interrogations. At the previous Borrero trial, he said, the Wylie-Hoffert confession had been excluded, but that was because Whitmore was then still the accused murderer of the two girls and therefore the confession was prejudicial to the defense. Things were different now, he said. "It is not prejudicial to the defense but to the prosecution. So what we are doing is allowing that part of the corpus, of the body, that is unfavorable to the defense, and cutting off that which is favorable to the defense. Under every test that the Supreme Court has set up, the jury is entitled to know everything that went on in the back room. How am I supposed to cross-examine Mr. Aidala, who says he never coerced this individual and sits there with butter melting out of his mouth, when there is the Wylie-Hoffert confession that makes Mr. Aidala the world's biggest liar?"

The reply of the prosecutor was even more impassioned. "We have reached the point in our jurisprudence where the District Attorney is seen no longer as prosecutor, defender of the people," Schmier said. "Every prosecutor today is an ogre. Identification is no good today. Confessions are no good because they are beaten. We will reach

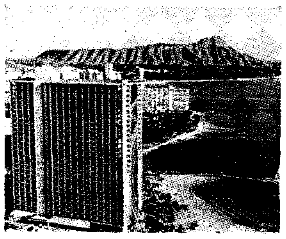
Next time you're in Hawaii stay with friends.......THE HILTONS



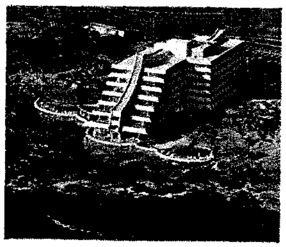
Come visit us at the Maui Hilton on the Valley Isle of Maui. Comb our miles of unspoiled Kaanapali Beach, where the only footprints are your own. Take on our championship golf course. We'll even introduce you to the ghosts of rowdy seafarers and ancient kings that walk in this modern paradise. And before you leave our magic islands, stay awhile with the other Hiltons. The palatial Kahala Hilton* on the Island of Oahu. The spectacular Kona Hilton on the Orchid Isle of Hawaii. The worldly Hilton Hawaiian Village at Waikiki, on the Island of Oahu. It's always more fun to stay with your friends, the Hiltons. We promise you everything you expect from Hawaii. Maybe more. Your travel agent or Hilton Reservation Service will take care of all the details.



Kahala Hilton



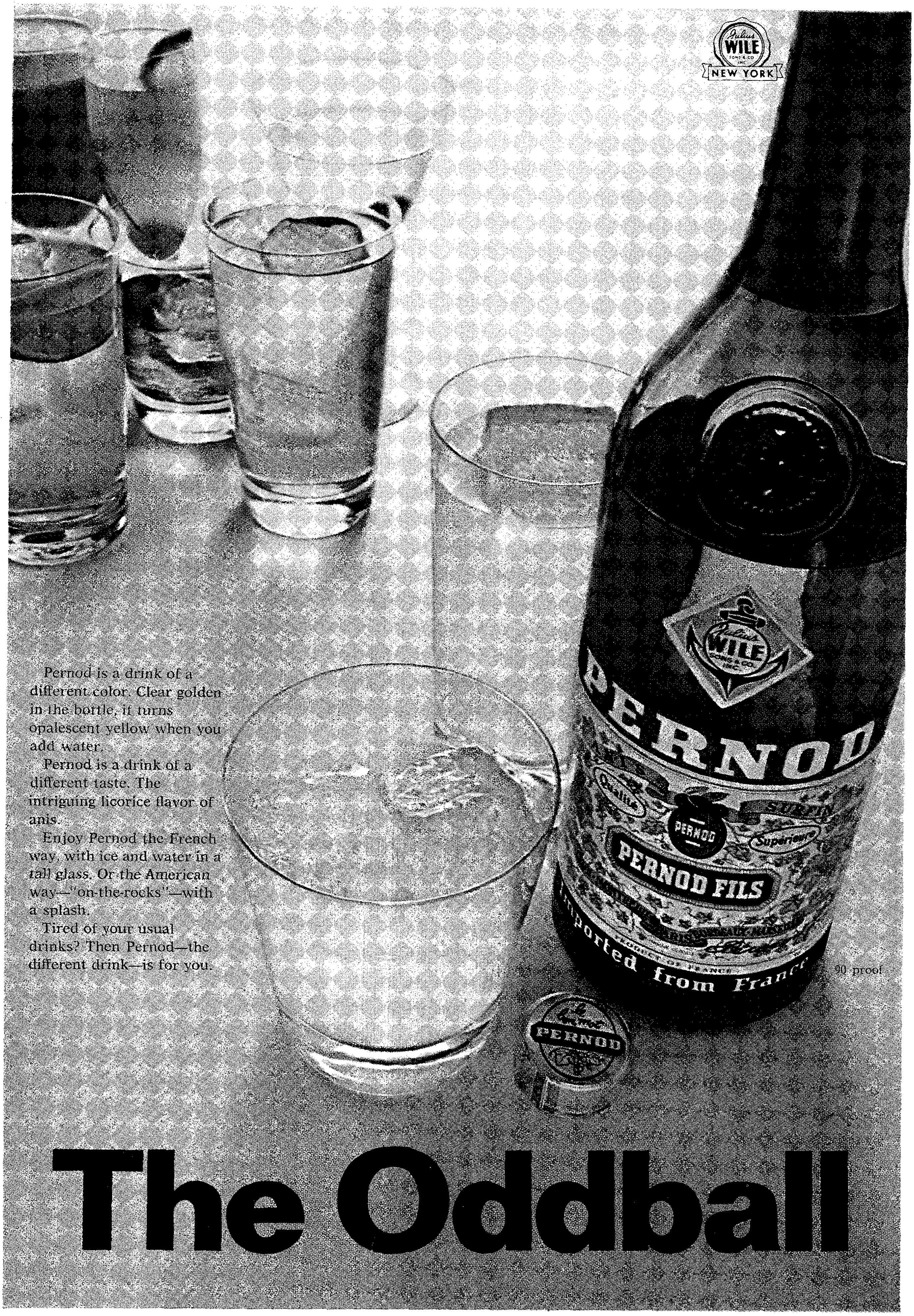
Hilton Hawaiian Village



Kona Hilton

HILTON HAWAII
the friendly world of Hilton

*operated by Hilton International.


Julius WILE Sons & Co. Inc. NEW YORK
PERNOD
Qualité
SURFIN
Supérieure
PERNOD
PERNOD FILS
PRODUIT DE FRANCE
Imported from France
PERNOD

Pernod is a drink of a different color. Clear golden in the bottle, it turns opalescent yellow when you add water.

Pernod is a drink of a different taste. The intriguing licorice flavor of anis.

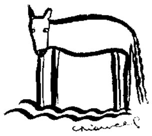
Enjoy Pernod the French way, with ice and water in a tall glass. Or the American way—"on-the-rocks"—with a splash.

Tired of your usual drinks? Then Pernod—the different drink—is for you.

90 proof

The Oddball

the point where any criminal who escapes from the scene of the crime can never be convicted. . . . I want it clear that I do not speak for Aaron E. Koota, I speak for Benjamin Schmier. I am not convinced as of this morning, but I will need more proof to sustain in my heart and my mind . . . that Robles killed Wylie-Hoffert. I don't say at this moment that this boy is guilty of that, and I would be remiss if I even indicated it, but I am not sure that Robles killed Wylie-Hoffert." Turning to indicate Whitmore, he asked, "Does it follow that just because he lied and was maybe coerced into Wylie-Hoffert that of necessity the Edmonds case falls and the Borrero case falls, and he stands there as Little Lord Fauntleroy? . . . There aren't twelve people in this land who would convict him on Borrero, if he went in on Wylie-Hoffert." Schmier's concluding observation raised eyebrows on both sides of the court railing.



Reiben left the courtroom that day in high spirits. At least in the press, where Schmier's gratuitous defense of the convicted Robles made headlines, the prosecution's case against George Whitmore was severely damaged by the demonstrably false Wylie-Hoffert confession. But the next morning Justice Goldstein formally ruled that the prohibition against disclosure to a jury of past and pending charges against a defendant would stand, even in a case where it was the defense itself that wished it to fall. "The court cannot conceive how any of the statements in the subsequent cases have anything to do with the statement made by the defendant in the Borrero case," he said. At this point, Reiben nodded to his colleague, Arthur Miller, and Miller hurriedly left the courtroom while Justice Goldstein was explaining to Reiben that this ruling went beyond the mere foreclosure of cross-examining Aidala on the Wylie-Hoffert confession. "Should Whitmore take the stand," Reiben was warned, "and questions be asked of him concerning the Edmonds and the Wylie-Hoffert statement, the court will not only admonish you but there may be the need for me to take other steps."

There was no need for an admonition, however. Whitmore did not take the stand. From that point on in the trial, the defense stood mute. This highly unorthodox—and, for Whitmore, highly risky—tactic was the subject of conferences, both at the bench and in Justice Goldstein's chambers, but Reiben would not be moved. His position was that although the coercion of Whitmore occurred before the Borrero confession was made, the defense could not establish "coercion by external evidence" for the Borrero and Edmonds confessions but could develop it on the Wylie-Hoffert confession. "The external evidence corroborating Whitmore's claim of coercion is on the third," he said. Justice Goldstein tried vigorously to persuade Reiben to defend his client within the context of his ruling, but Reiben indicated that as long as the Wylie-Hoffert confession was excluded he would do nothing further. And because he persisted in remaining mute the prosecution, too, determined on a change of tactics. Detective Di Prima was waiting to testify, but if Reiben was going to sit out the remainder of the case the prosecution would rest on the evidence already adduced, and would thus be spared the embarrassment of calling a witness who had been rather thoroughly roughed up in the Robles trial, both by the prosecution and by the press. Before resting, however, Schmier, whose predecessor as Whitmore's prosecutor had been admonished from the bench for withholding an F.B.I. report on a button that Mrs. Borrero had pulled from her attacker's coat and on a raincoat taken from Whitmore at the time of his arrest, hastened to introduce the report in evidence, but did not read from it. (In the first trial, the prosecution had suggested that the button and the coat clinched the case against Whitmore, but the F.B.I. report showed no reason to believe that the button had ever been attached to the coat.)

Reiben rested the defense without rising from his chair. For good measure, he also waived a defense summation. Schmier delivered a short but extremely effective summation for the prosecution, and, with his words ringing in their ears, the jurors were excused until the next day to await Justice Goldstein's charge. They had already left the courtroom when Miller returned, carrying an application for a writ of habeas corpus in the federal courts, which was what Reiben had sent him for.

"Where is everybody?" Miller asked, astonished at finding the courtroom virtually empty.

"The case is over, Arthur," Reiben told him.

"You didn't sum up?" Miller asked incredulously.

"I waived everything," Reiben said grimly.

Reiben's application for a writ of

THE VALLEY SET GUIDE
TO THE BEST IN
DACRON®
DOUBLEKNITS

The Town & Country· Up-to-the-minute pleated dress with double-breasted blazer. Swings from gallery to theatre without looking it. Because it's shape-keeping, pleat-keeping Dacron* polyester. And washable, besides Select in gold and white; navy and white. 6-16 At Altman's, New York; Julius Garfinckel, Wash., D C.; Strawbridge & Clothier, Phila.; I. Magnin, West Coast.

*DU PONT REGISTERED TRADEMARK

valley set
knits of Dacron®

habeas corpus, which amounted to an attempt to get the federal courts to intervene in the case and overturn Justice Goldstein's ruling, was rejected almost as soon as it was presented, and Reiben incurred a certain amount of criticism, both from other lawyers and from reporters covering the trial, for staking his client's future on his own belief that the Wylie-Hoffert confession should have been admitted. Partly because of that criticism, Reiben stood up the next morning, before Justice Goldstein began reading his charge to the jury, and asked whether the F.B.I. report might not be read at that time. The request was denied—Reiben was told that he had had sufficient opportunity to read the evidence to the jury at the time it was submitted, or in the course of the oral summation he had waived—but a point had been made, he felt, if the jury chose to pursue it and ask for the report. After Justice Goldstein's charge, however, the jury did not find that necessary. "You, the jury, and I, the judge, are interested in having a clean, decent place in which to live," he said. "It is dreadful to think that in our country, right here in Brooklyn, a woman can be taken, grabbed right off the street and assaulted, and an attempt made to rape her."

The jury got the case at 3:35 P.M. on March 25th and discussed it until just after six, when the clerk received requests for several pieces of evidence (not including the F.B.I. report). Justice Goldstein's permission was required for this, and by the time he was located, within minutes, the clerk had received another note from the jury, saying that they had agreed upon a verdict. The verdict was guilty.

Before being sentenced, Whitmore was committed to Kings County Hospital for a mental examination—his third since he was arrested—and he passed it as well as he had passed the two previous ones. On May 27th, when he appeared in court for sentencing, Miller made a routine motion that the verdict be set aside. One of the arguments that the defense attorney brought forward was that because of Justice Goldstein's momentary unavailability the jury had not received the testimony and exhibits that had been asked for. The argument seemed to annoy Justice Goldstein, and he denied the motion icily. He then sentenced Whitmore to the maximum term the law allowed—five to ten years on the attempted-rape charge, and two and a half to five years on a second charge, of assault with intent to

FOR THE MAN WHO HAS *"ALMOST"* EVERYTHING

actual size

Woven 18kt gold and diamond
Dress Tie $1500

(not illustrated)
Tie without diamonds $500

Olga
TRITT

424 Park Avenue (Between 55th and
56th Streets) New York, N.Y. 10022

The first golf game in America was played in North Carolina in 1728. Since then, we've built nearly 300 golf courses.

You can play in the mountains. Near the sea. Among beautiful pine-covered rolling hills. Almost anywhere. A free booklet describes our golf courses completely: Location, green fees, par, length and outstanding characteristics of each course. For your free copy, plus a beautiful book that describes other things to see and do in North Carolina, fill out and mail the coupon below.

I'm fascinated. Send the book.

NAME__________

ADDRESS__________

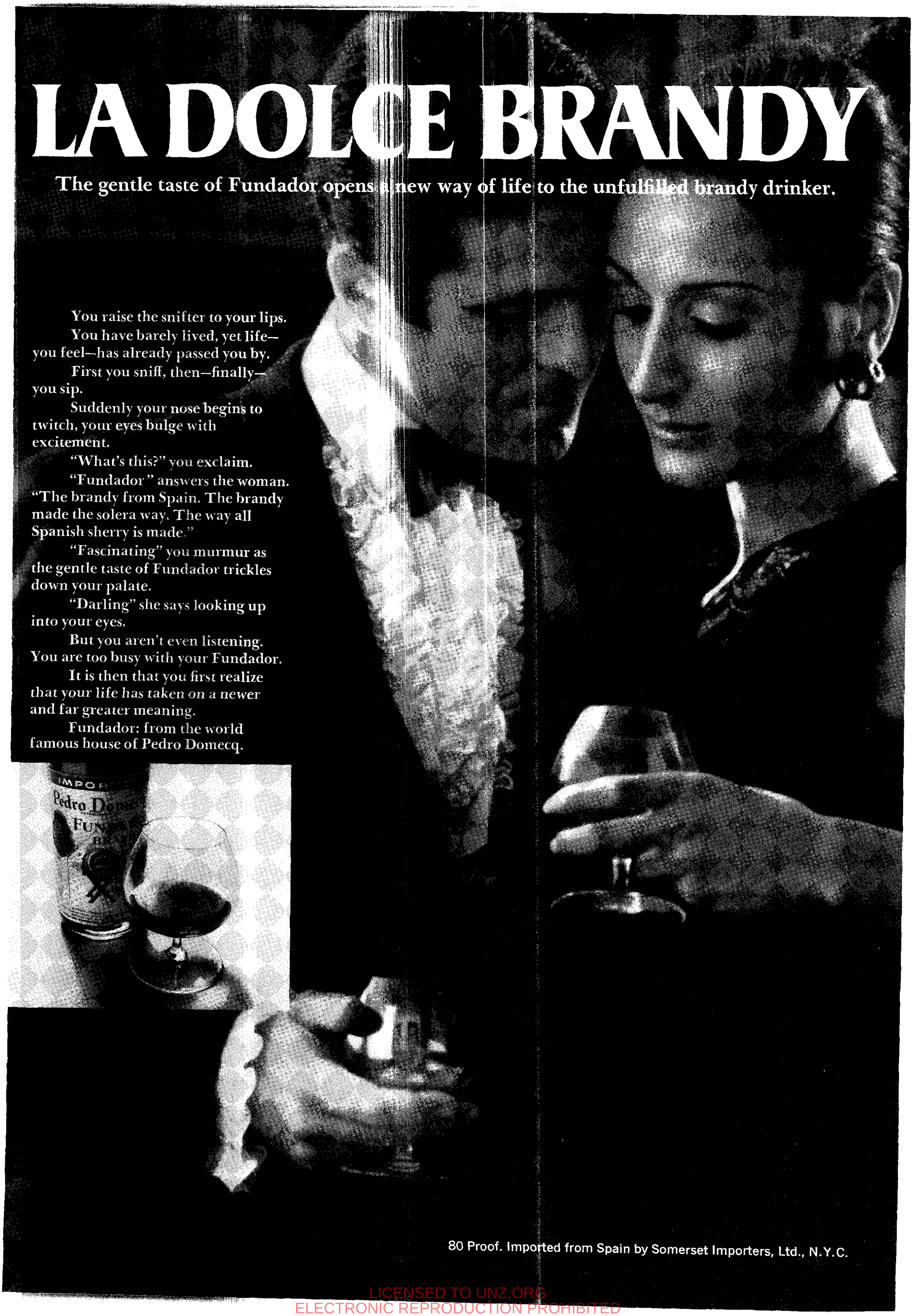
CITY__________

STATE__________ ZIP CODE__________

Mail to Dept. 410, Travel and Promotion Division, Dept. of Conservation and Development, Raleigh, N.C. 27602

North Carolina

First Game: In 1728, Scottish born Alex MacGrain was observed whacking an old feather ball in an open field near the town of Fayetteville. This is believed to be the first golf game played in America.



LA DOLCE BRANDY

The gentle taste of Fundador opens a new way of life to the unfulfilled brandy drinker.

You raise the snifter to your lips.

You have barely lived, yet life—you feel—has already passed you by.

First you sniff, then—finally—you sip.

Suddenly your nose begins to twitch, your eyes bulge with excitement.

"What's this?" you exclaim.

"Fundador " answers the woman. "The brandy from Spain. The brandy made the solera way. The way all Spanish sherry is made."

"Fascinating" you murmur as the gentle taste of Fundador trickles down your palate.

"Darling" she says looking up into your eyes.

But you aren't even listening. You are too busy with your Fundador.

It is then that you first realize that your life has taken on a newer and far greater meaning.

Fundador: from the world famous house of Pedro Domecq.

80 Proof. Imported from Spain by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.Y.C.

Go Maupintour and leave your cares at home!

Mail coupon today!

To: Director, Escorted Holidays
Maupintour
270 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017
Please send Maupintour folders checked.

Mr./Mrs./Miss
address
city
state zip
My Travel Agent is
Y-4

☐ **SPAIN/PORTUGAL.** 22 days. By motorcoach $669. Deluxe $898.
☐ **MOROCCO / CANARIES / MADEIRA.** Plus the Algarve. 22 days. Kasbahs, resorts. Monthly, $1218.
☐ **GRAND ITALY.** 22 days. Get to know one country well! $1098.
☐ **GREECE/AEGEAN ISLES.** 22 days. Attica, Thessaly, Peloponnese, and JASON Golden Fleece Cruise. Monthly, $1398.
☐ **EUROPE BY TRAIN/AIR.** 21 days. The highlights! Weekly, $1069.
☐ **SWITZERLAND SPECTACULAR.** 22 days. Swiss resorts, villages; Alpine France, Italy, Austria. Summer, $1038.
☐ **ALPS OF EUROPE.** 22 days. Vienna, too! Summer, $998.
☐ **SALZBURG FESTIVAL.** 22 days. Bavaria, Austria. Summer, $1098.
☐ **SCANDINAVIA.** Three different holidays. 15 days, $869. 22 days, $949.
☐ **USSR/EASTERN EUROPE.** Three different programs. 21 days, $898. 40 days, $1778. 59 days, $2529.
☐ **DALMATIA/BALKANS.** 21 days. Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia. May to Aug. $998.
☐ **SAMARKAND ORIENTAL RUSSIA.** 21 days. Exotic! $1133.
☐ **SOUTH AMERICA.** The great cities, 22 days, $1218. 30 days, $1598.
☐ **ORIENT FESTIVAL.** New 30-day holiday, April to Oct. Deluxe.

Prices shown are lowest rates for series including air fare from USA gateway: New York, Miami, or West Coast.

rape, the sentences to run consecutively.

The severity of imposing consecutive sentences, which would require Whitmore to spend a minimum of five years in prison before becoming eligible for parole, surprised many people in the courtroom, because in his charge Justice Goldstein had stressed that, essentially, the two crimes of which Whitmore was accused were, if not identical, at least interrelated. "The chances are that if one didn't happen the other didn't happen," he had said. Reiben and Miller hurried out of the courthouse to file their appeal with the Appellate Division, and almost before they had left the building Justice Goldstein summoned everyone—including the press—back to his courtroom to change the sentence. "I said consecutively, not concurrently, and I meant to say *concurrently*," he explained later. "It would be ridiculous for me to give him consecutive sentences." But because Reiben and Miller had already left, it was necessary to postpone the resentencing. On June 3, 1966, the date set for that proceeding, Reiben had another engagement and Miller alone was representing the defense. Justice Goldstein had vacated his previous consecutive sentences, and the clerk had reached that point in the procedure at which he asked Whitmore whether he had anything to say before the new sentence was imposed. To everyone's surprise, Whitmore looked straight at Justice Goldstein and spoke: "Your Honor, when I went to trial last time, my counsel didn't submit anything, and neither did I."

"What do you mean?" Justice Goldstein asked warily.

"The jury didn't hear my side of the story."

Justice Goldstein himself had made a vigorous effort to persuade Reiben to continue with the defense, and he fairly shouted from the bench, "Who told you to say that today?"

"This is my idea," Whitmore said, and Miller's expression clearly bore out the statement.

Nonetheless, Justice Goldstein pursued the question. "Did you discuss that with your lawyer?" he asked.

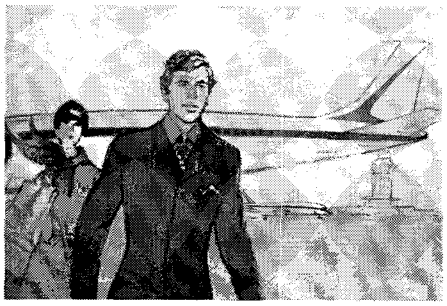
"No, sir."

"When did you come to that conclusion?"

"When I was in my cell after I got convicted."

"During the trial, you were represented by Mr. Reiben and Mr. Miller. I assume you discussed your case with them."

"I discussed my case," Whitmore said, "but I am not familiar with the



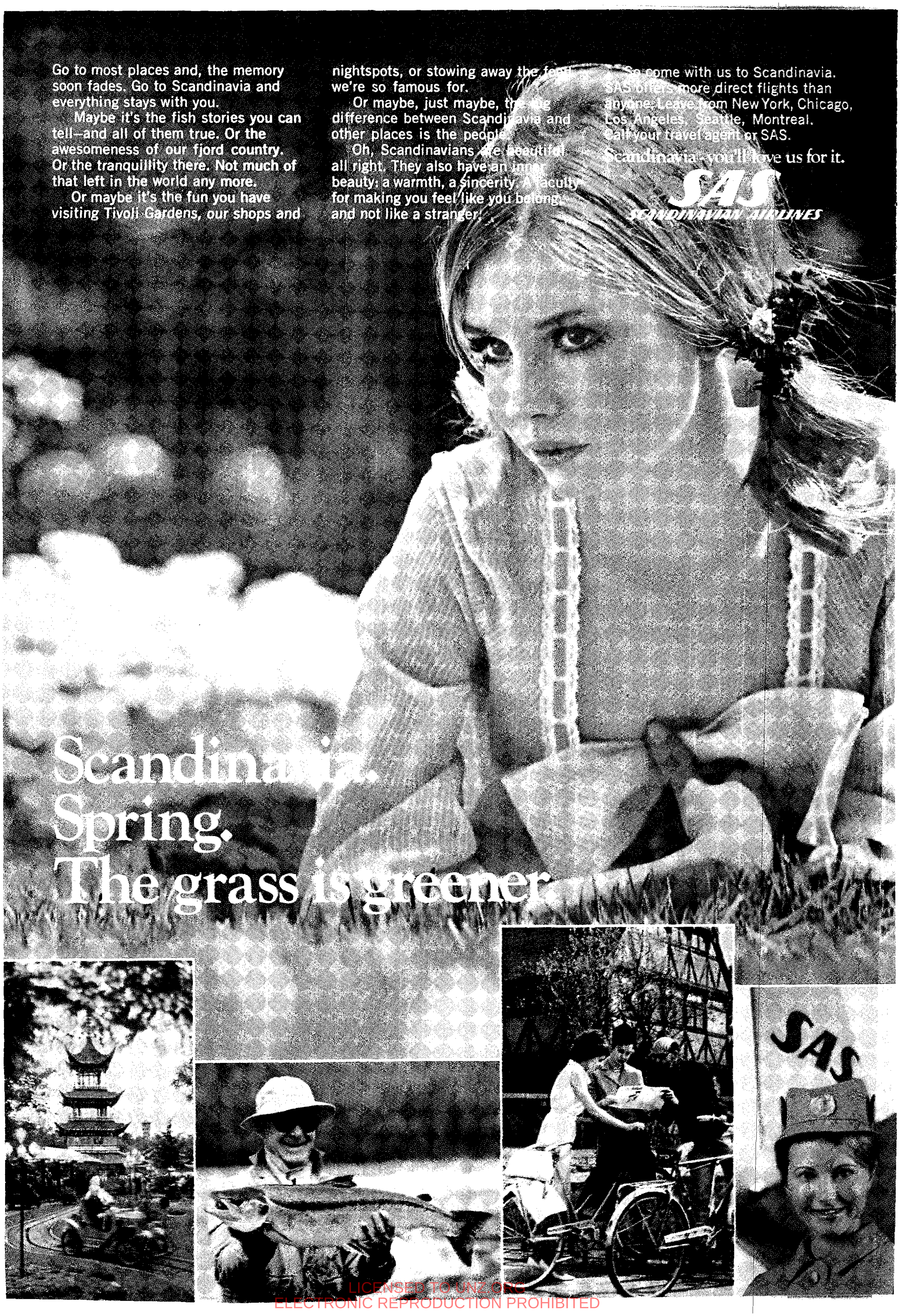
See what the Hardy Amies, U.S.A. Total Look can do for you . . . at:

CALIFORNIA
BEVERLY HILLS .... MAY CO.
CONCORD .... ROOS-ATKINS
HOLLYWOOD .... MAY CO.
LONG BEACH .... BUFFUM'S*
LOS ANGELES .... MAY CO.*
MONTEREY .... ROOS-ATKINS
OAKLAND .... ROOS-ATKINS
PALO ALTO .... ROOS-ATKINS
SACRAMENTO .... ROOS-ATKINS
SAN DIEGO .... MAY CO.
SAN FRANCISCO .... ROOS-ATKINS*
SAN JOSE .... ROOS-ATKINS
SAN MATEO .... ROOS-ATKINS
SAN RAFAEL .... ROOS-ATKINS
SANTA BARBARA .... ROOS-ATKINS
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
WASHINGTON .... BRUCE HUNT, INC.*
WOODWARD & LOTHROP
COLORADO
DENVER .... NEUSTETERS
FLORIDA
MIAMI BEACH .... BARON'S*
GEORGIA
ATLANTA .... BARON'S
HAWAII
HONOLULU .... LIBERTY HOUSE
ILLINOIS
SPRINGFIELD .... MYERS BROS.
INDIANA
INDIANAPOLIS .... L. S. AYRES & CO.
KENTUCKY
LOUISVILLE .... LEVY BROS., INC.
LOUISIANA
NEW ORLEANS .... GODCHAUX'S*
MARYLAND
BALTIMORE .... HUTZLER'S
BETHESDA .... BRUCE HUNT, INC.
MASSACHUSETTS
BOSTON .... KENNEDY'S
ROGER KENT
SALEM .... GIBLEE'S
MICHIGAN
DETROIT .... J. L. HUDSON CO.*
SOUTHFIELD .... J. L. HUDSON CO.
TROY .... J. L. HUDSON CO.
MINNESOTA
MINNEAPOLIS .... DAYTON'S
MISSISSIPPI
GULFPORT .... GODCHAUX'S
MISSOURI
KANSAS CITY .... WOOLF BROS.
NEBRASKA
LINCOLN .... BEN SIMON'S
OMAHA .... J. L. BRANDEIS
NEVADA
RENO .... ROOS-ATKINS
NEW JERSEY
CHERRY HILL .... STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER
SHORT HILLS .... ROGER KENT
WEST NEW YORK .... SCHLESINGER'S
NEW MEXICO
ALBUQUERQUE .... STROMBERG'S
NEW YORK
BROOKLYN .... ABRAHAM & STRAUS*
HEMPSTEAD .... ABRAHAM & STRAUS
MANHASSET .... ABRAHAM & STRAUS
NEW YORK .... ROGER KENT*
ROCHESTER .... SIBLEY, LINDSAY & CURR
VALLEY STREAM .... ROGER KENT
OHIO
CINCINNATI .... H. & S. POGUE CO.*
CLEVELAND .... HIGBEE CO.*
COLUMBUS .... F. & R. LAZARUS CO.
DAYTON .... RIKE-KUMLER CO.
SEVERANCE CENTER .... HIGBEE CO.
OKLAHOMA
TULSA .... RENBERG'S
OREGON
PORTLAND .... LIPMAN-WOLFE
PENNSYLVANIA
ALLENTOWN .... HESS'
PHILADELPHIA .... ROGER KENT
STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER
TENNESSEE
MEMPHIS .... JULIUS LEWIS, INC.
NASHVILLE .... MALLERNEE'S*
TEXAS
HOUSTON .... SAKOWITZ*
VIRGINIA
ALEXANDRIA .... BRUCE HUNT, INC.
WASHINGTON
SEATTLE .... FREDERICK & NELSON*
WISCONSIN
MILWAUKEE .... BRILLS/COLONY
*And all branches

Hardy Amies . . . the new, coordinated, head-to-toe Total Look for men.

Shown here, a noteworthy example of the Amies silhouette and concept of total coordination. See the Amies touch in double and single breasted suits, sport jackets, and blazers; walking suits, topcoats, overcoats, raincoats, capes, shirts, knitwear, shoes, slacks, hats, ties, gloves, cuff links . . . everything from resort to formal wear. Illustrated, The Peer Suit, about $145. For the store nearest you, see adjacent listing.

HARDY AMIES, U.S.A.
Genesco Everything to wear.



Go to most places and, the memory soon fades. Go to Scandinavia and everything stays with you.

Maybe it's the fish stories you can tell—and all of them true. Or the awesomeness of our fjord country. Or the tranquillity there. Not much of that left in the world any more.

Or maybe it's the fun you have visiting Tivoli Gardens, our shops and nightspots, or stowing away the food we're so famous for.

Or maybe, just maybe, the big difference between Scandinavia and other places is the people.

Oh, Scandinavians are beautiful all right. They also have an inner beauty: a warmth, a sincerity. A faculty for making you feel like you belong, and not like a stranger.

So come with us to Scandinavia. SAS offers more direct flights than anyone. Leave from New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Seattle, Montreal. Call your travel agent or SAS.

Scandinavia–you'll love us for it.

SAS
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES

Scandinavia.
Spring.
The grass is greener.

proceedings that took place. I know that it is my right that the jury hear my side. My lawyer remained mute. Why I don't know."

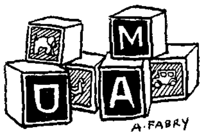
"Are you finding fault with your lawyers now?"

"No, sir, it is just I don't understand."

"You don't understand what?"

"Why I don't tell my side of the story."

When Miller attempted to intervene in the exchange, Justice Goldstein denounced Miller for making accusations against him in the motion to set aside the verdict, and then called him "the most irresponsible lawyer that I ever saw in a courtroom."



In the end, however, Whitmore did get concurrent sentences, which meant that, since he had already served more than two years, he would be eligible for parole in fourteen months. While he remained under indictment in the murder of Mrs. Minnie Edmonds, this eligibility was a matter of only academic interest, but for two years the confessions of George Whitmore had been exerting a force on events far removed from the State Supreme Court in Brooklyn, and now, in turn, these events were having an effect on the course of Whitmore's prosecution.

A FEW days after Whitmore's resentencing in the second Borrero assault trial, the possibility that he would have to stand trial a second time on the Edmonds murder indictment was indirectly removed by the United States Supreme Court. In the so-called Miranda decision—it actually involved four cases and four defendants, one of them being Ernesto A. Miranda, who had been found guilty of kidnap and rape in Arizona—the Court issued a sweeping ruling against the admissibility of a confession obtained from any prisoner not advised of his right to have an attorney present. Such a confession was, in effect, the only evidence the prosecution had against Whitmore in the Edmonds case.

The protection against involuntary self-incrimination offered by the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution was first formally extended to cover trials in state courts by the Supreme Court's decision, in 1936, in the case of Brown v. Mississippi. In that case, the Supreme Court had before it uncontroverted testimony from the trial of Edward Brown and two co-defendants in a Mississippi murder that deputy sheriffs had put a noose around the neck of one of the co-defendants and hoisted him twice (the rope scars were visible at the trial) and that Brown and the other co-defendant had been spread-eagled over chairs and beaten with a leather strap until they confessed. The position of the State of Mississippi was not to deny that brutality had occurred but, rather, to argue that the question of whether it had or had not was outside the purview of the federal courts. Up to that point, it had been, and even now the Supreme Court proceeded cautiously in asserting federal jurisdiction. The state, the Court ruled in reversing the convictions, "is free to regulate the procedure of its courts in accordance with its own concepts of policy unless in so doing it 'offends some principle of justice so rooted in the traditions and conscience of our people as to be ranked as fundamental.' "

Over the next twenty-eight years, the Supreme Court was called upon to review thirty-three confession cases to determine whether the circumstances offended some fundamental principle of justice. As time passed, the Court found that more and more of them did, but each decision was reached more or less on the merits of the particular case, without the formulation of any general rule, until 1964, when, by a five-to-four decision, the Court threw out the conviction of Daniel Escobedo, who in 1960, in Illinois, had been found guilty of murder. Escobedo had asked to see his lawyer—and, indeed, his lawyer had been at the station house—but had been denied access to him, and for that reason the Supreme Court ruled that the confession he had made subsequently was inadmissible. The decision set off a burst of protests that the Court had gone too far in "handcuffing" police and "coddling" criminals, but for some time it was not at all clear just how far the Court had gone, beyond saying that a suspect should be allowed to see his lawyer if he asked to see him. Sooner or later, the confusion about how far the right to have legal advice extended would have to be resolved, and Sidney Zion, the New York *Times* legal reporter, wrote that at a convention of the National District Attorneys' Association held in Houston in March, 1965, "names like Whitmore and Escobedo—household words to lawyers these days—popped like champagne corks and interrupted the small talk of old acquaintance." Zion quoted one of the three hundred District Attorneys attending the convention as saying,

Reynolds is a dedicated account executive

More than 800 of them, as a matter of fact—all dedicated to a fundamental Reynolds' belief in "satisfied customers."

Not that we aren't interested in new accounts.

We are.

But here at Reynolds our first order of business has always been our present customers.

Good thing, too.

Because we can't possibly handle the business of *every* investor—and, not everybody wants to do business with us, either.

Still—a gratifying number of investors who do drop in to discuss stocks, bonds, or commodities with a Reynolds' Account Executive seem to like what they hear—and do, in fact, wind up as customers.

And remember, if you do come in, you're not obligated in any way to open an account.

We'll be glad to give you any help, information, or guidance that we possibly can.

But, fair warning; don't be surprised if *you* do like what you hear, . . . decide to become a Reynolds' customer—and find out exactly what we mean when we say, "if it's good for our customers, it's good for Reynolds."

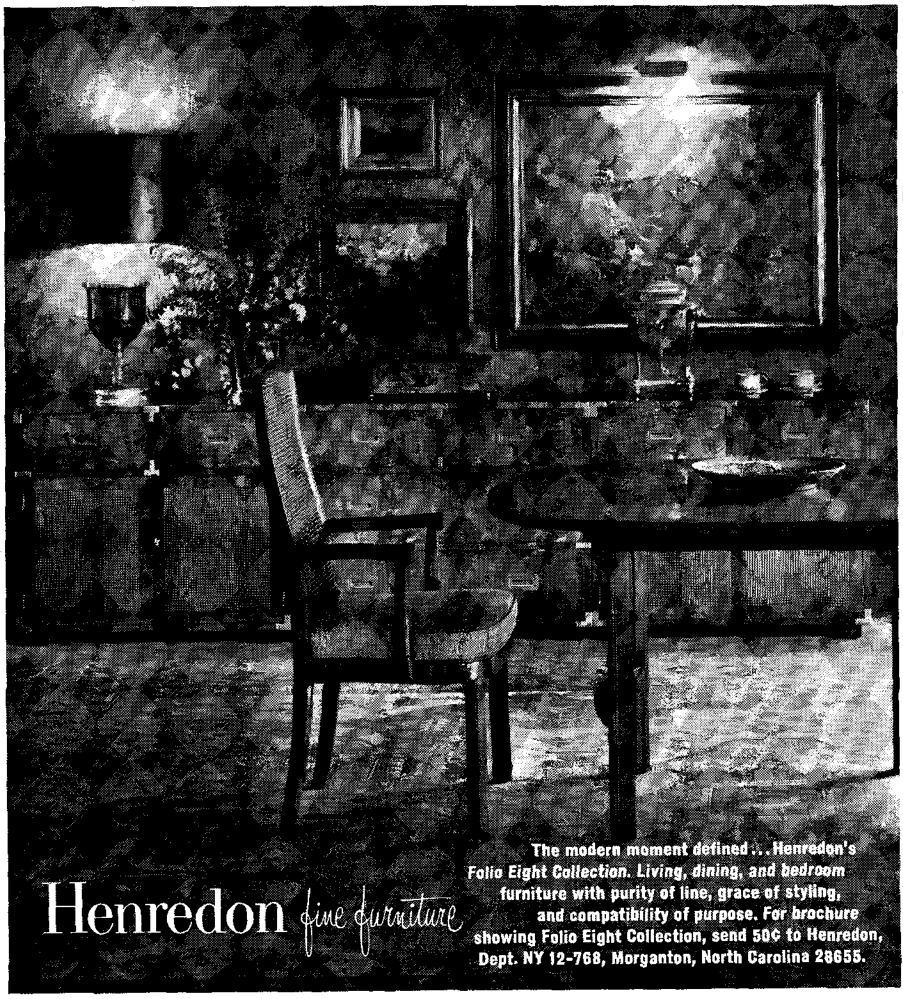
Reynolds & Co.
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
AND OTHER LEADING EXCHANGES
120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10005
OFFICES COAST TO COAST

(*Advertisement*)

VIOLIN INSTRUCTOR
JOHN ROSOL

A title on the door...rates a Bigelow on the floor.

What an asset a deep, dense Bigelow can be in any office. Your work takes on a new tone and harmony. And now Bigelows are available in special designs, colors and textures—right in tune with any decor. Perfect pitch? Our free color brochure on commercial carpets. We'll send it if you write to Bigelow-Sanford, Inc., Dept. B, 140 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. *People who know...buy* BIGELOW.



The modern moment defined...Henredon's *Folio Eight Collection.* Living, dining, and bedroom furniture with purity of line, grace of styling, and compatibility of purpose. For brochure showing Folio Eight Collection, send 50¢ to Henredon, Dept. NY 12-768, Morganton, North Carolina 28655.

"Paris just before the Maginot Line collapsed must have been a little like this." Even one of the strongest defenders of confessions, James C. Crumlish, Jr., who was then Philadelphia's District Attorney, conceded that the Whitmore case had had an unfortunate effect on the prosecutors' public position in favor of retaining broad powers of interrogation for police, and Norman E. Green, the District Attorney of Tucson, reported that his prosecutors had lost eleven straight cases involving confessions and police testimony because of the national publicity given the Whitmore confessions.

On November 21, 1965, those advocating increased restrictions on police methods of obtaining confessions were surprised to find their cause supported by, of all people, the man who had been in charge of George Whitmore's prosecution, Aaron Koota. In a radio broadcast, Koota urged that counsel be provided for a suspect "at the moment he comes into contact with the law," and he went on to say, "Unless a man intelligently waives his right to counsel, his confession should not be admitted. . . . Now, if a suspect is a law professor, then we can assume he knew his rights, and if he confesses, this would be an intelligent waiver. But most people do not know their rights, and the burden should be on the prosecution to show that these persons understood they could have a lawyer and decided they did not want one."

"I don't know what's come over Aaron," District Attorney Hogan said a few days later. "Perhaps it was a leftover campaign speech. Obviously, the whole purpose of police investigation is frustrated if a suspect is entitled to have a lawyer during preliminary questioning, for any lawyer worth his fee will tell him to keep his mouth shut."

In a short time, Koota modified his position—which, in fact, ran counter to a brief with which he was associated and which was then under consideration by the Supreme Court. Koota was a party to one of the four confession cases encompassed by the Court's deliberations that led to the Miranda decision. This was the appeal of Michael Vignera, convicted of robbing a Brooklyn dress shop in October, 1960. At Vignera's trial, the defense was not permitted to ask the detective who had obtained a confession whether Vignera had been informed of his rights, and the defendant, who was subsequently sentenced to thirty to sixty years' imprisonment as a third-felony

"Just show me the Jerry Silvermans, please."

Designed
by
Shannon
Rodgers.

offender, based his appeal on the admissibility of his confession. In arguing against Vignera's appeal, Koota had the support of the Department of Justice—another of the four confession cases called up for review by the Supreme Court was a federal one—and the brief of Thurgood Marshall, the Solicitor General at the time, denied any "general right to counsel under the Sixth Amendment prior to the institution of formal proceedings before a magistrate in court." The crucial question, the Justice Department maintained, was "whether the official conduct, taken as a whole, had the effect on the arrested suspect of overriding his free choice to refuse to be a witness against himself within the meaning of the Fifth Amendment." The Justice Department's position was formally endorsed before the Court by twenty-seven states and commonwealths in addition to the three states—Arizona, California, and New York—that were parties to the proceedings.

On June 13, 1966, the Supreme Court issued its decision on the four confession cases. It was a five-to-four decision, written by Chief Justice Earl Warren—Justices Hugo L. Black, William J. Brennan, Jr., William O. Douglas, and Abe Fortas concurred, and Justices Tom C. Clark, John M. Harlan, Potter Stewart, and Byron R. White dissented. The Chief Justice, speaking for the majority, was specific and emphatic about the rights of suspects being questioned by the police:

> The prosecution may not use statements, whether exculpatory or inculpatory, stemming from custodial interrogation of the defendant, unless it demonstrates the use of procedural safeguards effective to secure the privilege against self-incrimination. . . . Prior to any questioning, the person must be warned that he has a right to remain silent, that any statement he does make may be used as evidence against him, and that he has a right to the presence of an attorney, either retained or appointed.

Chief Justice Warren also wrote that "unless adequate protective devices are employed to dispel the compulsion inherent in custodial surroundings, no statement obtained from the defendant can truly be the product of his free choice." Whitmore's confession to the Wylie-Hoffert murders was mentioned in a footnote as a conspicuous example of the way in which improper interrogation procedures have given rise to false confessions.

Not unexpectedly, the Supreme Court decision was far from popular with police and prosecutors. New York City Police Commissioner Howard R. Leary, even as he ordered compliance with it, predicted that the Miranda decision would result in "diminishing law and order." And United States Senator Sam J. Ervin, Jr., of North Carolina, introduced a Constitutional amendment that would provide for the admission at trials of all voluntary confessions, however made. Despite the forebodings of the prosecutors, however, the jail doors of the nation were not thrown open. A week after the Miranda decision was handed down, the Supreme Court ruled again, seven to two (Justices Black and Douglas dissenting), that it was not applicable retroactively to defendants who had already been convicted and sentenced but only to defendants tried after the date of the Miranda decision. This opinion, also written by Chief Justice Warren, stated that complete retroactivity "would require the retrial or release of numerous prisoners found guilty by trustworthy evidence in conformity with previously announced constitutional standards." And more than a year later, after much of the furor had died down, a spokesman for the New York Police Department conceded that clearance rates for major crimes had been relatively unchanged. As it turned out, not even the four men whose convictions were reversed by the Miranda decision won their freedom. Each was retried and reconvicted on other evidence, apart from his confession.

For George Whitmore, the Miranda decision could not retroactively reverse his conviction in the second Borrero trial, but on June 27th District Attorney Koota appeared—"reluctantly," he said—before Justice Hyman Barshay to move dismissal of the Edmonds murder indictment. For some time, Koota had been saying off the record that the Edmonds case would never be tried again, but now he laid full responsibility for its collapse on the Supreme Court. "It is high time to give serious consideration to whether the pendulum of justice has not swung too much in favor of the criminal," he declared. "There is a saying: 'It is far better that a thousand guilty men go free than a single innocent man be convicted.' This is a fetish of our society. The chances of an innocent man being convicted are extremely remote."

THE charges against George Whitmore had been reduced to the Borrero case alone by the beginning of July, 1966, and Reiben wasted no time in filing a petition for a certificate of

the Towncliffe Attitude.

Authoritatively classic. Exhibit A: worsted Ondine, houndstooth lined to match the blouse. Naturally, navy. 8 to 20, about $110 (slightly higher West).
B. Altman & Co., New York & branches; Gidding-Jenny, Cincinnati & Dayton; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; Montaldo's, all stores; Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D.C. and fine stores everywhere.

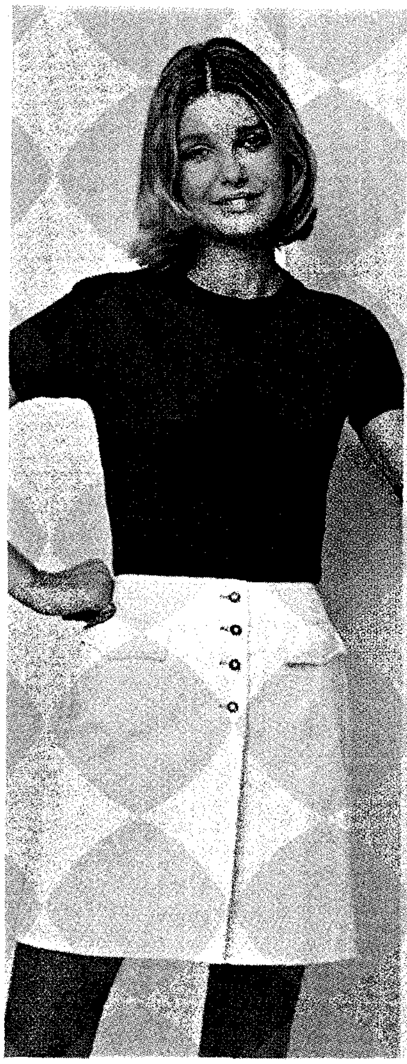
Towncliffe, Inc.
512 Seventh Avenue
New York, New York 10018

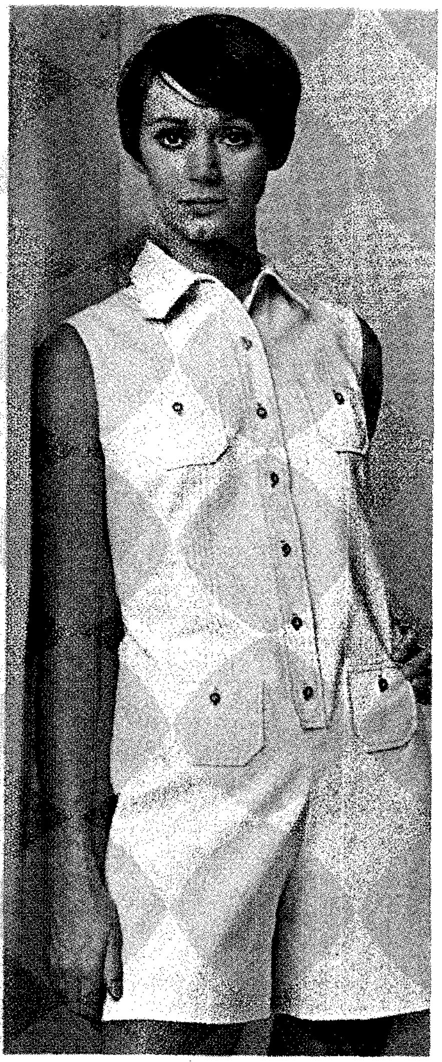
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky • The Paddington Corporation., N.Y., N.Y. 10020

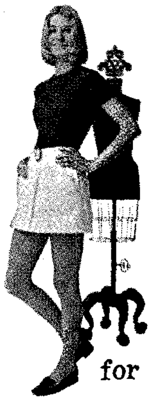
JUSTERINI
Founded 1749 & BROOKS
It only costs
a few cents
more.
Incredible.
JUSTERINI
WINE MERCHANTS
RARE
J&B
J&B Rare Scotch. From the House
of Justerini & Brooks. Founded 1749.

This page from the left: cotton knit top, $7; skooter, $16; cotton knit top, $7; button front culotte, $16; cotton canvas culotte dress, $23; coat, $37.50; patent pump, $20; cotton knit top, $7; cotton canvas jamaicas, $14.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



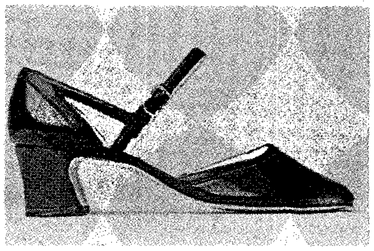


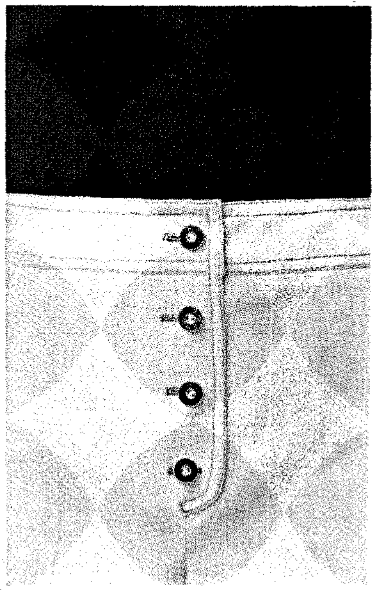


Canvas used to be for sails, deck shoes, duffle bags, boy scout tents and other rather work-minded equipment. That's changed. Suddenly canvas has as many moods as THE VILLAGER COLLECTOR® herself, and she wants it for all of the fun kinds of things she has planned for this Spring.

The Villager®

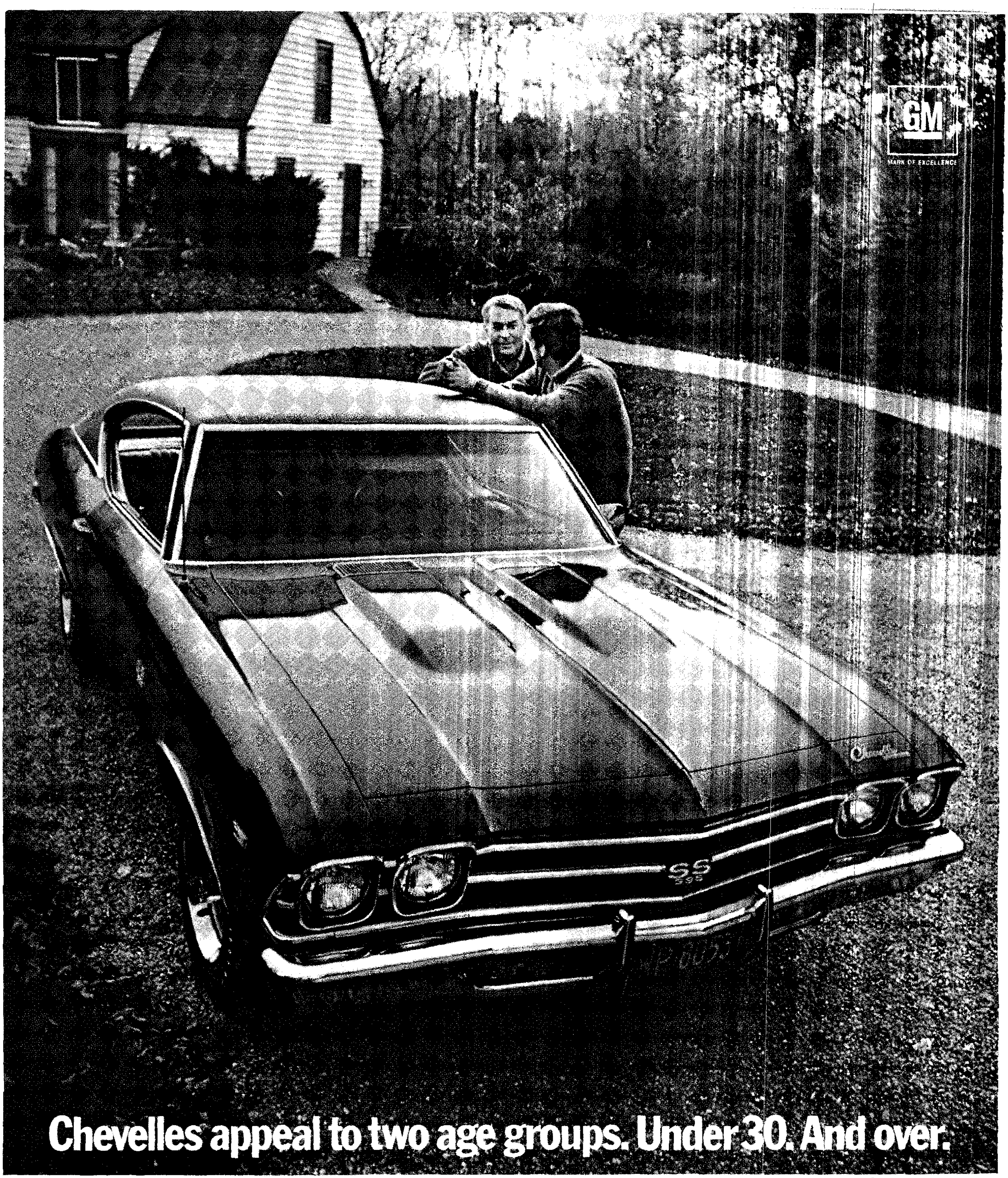
at good stores, college shops
and authentic Villager shops





Opposite page: cotton canvas bush suit, $45; cotton knit top, $7; cotton canvas slacks, $17. Misses sizes. Prices approximate.

© 1969 VILLAGER INDUSTRIES, INC. MANNEQUIN DES. PAT. 194,253



SS 396 Sport Coupe

One reason Chevelles move so many different people is that there are so many different Chevelles.

You could buy an SS 396 Sport Coupe with domed hood, sport wheels, beefed-up suspension and a whole lot more.

Or you could have a 300 Deluxe Sedan with a frugal 140-hp Six and few if any extras.

Chevelles are different all right. From each other. And from other cars.

No other mid-size car handles quite this nimble or looks (in our humble opinion) quite this great.

No other mid-size car has an anti-theft locking system, computer-selected springs, inner fenders, and an acrylic lacquer finish. At least not at our price.

Chevelle, the most popular mid-size car. The one with friends on both sides of the generation gap.

CHEVROLET

Putting you first, keeps us first.

See Olympic Gold Medalist Jean-Claude Killy, weekly, CBS-TV. Check your local TV listings.

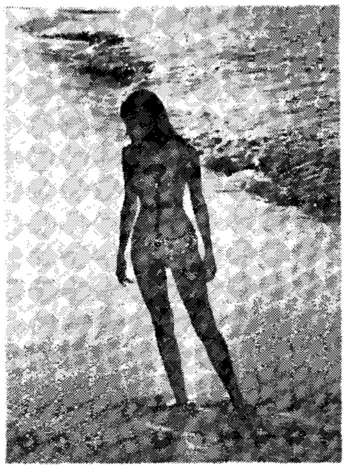
reasonable doubt on that. Such a certificate amounts to a recognition that there is a valid legal question to be tested on appeal, and its granting by a justice of the Supreme Court would open the possibility of bail while the appeal was pending. (Whitmore was by then in Sing Sing Prison.) By standing mute in the second Borrero trial, however, Reiben had ostensibly left himself only one ground for appeal—his contention that he was entitled to explore "the totality of circumstances" surrounding the entire series of Whitmore confessions. Fortunately for Whitmore, Justice Barshay, to whom Reiben had applied for the certificate, concurred in Reiben's argument that the validity of the Borrero confession might conceivably bear a legal relationship to the validity of the other confessions taken from Whitmore in the Seventy-third Precinct station house. There was a strong objection by Aaron Nussbaum, of the Appeals Bureau, who was again acting as Koota's representative. Indeed, Nussbaum protested that he was unconvinced of Whitmore's innocence of any of the three crimes he had originally confessed to.

In the matter of bail, Nussbaum asked for the highest possible figure, "in the light of the background, the psychological background, of this defendant." In effect, at this point Nussbaum introduced new evidence that had not been brought out in any of Whitmore's three trials (although it had been leaked to reporters by a member of the prosecution staff who said he was unhappy about the way the defense was "trying its case in the newspapers"). According to Nussbaum, Detective Di Prima was prepared to testify that Whitmore had said to him on the morning of his arrest, "Help me, help me, because I do these things, and I don't want to do them. I am better off here. Please help me."

Detective Di Prima's recollection of these words, which he had not referred to during his several appearances on the witness stand under oath, drew a violent response from Reiben. He accused Nussbaum of dragging it in belatedly "simply because a police officer who has been called a perjurer by a District Attorney in another jurisdiction told him so."

Justice Barshay pressed the prosecution unsuccessfully for any evidence it might have, either in previous testimony or in the written reports of the detectives themselves, that Whitmore had made the statement. "As time unfolds, people become wiser," Schmier said with a sigh. "I am sure that had

Paradise Island
Nassau's complete tropical resort.



Horseback riding on jungle trails.

Roulette, craps, etc. the Paradise Island Casino.

7000-yard oceanside golf course, plays around 5 lakes.

Championship tennis courts. 12 of them.

The new
BRITANNIA BEACH HOTEL
offers a great Gourmet Dine-Around Adventure

Rising above the island is the new Britannia Beach Hotel. The Grand Opening is January 3rd. Guest rooms are 16x20 or larger and each has refrigerator, vanity, dressing room, and private balcony. And instead of being stuck in one dining room, American Plan guests have a choice of six gourmet restaurants.

The fabulous Paradise Island Casino adjoins Britannia Beach Hotel, offering roulette, blackjack, and other exciting ways to try your luck.

In the Casino, Le Cabaret theatre features lavish revues starring world famous entertainers. This season's stars include TONY BENNETT, ARTHUR GODFREY, JACK JONES, BARBARA McNAIR, DON RICKLES, PHIL FORD AND MIMI HINES, MYRON COHEN, CATERINA VALENTE, SHIRLEY BASSEY, NELSON SARDELLI, FRANK GORSHIN and others.

Guaranteed reservations.

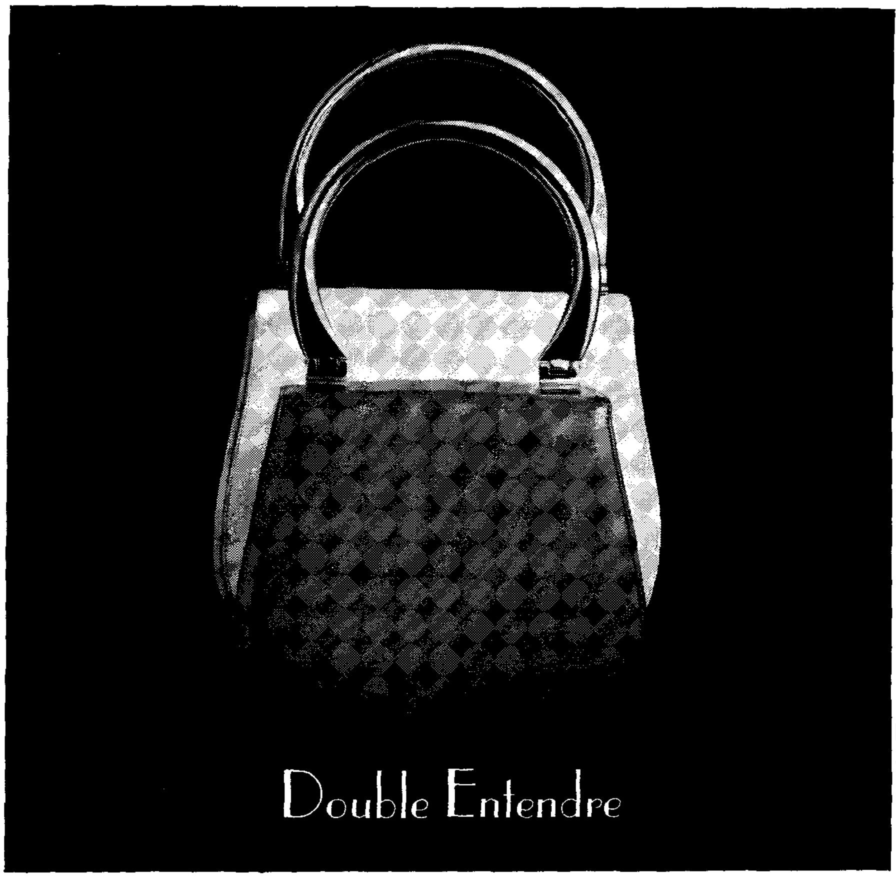
For complete information, rates, and confirmed reservations, see your travel agent. Represented by Hetland & Stevens, Inc. with offices in principal cities, or our West Coast representatives, George R. Smith Company.

Premiere Season
Britannia Beach Hotel
Paradise Island Nassau, Bahamas

The new 300-room Britannia Beach Hotel, the 100-room Beach Inn on Paradise Beach, and the famous Ocean Club—all owned and operated by Resorts International, Inc.

Here's one bag you can take two ways. Big, round, or small and plump. Both handled in brass. Large size, $28. Small, $25. MM patents them in black, white, navy, red, bone. Interpret it your way and carry off elegance at Bonwit Teller, N.Y. & Philadelphia, Gus Mayer, New Orleans, Levy's, Memphis and all their branches.

MM
Morris Moskowitz



Short and sweet.
By Sue Brett.
Galey&Lord

Polyester/cotton woven by Galey & Lord,
1407 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10018, a division of Burlington Industries.

Detectives Di Prima and Aidala been aware that such a thing would arise, they would have put it in." The judge was not inclined, however, to take such a philosophic view of the matter, and after yet another psychiatric report had been prepared—this one agreed in general with the others, finding Whitmore "well adapted, without any evidence of mental disease"—Whitmore's bail was set at the moderate sum of five thousand dollars. R. Peter Straus, the president of Radio Station WMCA, put up the collateral, the N.A.A.C.P. paid the bail-bond premium, and just after noon on July 13, 1966—two years, two months, two weeks, and five days after he went with Detective Aidala and Patrolman Isola to the Seventy-third Precinct—George Whitmore was released from custody. As he walked out of the Queens House of Detention for Men, dressed in a blue suit that had been issued to him in prison and carrying his possessions in a small paper bag, he was greeted by his attorneys and his mother, who threw her arms around him and kissed him. The embrace was recorded by television and still cameras, and a number of reporters crowded about him with questions.

"Do you know how long you have been in prison?" a television man asked.

Whitmore did, precisely. "Time don't pass rapidly," he said, in a characteristic whisper, and he mentioned that he had filled some of it by corresponding with a number of strangers who had written to him in jail. "I have a fan club, you might say."

As Whitmore walked toward a car that was waiting to take him away, he paid formal tribute to his attorneys. "Mr. Reiben and Mr. Miller went way out of their way to prove my innocence," he said. "I am certainly grateful and thankful for what they have done to prove my innocence." From behind, a hand tugged at Whitmore's elbow. "Oh, yes," he added. "The N.A.A.C.P., too."

"Any bitterness?" a reporter asked as Whitmore opened the car door for his mother.

Whitmore helped her into the car, closed the door firmly, and turned to face the questioner. "I am hurt, yes," he said, speaking even more slowly than he usually did. "It would be abnormal for any person to come out and say he is not hurt when he is."

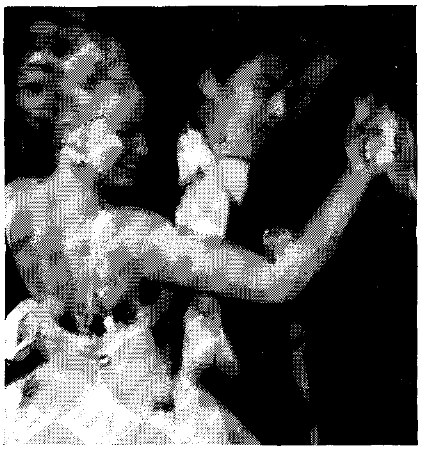
That evening, Whitmore went home to Wildwood, in southern New Jersey. Ted Poston, a reporter for the New York *Post*, described the scene when

THEY DON'T MAKE SHIPS LIKE THIS ANYMORE.

There is an opulence in the world that has little to do with computers, or chrome or instant coffee. This once, cross to Europe on the s.s. Nieuw Amsterdam.

If you have the time to sail to Europe, take the ship that knows how. Most Holland-America crossings will be aboard the s.s. Nieuw Amsterdam, and what a grand lady she is. A liner that believes so much in the grand manner of crossing, she gives you two extra days of it, at no extra charge.

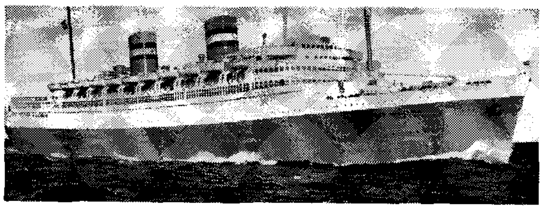
You can eat anywhere. Here you dine. And in between your pâté, pheasant or such there will be conversation again, as it was before TV dinners drove it away.



There are ballrooms with soaring ceilings, balconies, spiral staircases. And right alongside, a little discotheque for people who are under 30 or want to be. It isn't every ship that lets you choose your own era.

We call it a Floatel, because it's sort of a dream hotel at sea. Impeccable service but no tipping. (It's included in the fare.) Shows nightly, but never a cover or minimum. And every midnight the kind of buffet a real hotel saves for New Year's Eve.

Opulence is 25 different kinds of hardwood, a floating sculpture two decks high, ceiling mosaics. It's a world of people who all know how to enjoy, and who'd rather enjoy their first week of vacation on a fine ship than anywhere else.



HOLLAND-AMERICA TRANSATLANTIC CROSSINGS FROM NEW YORK

More sailings to Ireland than anyone. Also regular sailings to England, France and Rotterdam, just hours away from any major city in Germany.

Mini-Tours, too! The perfect land and sea vacation in one package. Round-trip on Holland-America with all inclusive holidays in Europe's fairest cities. From 18 to 30 days starting at $509.

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

The people who invented a nicer way to cross.

Holland-America Line, 2 Penn Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10001

Gentlemen: ☐ Please rush complete details of your Transatlantic sailings.
☐ Please tell me more about your Mini-Tours, all the cities, rates, dates, etc.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________ State________ Zip_______

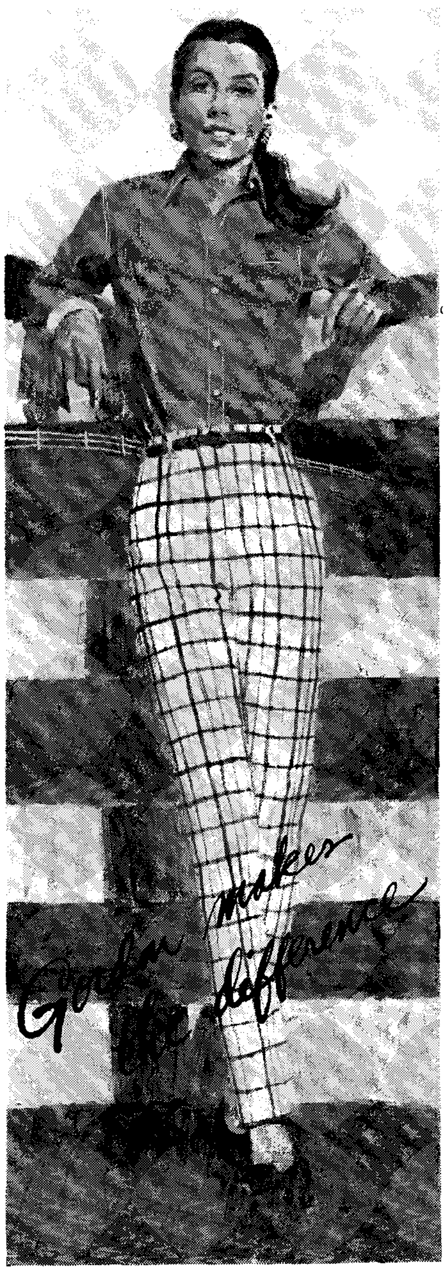
Travel Agent____________________

SAFETY INFORMATION: The s.s. Nieuw Amsterdam, registered in the Netherlands, meets International Standards for new ships developed in 1929. Vessel's hull, decks, deckhouses and structural bulkheads are of incombustible material. Internal partitions are of combustible material. An automatic sprinkler system is fitted in passenger living and public spaces. The vessel meets 1966 fire safety requirements.

Clip this coupon or see your travel agent. 25-T-21

GORDON
OF PHILADELPHIA

At Lord & Taylor, all stores
Country Store of Concord, all stores
The Denver, Denver
John Baldwin, St Petersburg, Florida;
or for the store nearest you,
write Gordon Sales Associates,
1410 Broadway, New York 10018.



...the difference between hoping you look great and knowing you do. It's men's wear tailoring as men know it—as women envy it—as Gordon sews it. Plaid pants of cotton handwoven in India, about $19. Coordinated workshirt by Activair in Dacron® polyester and cotton, about $8.50.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

the car Whitmore was riding in pulled into the auto junk yard where George Whitmore, Sr., lived, in a shack:

> The limping figure halted by the driver and peered into the vehicle. And the youth—assured, articulate, and seemingly mature for the nine preceding hours—shrank back into childhood. Tentatively he put one arm out the window, touched the shoulder of the still peering figure, and said softly: “Hi, Pop. It's me.”

Whitmore worked through the summer for Wildwood's sanitation department, making forty-three dollars a week after taxes, but as the resort season ended and the excitement of his return faded, he became discontented with life in Wildwood. Early in the fall, he moved north again—not all the way to New York City but as far as Paterson, New Jersey, where, through friends, he got a job in a candy factory. At about this time, Whitmore began making frequent trips back to Brownsville, in order to call on a seventeen-year-old girl named Aida De Jesus, who had been a leading member of his “fan club” there.

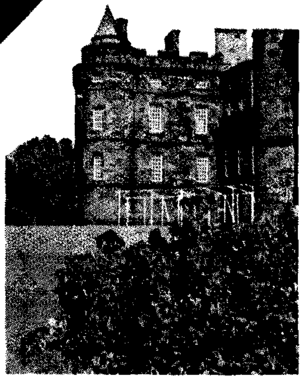
Whitmore's appeal was argued on January 12, 1967, before five members of the Appellate Division, by Nussbaum, for the prosecution, and, for Whitmore, by Osmond K. Fraenkel, one of the nation's leading appellate attorneys, whom Miller had interested in the case. Fraenkel, also working without compensation, concentrated his argument on Reiben's contention that by refusing to allow him to examine the Wylie-Hoffert and Edmonds confessions Justice Goldstein had put Whitmore at an unfair disadvantage. For the record, however, Fraenkel also touched on several other matters, including the legal question posed by the “show-up”—the procedure in which Mrs. Borrero identified Whitmore standing alone, rather than in a lineup—and Justice Goldstein's charge to the jury, which Fraenkel deemed unfair to the defendant, “particularly in the way in which the facts were summarized.” Fraenkel also made a point of referring to the Miranda decision, not neglecting to mention Chief Justice Warren's footnote on Whitmore. “I think we are very familiar with that case,” the acting presiding justice, Arthur D. Brennan, noted wryly. “I think every member of the court is familiar with it by this time.”

For the prosecution, Nussbaum put forth vigorous arguments in support of Justice Goldstein's decision to exclude the Wylie-Hoffert confession, but in the end the five justices who heard the case concurred in the defense contention that Reiben should have been allowed to examine all three confessions. “In view of the fact that defendant's statements on all three matters were made in the course of continuous responses to police questions,” Justice Brennan wrote, “the entire statement may be regarded as one paper, and all part of the *res gestae*.” Whitmore's second conviction on the Borrero indictment was set aside on April 10, 1967.

The decision of the Appellate Division came as a belated wedding present for Whitmore, who had married Miss De Jesus on March 9th. Whitmore's trips to Brownsville to court Miss De Jesus had been a subject of concern to his attorneys, who feared that he might run into further trouble in that area, where tension between Negroes and Puerto Ricans often runs high. Whitmore, after all, was famous in some parts of the neighborhood, not as a suspect whose treatment by the police had figured in the deliberations of the Supreme Court but simply as a Negro who had been twice convicted of attempting to rape a Puerto Rican woman, Mrs. Borrero. Whitmore's mother reported that on two occasions Spanish-speaking men had come to her door asking where he could be found. Then, in the early hours of February 25th, Whitmore and his younger brother Gerald had become involved in a racial brawl outside a poolroom on Sutter Avenue—just six blocks from the spot where Whitmore had encountered Patrolman Isola nearly three years before. During the fighting, Gerald Whitmore got hold of a broken billiard cue, and by the time the police arrived a twenty-seven-year-old Puerto Rican man lay dead.

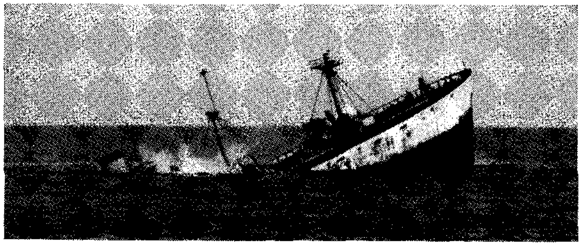
George Whitmore had assured his lawyers that if he was ever arrested again he would make no statements at all, and, in fact, he was extremely careful on this occasion. The police, as soon as they learned the identity of their suspects, were no less careful. Arthur Miller was immediately summoned to the Seventy-third Precinct station house. “You should have seen the cops,” Miller said later. “They were so polite they were even calling George ‘Mr. Whitmore.’ ” Whitmore was released in a few hours, and his brother was released several days later, when medical tests showed

The Return of the Aged Inch



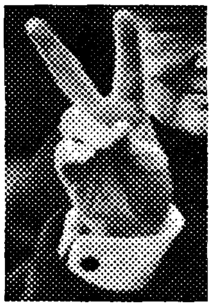
This is the story of Pinch Scotch whisky. Not the story of a new kind of Pinch. But the story of an old kind of Pinch. The 12 year old whisky that for many years has lingered only in the memories of the senior Scotch lovers among us. And that's now back with us again.

But first, let us go back to the 1930's. Then Haig & Haig could promise that every drop of Pinch was 12 years old and older. Every year the very best of 12 year old Scotch whisky was brought together for the blending. Stocks were accumulated. And year after year, Pinch was shipped across the sea to America, never varying its justly famous quality.



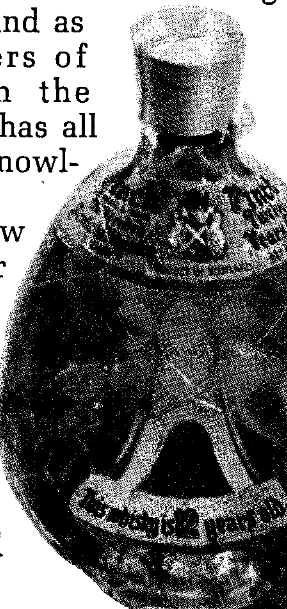
Then World War II interrupted all this. Shipments stopped in 1939. For the duration of the war, the distilling of Scotch was well-nigh brought to a halt. And after the war, the lengthy, laborious process of building up stocks of Scotch whisky had to begin all over again.

The Pinch that Haig & Haig shipped to our country was the finest of quality, regardless of age. But now, and only now, after many years has the supply been slowly built up until an uninterrupted continuity can be promised. Only now will "12 years old" be once more applied to the label of the Pinch bottle.



Promising not just age. Like some. For this is not a difficult promise to make. But promising that this Scotch has the much prized quality for which Pinch has always been famous.

For those who know their Scotch, this will come as the most welcome of news. For age alone has never been an assurance of great Scotch. There are distillers and there are distillers. But the selection and blending are all important. And as the oldest distillers of Scotch whisky in the world, Haig & Haig has all that much needed knowledge and ability.



Your father knew it. And so did your grandfather. Now you can find out for yourself why Pinch stands alone as the most superlative of 12 year old Scotch whiskies.

It's very easy, all you do is ask for

"an inch of Pinch, pl

86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY—RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

Handy answers to hard questions asked by children in the Health-tex years.

WHY IS THE SKY BLUE?

The sky looks blue because there is blue in sunlight. In sunlight, there are other colors too: red, orange, yellow, green and violet. But we only see all these colors when raindrops separate sunlight and form a rainbow.

The earth's atmosphere separates sunlight the same way raindrops do. But the little pieces of dust and water vapor in the atmosphere reflect only blue, and not the other colors, and so the sky looks blue to us.

The sky is always blue and sunny for children wearing Health-tex. For mothers too, because Health-tex clothes are all machine washable and lots need no ironing, thanks to permanent press. Boys' sizes, 6 months to size 8, girls' sizes, 6 months to 6x.

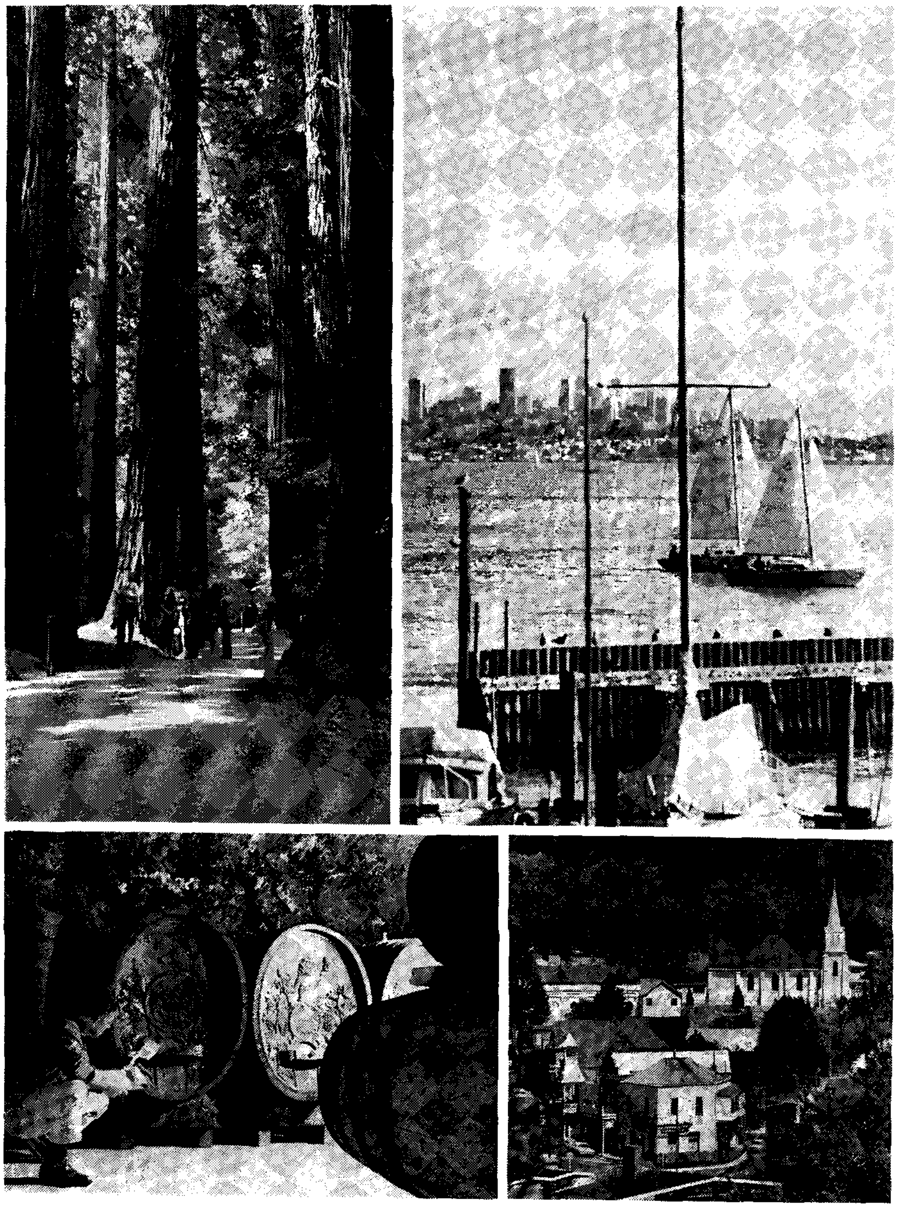
Health-tex presents The Children's Film Festival with hosts Kukla, Fran, and Ollie. Sundays 1:30 P.M., E.S.T. on the CBS Television Network. Check local listing for time in your city.

Health-tex®
STANTOGS

©1969 Standard Romper Co., Inc. A Product of the **Standard Romper Co., Inc.** 130 West 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10001 that the broken billiard cue was incapable of inflicting the injuries that had proved mortal. "This doesn't necessarily mean that Gerald Whitmore is not responsible for the death," Koota's chief assistant, Elliott Golden, said in dismissing the homicide charge, "but merely that there is insufficient evidence at this time to warrant further prosecution." The case is still unsolved.

This brush with the police convinced Whitmore's attorneys that Brooklyn was no place for him to await the final disposition of his case. Therefore, immediately after the wedding—which was attended by Whitmore's mother, Arthur Miller, Norman Johnson, of the N.A.A.C.P., and Mrs. Johnson, and two detectives whom the Police Department had assigned to watch Whitmore for his own protection—the bride and groom took the bus to Wildwood. They moved into the shack at the auto junk yard with Whitmore's father, and Whitmore got a job, at a dollar and fifty cents an hour, driving a municipal sanitation truck. Things were beginning to look up somewhat for Whitmore, and his lawyers told him he had at least some reason to hope that his troubles with the law back in Brooklyn might soon be over.

A third trial for the same offense is exceptional. For District Attorney Koota, moreover, the problem of prosecuting Whitmore was more difficult than it had been, because the Miranda decision, which had not yet been handed down at the time of the second trial and therefore could not affect the verdict, would be fully applicable in a third trial. Owing to the circumstances in which his confessions had been made, none of them—either to detectives or to assistant district attorneys—could ever again be submitted to a jury. Nevertheless, Koota did not feel that it was up to him to decide Whitmore's fate. "I am not a judge," Koota once said in speaking of the Whitmore case. "If the evidence produced by the police or by my own investigators is sufficient to take a case to court, it is my duty to do so, and let a judge and jury decide the accused man's guilt or innocence. The ruling has twice been reversed on technicalities, but what we still have, as we had in the very beginning, is a woman who says that she was attacked and that George Whitmore is the man who did it. What I have to decide is whether Mrs. Borrero should not have her day in court." And Mrs. Borrero was determined to have her day in court. When a reporter asked her, around this time, whether she would be willing



The city of San Francisco cordially invites all visitors to leave town.

We think you'd enjoy meeting a few of the neighbors. Just across the Golden Gate, for example, there's Sausalito, with its quaint shops and waterfront restaurants. In nearby Muir Woods, you can stroll among the world's tallest living creatures: giant Coastal Redwoods. Further inland, you can pan for gold where 49ers once did. Or sample vintage wines in the vineyards of Napa, Sonoma, Livermore and Santa Clara Valleys. It's all only a short distance from San Francisco. The problem is, once in San Francisco you may not *want* to leave. But that's another story. To get it, send for a free copy of "This is San Francisco".

San Francisco
CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU
Dept. NY-7, Fox Plaza, San Francisco 94102

February Is
The Now Frontier

Lady Arrow is a master of the body shirt beautiful. Above, a rayon/Dacron® polyester/flax blend in fashion colors. Below, just some of the "now" stores who stock it, for sizes 8-18, at about $12.00.

Stern Brothers, New York
P. A. Bergner & Co., Peoria, Ill.
Boyd's, St. Louis, Mo.
Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Erie Dry Goods, Erie, Pa.
Flah's of Albany, N.Y.
G. Fox & Co., Hartford, Conn.
The John Gerber Co., Memphis, Tenn.
The Globe, Scranton, Pa.
Hess's, Allentown, Pa.
Hutzler Bros., Baltimore, Md.
Lit Brothers, Phila., Pa.
Maas Brothers, Tampa, Fla.
Maison Blanche Co., New Orleans, La.
The May Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Miller & Paine, Lincoln, Nebraska
Nordstrom Best, Seattle & Portland
Nowell's, Raleigh, N. C.
H. C. Prange, all stores, Wisconsin
The Rike-Kumler Co., Dayton, Ohio
Rogers Peets', Conn. stores
Roos-Atkins, San Francisco, Calif.
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester, N. Y.
The Chas. V. Weise Co., Rockford, Ill.
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.
Young-Quinlan Rothschild, Minneapolis

Lady Arrow®
1407 Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10018
A division of Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

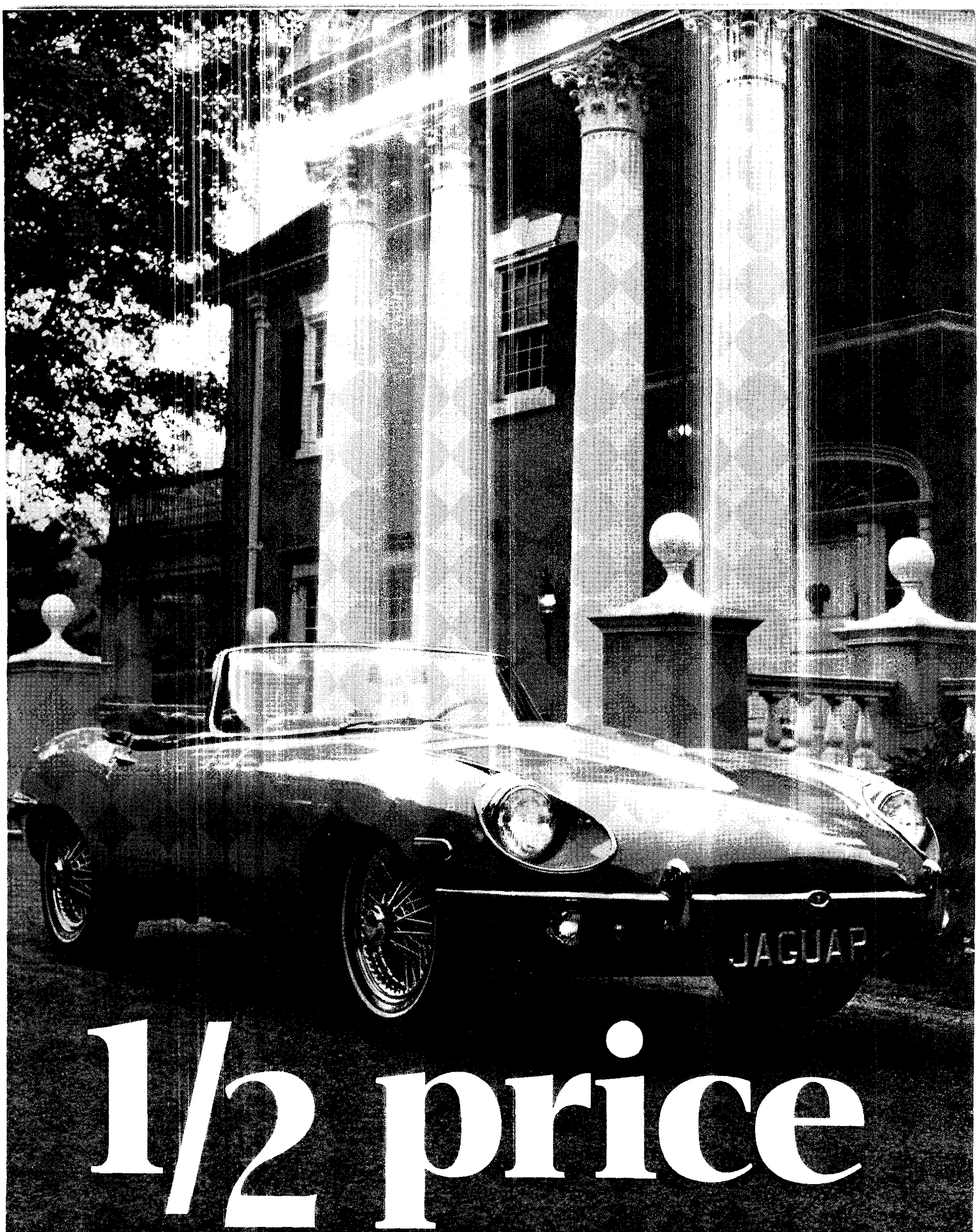
Prices slightly higher in West

to undergo the ordeal of a third trial, she replied emphatically, "As many trials as it takes. He should pay for what he did to me."

In Whitmore's third trial on the Borrero indictment, he was represented by a third chief counsel. A long series of disagreements between Miller and Reiben had become so heated that Whitmore was finally prevailed upon to choose between them. He chose Miller, and Reiben, after some protest, accepted the decision. Miller then retained Samuel A. Neuberger, an attorney with a national reputation for success in defending unpopular causes and clients. (In 1950, he defended Judith Coplon in her New York trial for espionage and eventually won a dismissal of the indictment against her.) After reviewing the transcripts of Whitmore's earlier trials, Neuberger decided against putting Whitmore on the witness stand. Nevertheless, the taking of testimony, which began on May 16, 1967, before Justice Julius Helfand, occupied two days. Neuberger devoted a good deal of attention to the alarm sent out over the police teletype system, presumably based on information furnished by Mrs. Borrero, which described a much taller and huskier man than Whitmore and which did not mention the extensive acne that marked Whitmore's face at the time of the attack. Neuberger also brought out that Patrolman Isola had talked with Whitmore several hours after the attack without suspecting him of being the assailant. (Whitmore later made up a fanciful story to tell his girl friend about his importance as a police witness, but there has never been any dispute about the fact that Isola first took an interest in Whitmore not as a suspect but as a witness who voluntarily reported that he had seen someone being chased by the police.) In attempting to refute Mrs. Borrero's identification of Whitmore, Neuberger managed to get her to say that she had been in a "hysterical" frame of mind during the attack and just before she furnished the description to Isola. Deprived of an opportunity to get at Whitmore on cross-examination, Benjamin Schmier, who was again the prosecutor, warned the jury in his summation not to be deceived by the defendant's meek appearance—"as he sits there now, he looks like he just came from his bank, with that cute suit and white shirt and pretty tie and new haircomb"—and ridiculed Whitmore's claim, to Isola, that Mrs. Borrero's attacker, fleeing a few steps ahead of the officer, had run up to him and begged to be hidden. Schmier sarcastically reconstructed the scene: "Our public-spirited hero said, 'I cannot help you,' and when he said, 'I cannot help you,' the man ran away . . . Where did he think George Whitmore was going to hide him—in his pocket, or wallet, or under his shoes?" As for discrepancies in the police alarm, the prosecutor argued that society would be placed in virtually an impossible position if the laws of evidence required that defendants exactly fit the descriptions put out in police reports. The jury apparently agreed, and in a little more than six hours—less time out for a dinner break—it found George Whitmore guilty for the third time.

When Whitmore came before Justice Helfand for sentencing, on June 8th, Neuberger appealed for clemency. "I am constrained to say at the outset that I cannot speak in terms of remorse," he said. "The defense persists in this position because the defendant insists upon his innocence. The court knows that this defendant has been incarcerated for some two and a half years. . . . This young man suffered punishment that I would describe as cruel and inhuman, awaiting the disposition of murder charges, and three trials in this particular case." Since Whitmore had obtained bail, Neuberger pointed out, he had been married and had been working in Wildwood, "in all aspects behaving in a manner consistent with public morals." Neuberger concluded by saying, "The interests of justice would best be served by terminating this Whitmore nightmare and permitting him to live as a decent human being."

With a minimum of words and emotion, Justice Helfand dissociated himself from all the issues raised by Whitmore's indictment on other charges and directed his remarks only to the case that had just been tried. "The victim was a young mother, a nurse," he said. "She had a right to go about her business unmolested. The jury, by its verdict, has said that the defendant denied her this right and subjected her to a horrifying experience. The crime cannot go unpunished." The sentence was again the maximum—five to ten years for the at-



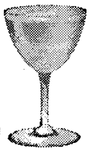
The Jaguar XKE is one of the world's great automobiles at half the great automobile price. $5,534. When was the last time you drove such a beautiful bargain?

Jaguar BRITISH LEYLAND

Price P.O.E. East Coast; slightly higher Gulf and West ports.

IF YOU LIKE A NICE, BLAND, DELICATE LITTLE DAIQUIRI...

STAY AWAY FROM MYERS'S RUM.



MYERS'S
WORLD FAMOUS • IMPORTED •
MYERS'S RUM
Planters' Punch
FRED L MYERS & SON

Myers's doesn't make a nice, bland, delicate little anything. What it does make is a hearty, full-flavored rum drink. That's because Myers's is dark Jamaican rum. And people who know rum will tell you dark Jamaican rum is the rummiest rum of all. So, naturally, the Myers's Daiquiri is the rummiest Daiquiri of all.

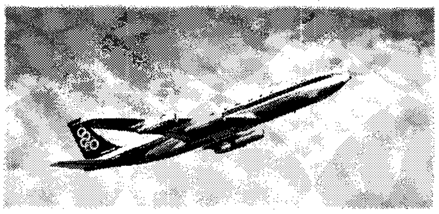
Use Myers's Rum every time the drink calls for rum. You'll love it. Providing you're ready for a good, full-flavored rum.

For free recipe booklet, write General Wine & Spirits Co., Dept. 319, 375 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022
Myers's—the true Jamaican Rum. 84 Proof.

tempted rape and two and a half to five years for the assault, the terms to run concurrently.

Whitmore was in prison—first at Sing Sing and then at Green Haven—for more than seven months this time (a daughter, named Aida, after her mother, was born during the period) before Miller and yet another attorney, Myron Beldock, who is the son of the presiding justice of the Appellate Division in Brooklyn, got him out, on another certificate of reasonable doubt. The primary issue this time was the fairness of the "showup" identification, and as soon as the arguments were presented, the Appellate Division (Justice Beldock taking no part) remanded the case to Justice Helfand with orders to hold a hearing to test its validity. The hearing has been scheduled to begin next month. "Because of George they had to rewrite the law on confessions," Miller said after the ruling was handed down. "Now I guess we're starting to make them rewrite the law on identifications." And there the case stands today.

ON January 15, 1968, when Whitmore came out of prison on bail for the second time (this time the bail-bond premium was paid by New York *Post* columnist James Wechsler), he lacked only six months of the forty months he would have to serve to be eligible to apply for parole. With his wife and their infant daughter, whom he now saw for the first time, he went back to Wildwood, where he managed to pick up occasional jobs with the county public-works department. Once again, though, life on the automobile dump was not what Whitmore had hoped for; his wife was unhappy there, away from her family, and they quarrelled. Two months after Whitmore's release from prison, his father died, and a short time after that the shack burned down. Whitmore and his wife returned to Brownsville, but they soon began to quarrel there, too, separating and then becoming reconciled a number of times. Whitmore took to sleeping where he could—sometimes at his wife's place, sometimes at his mother's, and now and again at neither. His wife is now expecting a second child. In more than a year, since Whitmore's release from prison, the only work he has been able to find has been part-time—mainly furniture moving. "I just can't seem to do nothing with my case hanging over my head," he said to an acquaintance the other day. "It just doesn't seem worthwhile going and getting something like that when



Jet Olympic to Athens. And cruise to the Golden Islands with Sun Line.

Olympic begins your vacation on a new Boeing 707.

Chanel-dressed hostesses wine and dine you to lively bouzouki music (in stereo of course).

All the way to Athens.

By land, see two weeks of Athens on an Olympic tour. Plane ticket, hotel room, and car with Unlimited Mileage from $490.*

By sea, Sun Line takes you to Golden Islands like Delos, Mykonos, and Rhodes in the sunny Aegean, aboard small-scale luxury liners with cozy cocktail lounges, continental cuisine, a nightclub, sun decks, heated swimming pools and picture-windowed staterooms with air-conditioning and private facilities.

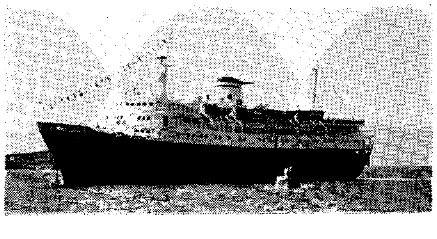
Sun Line leaves Piraeus any Monday or Friday for 3, 4 or 7 days from March 31 to October 24. From only $75.

By land, sea, and air see Greece with Olympic and Sun Line.

For more information, call your travel agent.

Safety Information: The ms. Stella Solaris*, the ms. Stella Maris**, and the ms. Stella Oceanis**, ships of Greek Registry, meet international safety standards for new ships developed in 1948* and 1960** and meet 1966 fire requirements.

*Based on jet economy group fare from New York GIT and on two persons traveling together.



The Spanish are coming for the world's liveliest night life.

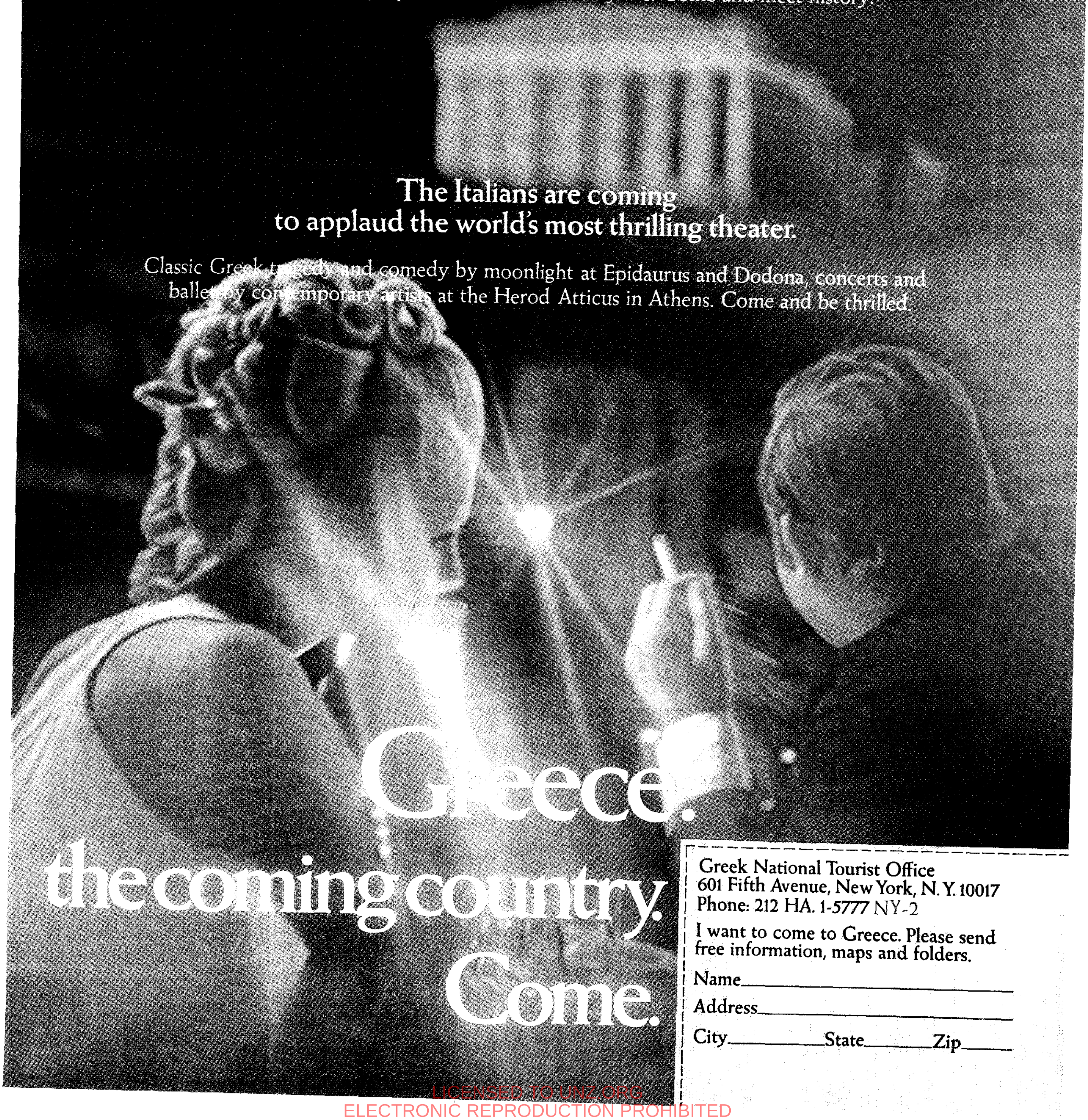
Dancing at friendly *tavernas* where the *bouzouki* music is contagious, and dining in Athens with a romantic view of the Acropolis. Come and kick up your heels.

The Australians are coming to see the world's greatest antiquities.

Everywhere the glories of the past are present, from the graceful Acropolis at Lindos to the ruins of Olympia in the serene countryside. Come and meet history.

The Italians are coming to applaud the world's most thrilling theater.

Classic Greek tragedy and comedy by moonlight at Epidaurus and Dodona, concerts and ballet by contemporary artists at the Herod Atticus in Athens. Come and be thrilled.



Greek National Tourist Office
601 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017
Phone: 212 HA. 1-5777 NY-2

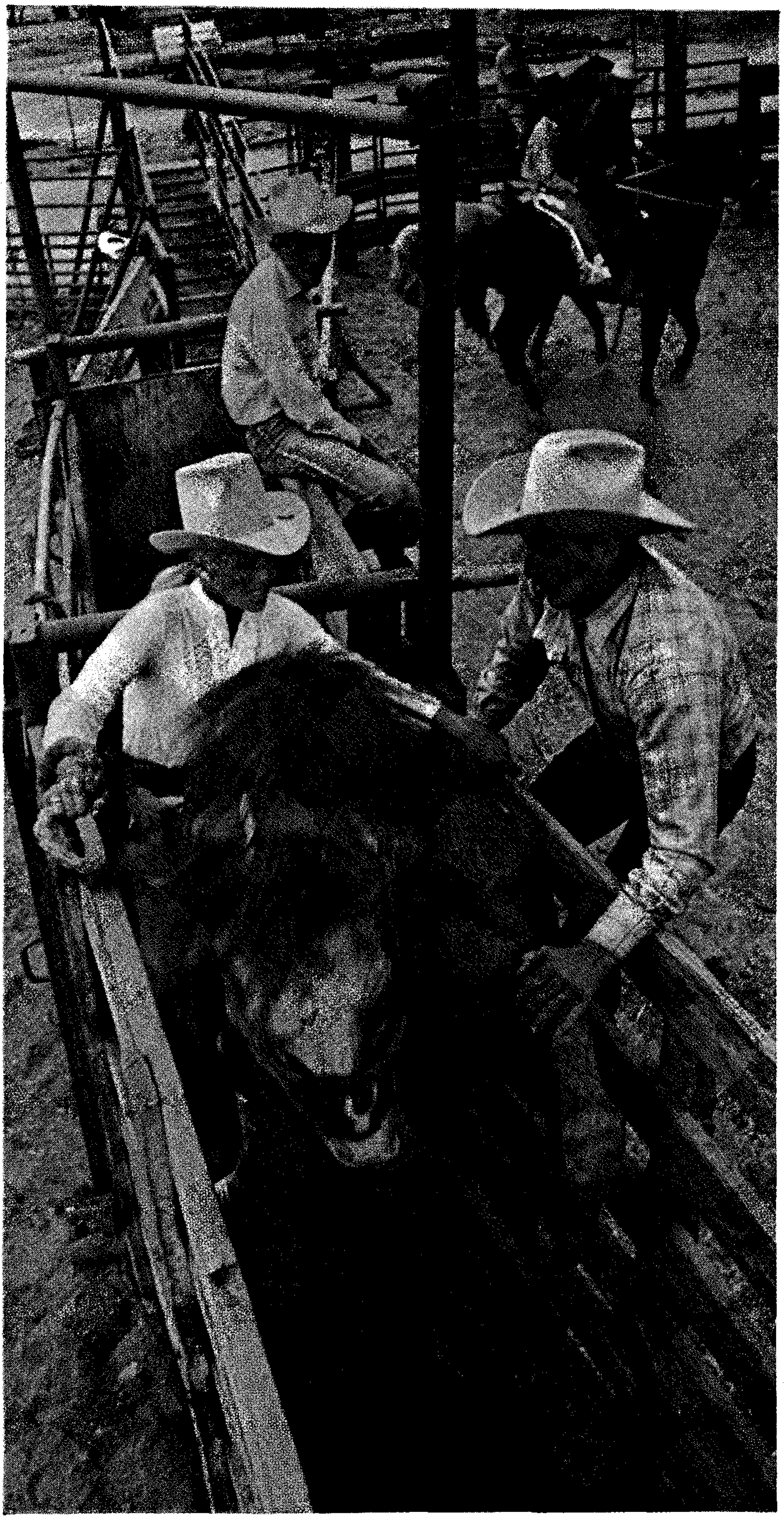
I want to come to Greece. Please send free information, maps and folders.

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City__________State________Zip______

Isn't there an easier way to earn my Canadian Club?



6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

Photographed at the Golden State Rodeo's Jauregui Ranch, Newhall, Calif.

No.

A reward for men. A delight for women. Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. The whisky that's bold enough to be lighter than them all.

HW&S
IMPORTED
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Hiram Walker & Sons
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

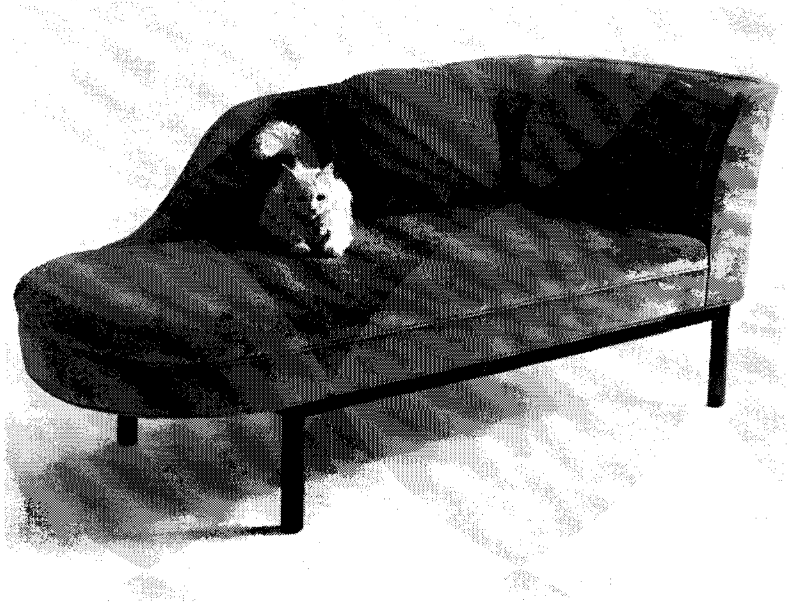
I know they may be sending me back to jail after all." During the summer, he got a job with a city poverty program, but when that ran out he was left just about where Patrolman Isola had found him four years before.

Whitmore's principal prosecutor, Aaron Koota, recently resigned as District Attorney to become a judge. Before leaving office, he took a retrospective look at the Whitmore proceedings. "This was the first major case I had as District Attorney," he said, "and it hit me right between the eyes." He declared that he was still satisfied beyond a reasonable doubt of Whitmore's guilt on the Borrero charge and of the essential fairness of the interrogation techniques that had been employed in obtaining at least that particular confession. "After all," he said, "this case stands in the eyes of the world as a landmark example of police brutality, where coercive methods were used to convict an innocent man, and yet there was never any such adjudication."

The investigation of the Whitmore confessions that was promised by the Police Department has never been completed; the matter was apparently dropped when the Deputy Commissioner who had been assigned responsibility for the investigation left the Department. Nevertheless, the Whitmore confessions have clearly had an effect on the procedures of the New York Police Department's Detective Division. "Since Whitmore," Chief of Detectives Frederick M. Lussen told a reporter recently, "we would rather not have a confession, because every confession today is going to be brought into dispute."

In the opinion of many law-enforcement officers and supporters of vigorous law enforcement, too much emphasis has been placed of late on protecting and extending the rights of prisoners. In the Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act of 1968, Congress attempted to reverse, by legislative action, several of the Supreme Court's recent decisions on the conditions under which confessions could be presented as evidence. (Koota was one of the sympathetic witnesses invited to testify by Senator John L. McClellan, who was chiefly responsible for the bill.) The measure, which was signed by President Johnson last June 19th, would require a defense attorney, in effect, to prove physical coercion before he could be sure of preventing the submission of a confession to a jury in a case involving a federal crime. Of course, this provision, as well as those parts of the act that strike down ju-

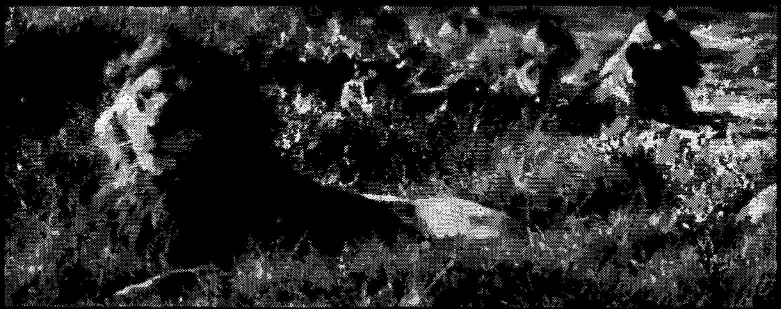
DUNBAR®
A Division of General Interiors



THE SHELTERING CHAISE.
A DESIGN EXPERIENCE IN ASH, ROSEWOOD
AND SENSUOUS SILK VELVET.
Get acquainted with Dunbar at our showrooms:
New York, Atlanta, Berne, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Kansas City,
Los Angeles, Miami, San Francisco, Seattle. Dunbar Furniture Corporation, Berne, Indiana.

The lion's club
meets all year in Africa.

Hunt non-stop with
Winchester & TWA.

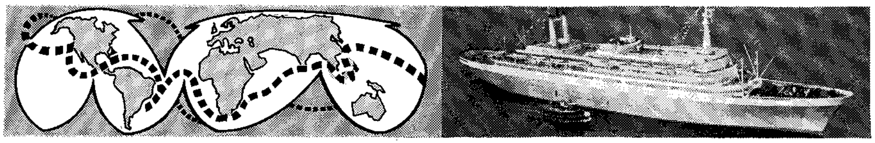


WINCHESTER
WORLD-WIDE
ADVENTURES

Safari year-round. Eleven countries. Scores of species: big game, plains game, birds. And one kind of safari: first-class. Seasoned pros behind you. Great cuisine in front of you.
Send for full information, or see your travel agent.
Winchester Adventures, Inc., Dept. NY-2, 100 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.
name ____________
address ____________
city ________ state ______ zip ______

TWA
THE SPORTSMAN'S AIRLINE

YOUR WORLD



OUR FLOATEL

85 days, 23 ports. Cruising all the way around the world on our flagship, s.s. Rotterdam. From New York* January 22, 1970.

You'll have almost three months of being wined, dined and waited on, Floatel-style. (No tipping, please). Almost three months of ports like Rio, Mozambique, Bombay, Bangkok, Hong Kong, and Acapulco. (The Floatel is not only a great place to live in, it has the nicest places to visit.) Ride elephants, buy emeralds, try shark fin soup. The world's yours. And so is our Floatel. From $3,575 to $12,320. See your travel agent or send for free brochure.

*From Port Everglades January 24th.

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE

2 Penn Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10001

The people who invented a nicer way to cruise.

SAFETY INFORMATION: The s.s. Rotterdam, registered in the Netherlands, substantially meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960, and meets 1966 fire safety requirements.

Irish Linen

PHOTOGRAPHED AT CHARLES FRENCH RESTAURANT

GLENGANNON LINEN SPECTATORS BY DELMAN

David Crystal

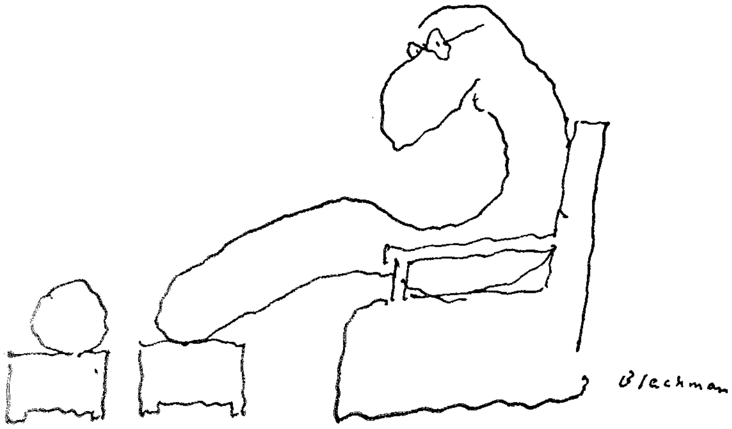
The suit. A Crystal classic in every detail . . . look, line and linen. Irish linen blend by Erinore. Wrinkle-free and utterly elegant in its rich, natural shade. Sizes 8 to 18. About $55. At all Peck & Peck stores across the country.
William Ewart & Son, New York, Ltd.

Erinore®

dicial controls on wiretapping, still faces court review.

The last remaining charge against Whitmore, the Borrero assault, has by now become so entangled in complex juridical questions concerning investigative and trial procedures that its final disposition may have nothing to do with the basic question of whether Mrs. Borrero is correct in her identification of George Whitmore or whether George Whitmore, as he has always maintained, volunteered a true report to Patrolman Isola about having seen the perpetrator of the crime fleeing the scene—and then, before his arrest a day later, transformed the episode into a fantasy in which he portrayed himself as a respected witness in an important police investigation. Three times the question of Whitmore's guilt or innocence has been submitted to juries, and three times the jurors (including one Negro, in the third trial) have chosen to believe Mrs. Borrero. If Whitmore does win his current appeal, and a new District Attorney in Brooklyn does decide to prosecute him for a fourth time, the case, for both the prosecution and the defense, might almost be submitted by stipulation, since by this time there is almost nothing left to dispute about the actual evidence. Practically the only loose end—and it is an insignificant one—concerns the ownership of a paperback novel called "The Tall Dark Man." The novel was listed in an inventory of Whitmore's effects after his arrest, but Whitmore claims that the book wasn't in any of his pockets when he was picked up. His explanation is that the book must have been added to the small pile of his belongings after they were deposited on a table in the squad room where he was searched. Several times during argument on the case, Whitmore's first prosecutor, Sidney Lichtman, informed a jury that "The Tall Dark Man" was "a cheap novel," but he admitted later that even though the book had lain in his desk drawer for nearly two years he had never read it. To judge by the amount of wear and tear it shows, the book was certainly read and enjoyed by somebody. As a matter of fact, when "The Tall Dark Man," by Anne Chamberlain, first came out, in hardcover in 1955, it got a number of favorable reviews. The novel is about an adolescent girl who is given to making up stories. One day, when she actually does see a crime committed and tries to report it, nobody believes her.—Fred C. Shapiro

(*This is the last part of a three-part article.*)



A word to the Whys

It is hard these days not to know *what's* happening. You can find out *what's* going on any hour of the day. From radio and TV. From newspapers and news magazines. We're unquestionably the best-whatted society in history.

And that's fine–as far as it goes.

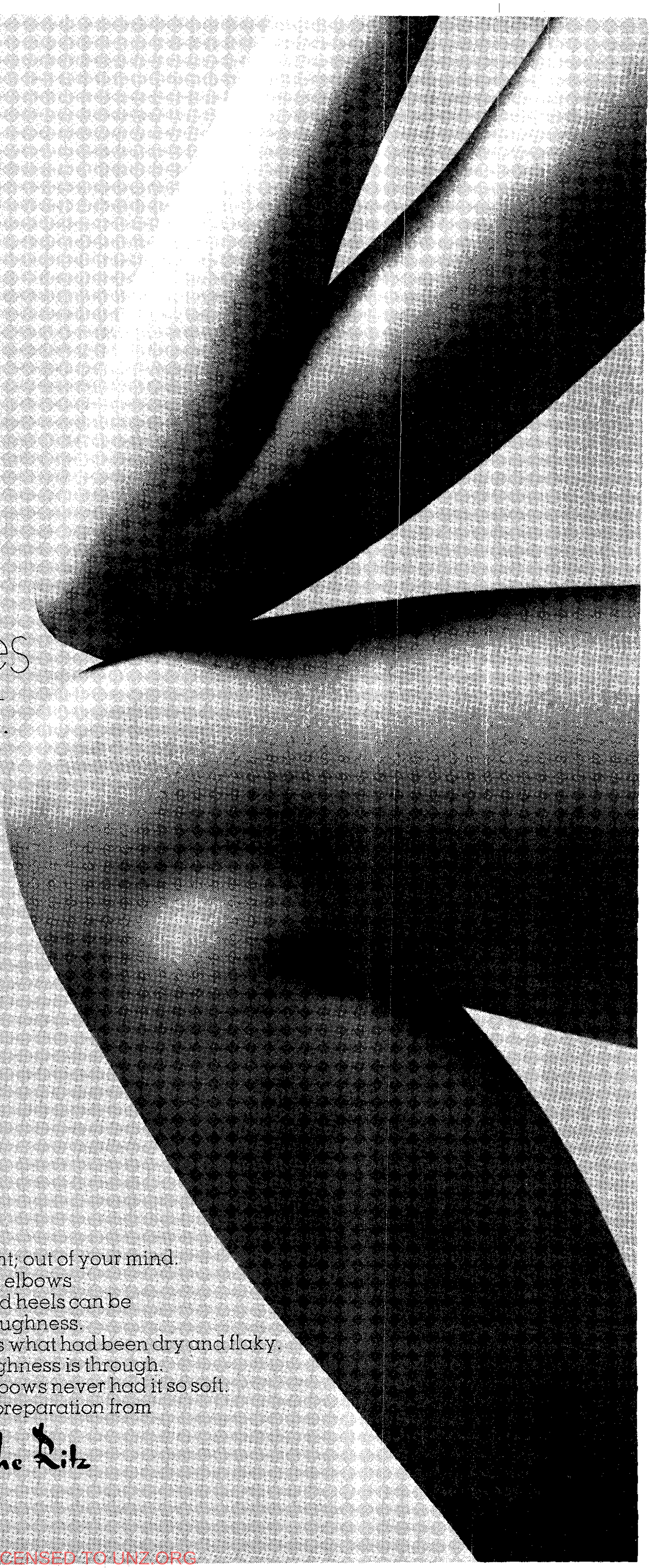
But *why* are these things that happen happening? That's the question. And it's a question too often left unanswered–except by one major medium. By LOOK, America's Why magazine.

Issue after issue, LOOK probes for the reasons-why behind key trends and events. Student rebellions. Race riots. Skyrocketing medical costs. Teacher strikes.

When you're trying to tell people why they should buy your product, shouldn't you put more of your advertising in the big reasons-why medium?

LOOK. You'll see why.

© Charles of the Ritz 1969



What he sees but you don't.

Angry red elbows. Sandpaper heels.
Out of sight; out of mind. Out of your sight; out of your mind.
But very much in his. With new Akimbo, elbows
can be as young as all the rest of you and heels can be
satiny smooth. Akimbo first banishes roughness.
Then softens and moisturizes what had been dry and flaky.
One. Then Two. And all roughness is through.
Easy, wasn't it? Elbows never had it so soft.
AKIMBO: a new preparation from

Charles of the Ritz

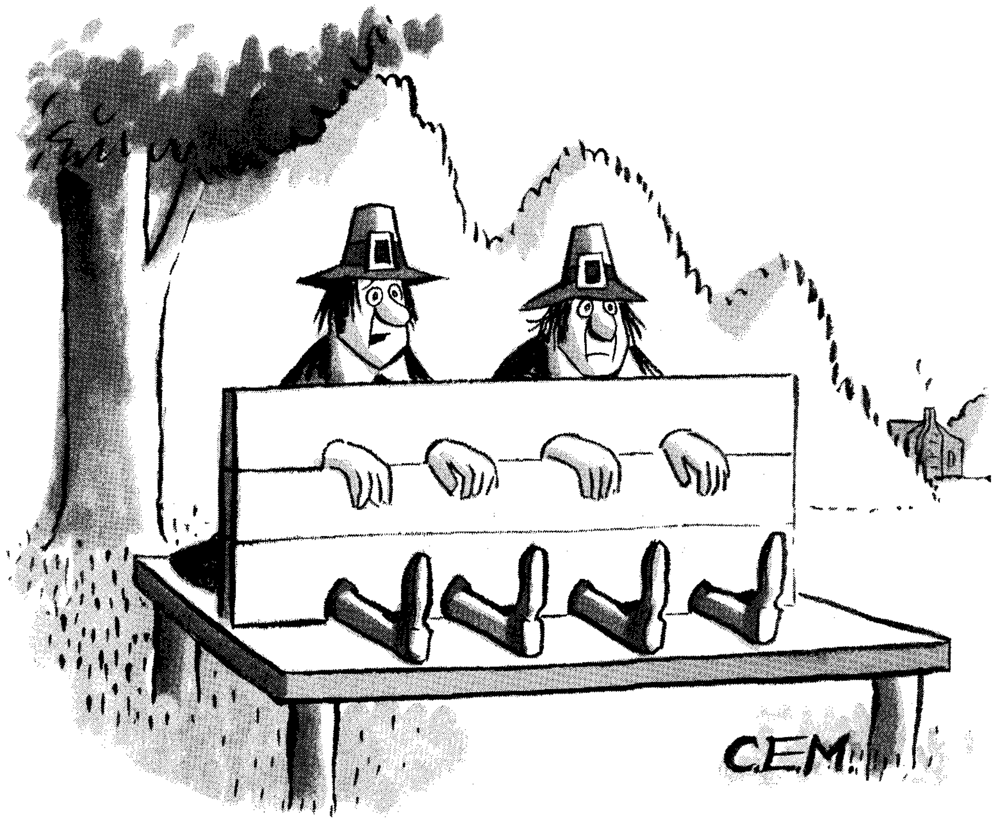
THE THEATRE

SON OF WALTER MITTY

Woody Allen being a particular hero of mine, I was already chuckling to myself before the curtain went up on the opening night of his new comedy, "Play It Again, Sam," at the Broadhurst. The sight of a grown man laughing at a blank maroon curtain caused understandable nervousness on the part of my neighbors in K 6 and K 8, but once the play was well launched they, too, began to laugh, while I, to tell the sorry truth, began to taper off into mere smiles, disappointed against my will by my hero's dogged reliance upon routine gags and routine situations. Unlike the Tinguely machines that wittily destroy themselves, Mr. Allen's machine gags are designed to be self-perpetuating, with each gag setting up the next, and each yock louder than the last. There are only about a dozen really fresh lines in the whole play; the rest of them, even when they exact from us the counted-on response, have been heard in one form or another in plays and night clubs and on TV so often that we no longer feel even so much as the shock of recognition—what we feel is a grudging velleity of consent, as if to say, "Yes, well, but that always *was* a good gag." One of the cleverest of contemporary comedians, Jack Benny, was in the audience on opening night. Mr. Benny, who looks phenomenally youthful, has just turned seventy-five, and it must have interested him to observe that some of the jokes he listened to were enjoying a longevity greater than his own.

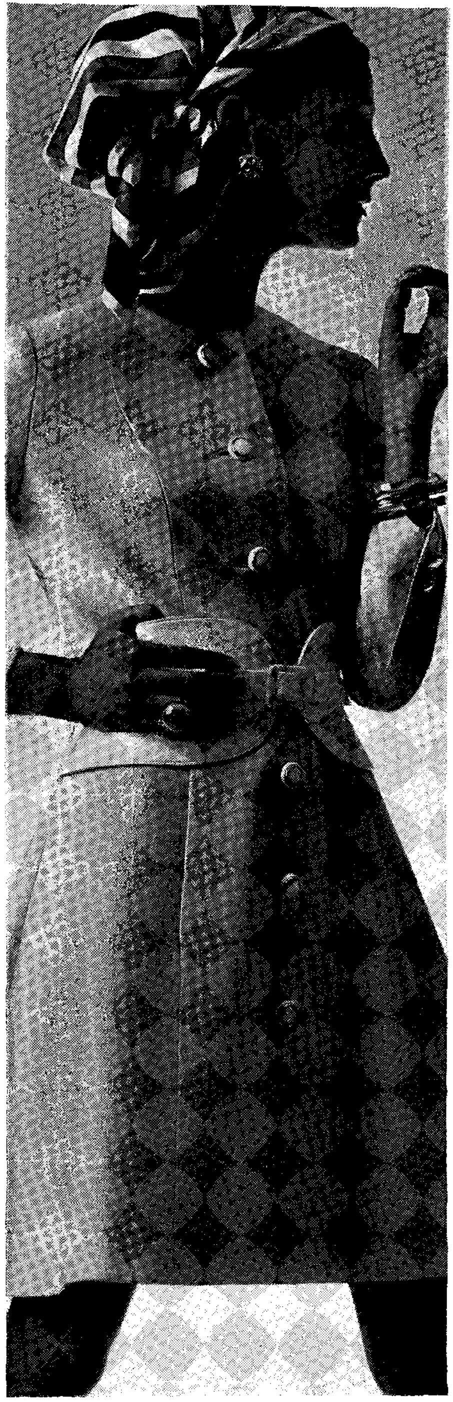
The plot of "Play It Again, Sam" is practically surefire, and no wonder—it has antecedents in farce going back to actual slapsticks and pigs' bladders, and up to and slightly beyond Thurber's gallant Walter Mitty. A cringingly miserable little twirp of an intellectual, Allan Felix, writes criticism for *Film Quarterly* and lives permanently at odds with his surname. He has just been abandoned by his pretty, sexy wife, who wants, so she says, to swing a little. Shattered by this unnecessary proof of his inadequacy, Felix begs his old friend Dick Christie and Dick's wife, Linda, for help. The Christies dig up a girl for him and he tries to dig up a few for himself, but in vain; all that happens is that he and Linda start to fall in love. At once unbridled and inhibited, craven and assertive, Felix is about as apt a lover of miniskirted birds as John Greenleaf Whittier. Humphrey Bogart is his ideal, and a fantasy Bogart manifests himself from time to time to lend Felix encouragement. When Dick goes off to Cleveland on business, Bogey manages to push Felix's mutilated conscience over the brink. Linda and Felix enjoy what used to be called a night of love, and in the morning everyone except Bogart has second thoughts: Dick returns from Cleveland determined to pay less attention to his uniformly disastrous business affairs and more to Linda; Linda decides that she had better not put her marriage in jeopardy by sleeping with Felix; and Felix, for the first time feeling himself to be a man, recites with ardor the climactic speech of "Casablanca" and sends his momentary mistress back to her mate. "It is a far, far better thing I do," he says . . . But no, I am thinking of somebody else, in a movie that even Felix might not remember. Robert Donat as Sidney Carton. Or was it Ronald Colman?

In the starring role, Mr. Allen is his usual gloriously rumpled, distraught, self-pitying, and lovable stage self. Diane Keaton is a seductive Linda, Anthony Roberts performs a variety of stunning acting turns as Dick, and Jerry Lacy takes off Bogey in a just sufficiently convincing fashion. (How hard it would be to imitate our toughest tough man if he hadn't had a lisp!) Of the eight girls in the cast besides Miss Keaton, all are, in the words of a grand poet, engines of delight. My favorite was Barbara Press, as a bright girl staring at a canvas in the Museum of Modern Art and quite unable to stop talking high-flown aesthetic nonsense. "Play It Again, Sam" has been admirably directed by Joseph Hardy and has an amusing single set by William Ritman. Unfortunately, the cast is wired for sound. The Broadhurst may have faulty acoustics, and I grant that Mr. Allen's voice bears a closer resemblance to Stan Laurel's than to Chaliapin's, but I would rather lean forward and strain to read his lips than have him come to me canned



"When she let me have one across the chops, I thought the whole matter was over and done with."

HANG
YOUR HAT ON
AVISCO RAYON



Jane Justin for
Don Sophisticates does.

The button-down dress. Belted with dash. And ready to go in a flash. The get-up-and-go comes from Avisco® rayon. That's what keeps it cool and wrinkle free.

CROWN FABRICS' "Cruiseway" of 93% Avisco rayon/7% silk. Yellow, ice blue, red, navy. With white belt. Sizes 3-13. About $55. At Lord & Taylor, New York; J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Houston, Ft. Worth.

fmc® CORPORATION **AVISCO FIBERS**

out of a pair of boxes that seem to bear no relation to a human being on a stage. Is the dread day nearing when producers will boast that a Broadway play is being brought to us "live"?

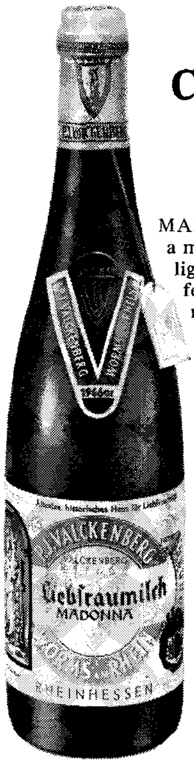
—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Caviar

Elaine May's "Adaptation," a one-act play that, along with Terrence McNally's "Next," opened last week at the Greenwich Mews, is a real satire—the first to arrive Off Broadway since heaven knows when. It is witty and sound and very funny, and it is well performed, under Miss May's direction, by Gabriel Dell, in the leading role, supported by Paul Dooley, Graham Jarvis, and Carol Morley, in and out of all the other roles. The play is a game show that sets forth the life of a man from birth to death. The action is continuous, and the time is always the present. The floor of the stage is marked to look something like a large shuffleboard; there is a lectern at stage right where the Games Master (Mr. Jarvis) stands, and the furniture is large, multicolored building blocks. "Phil Benson, you are born," says the Games Master to open the proceedings (sound effects and lighting effects), and Mr. Dell enters with a baby's cap on his head. From then on, the game is one of advancement and retreat, which goes like this—Games Master: "You are in conflict; advance two points to Maturity," "Back two paces to Moral Position," "Take a draft card, and find a girl," "Advance three paces to Extramarital Affair," "Advance two paces to Security and Coronary Occlusion." And that is all the quoting we'll do. I know of no way of describing Miss May's elegant wit, verbal and otherwise, without spoiling the surprises and taking the edge off the show. Public schools and private schools, protest marches, the New Left, the C.I.A., the New Right, courtship and mating, off-duty cabdrivers, the way to success at college and in business, and, above all, the cant of various kinds that passes for human speech these days are just a few of the topics that she wings—each with a single shaft from her bow. There are also many purely comic routines—Nichols-and-May routines, so to speak—my favorite of them being one set off by Kahlil Gibran's "The Prophet." As for the point of the play, the title should be clue enough. Honestly, I don't see how anybody can be discouraged about anything now that Elaine May is back at

MADONNA
LIEBFRAUMILCH



The
Connoisseurs'
Choice
since 1786

MADONNA Liebfraumilch, a medium dry wine, with a light fruity flavor—a perfect complement to any meal or snack. First produced by Capuchin monks in 1450 from vineyards near the world famous Liebfrauenkirche (Church of our Lady). MADONNA takes its name from the famous statue standing in the Klostergarten vineyard.

Sole Producers & Shippers:
P.J. Valckenberg, Worms on Rhine

LARGEST OWNERS OF THE ORIGINAL
LIEBFRAUENSTIFT VINEYARDS

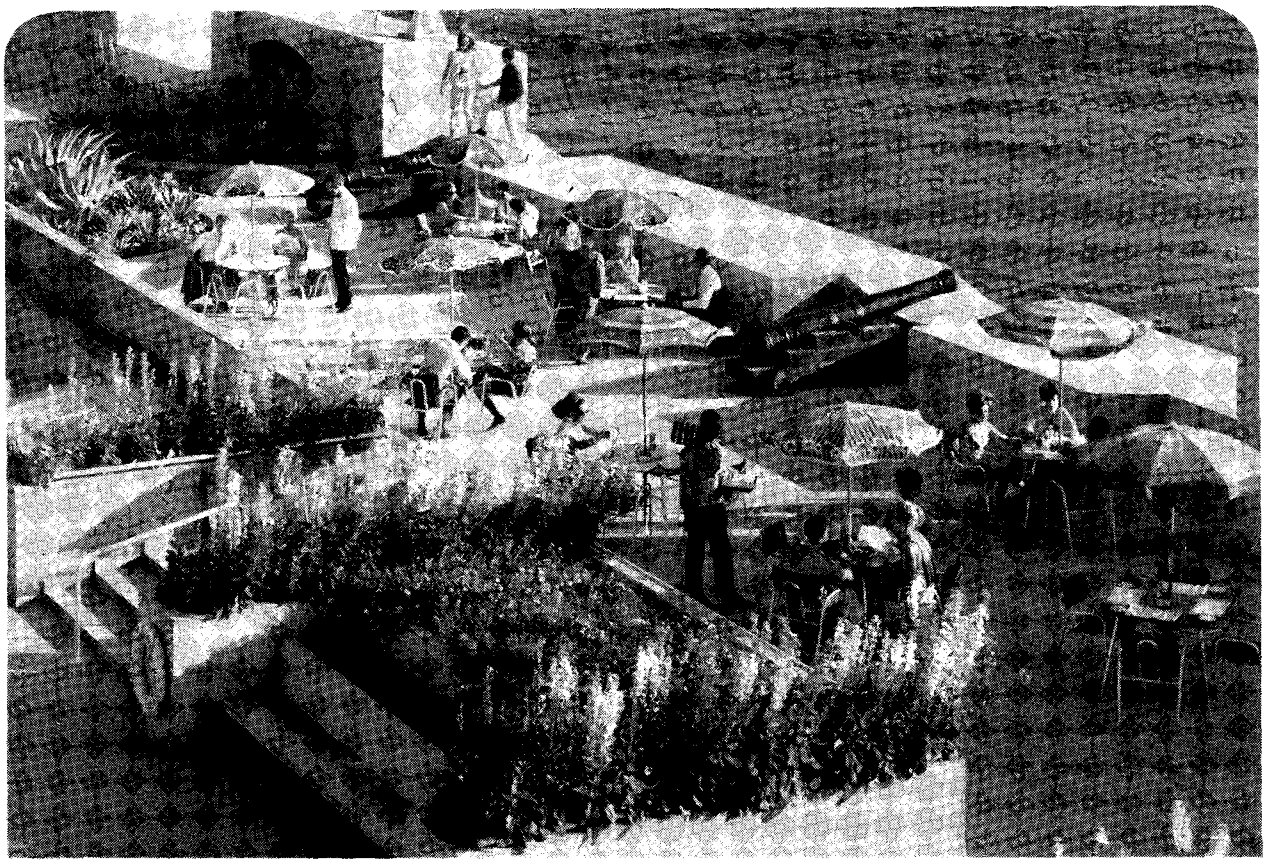
Find your frames
where the
world's great
museums do

THE HOUSE
OF HEYDENRYK

now at
417 E.76St. N.Y.C. 10021 • 249-4903
Frames from $10.95 to $2800.00

You can learn to write in the Italic hand if you have an Osmiroid pen, an Italic nib and our free introductory manual.

Only $2.50 at art material, stationery and pen shops as well as college book stores. Your check or money order can also be mailed to Pentalic Corp., 132 West 22nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10011. Add 50 cents to cover handling. State whether right or left handed. . . . Nothing is more satisfying than learning to produce the beautiful thicks and thins that characterize the italic hand and it's easy to learn as the pen, held at the proper angle, does most of the work for you. So be a penman, own an Osmiroid.



The Inter•Continental Curaçao with 125 rooms, air conditioned throughout, boasts the Caribbean's most unique location – right at the entrance to Willemstad Harbor. A beautiful salt-water pool, a dining terrace, cocktail lounge, night club/discotheque – and casino. It's typical of Inter•Continental Hotels in Latin America.

Here's one reason why you should swing around Latin America with Inter·Continental.

And there are 9 other swinging reasons.

This year the swing is to vacations in places that swing right along with you – places where the most fabulous hotels are invariably named Inter•Continental.

Comfort, convenience and service are Inter•Continental hallmarks. Rooms are spacious, many of them with planned panoramic views. Our restaurants suit all tastes and our cocktail lounges are, invariably, the smartest gathering places in town.

For all our Inter•Continental uniform standards of excellence, we also know how to maintain the local atmosphere. That's what Inter•Continental Hotels are all about – just the right blend of modern efficiency and old-world hospitality. For reservations call your travel agent or Inter•Continental.

Nine more good reasons why you should swing around Latin America with us.

Bogotá – Hotel Tequendama
Caracas – Hotel Tamanaco
Santo Domingo – Embajador Inter•Continental
Mexico City – Reforma Inter•Continental
Maracaibo – Hotel Del Lago
Quito – Inter•Continental Quito
San Salvador – El Salvador Inter•Continental
Barranquilla – El Prado Inter•Continental
Ponce – Inter•Continental Ponce

INTER•CONTINENTAL
HOTELS
42 Distinctive Hotels Around the World

How 5 simple steps can start a portfolio of as little as $5,000 working toward capital growth

Here is all you have to do to begin benefiting from the Danforth Associates Investment Management Plan:

1. Write us now for a 42-page booklet describing this tested plan. No obligation. No one will call you. We serve clients all over the world (in at least 55 countries) solely by correspondence.

2. Study our methods and goals. See how we will try to help your money grow by carefully selecting and supervising your investments in leading common stocks. Compare the 10-year "Performance Record" of all the funds we have managed.

3. Send us a "Request Form" telling the amount of cash or securities you want us to manage, how you want dividends and fees handled and, if you wish, a little data on your own financial plans.

4. Open your own account with a large NYSE Member Firm which has one office serving Danforth clients only. Deposit your cash and/or securities in this account and give them limited power to accept instructions from us – with all transactions to be made only in your name.

5. From here on, our analysts will make decisions to try to help your capital grow as fast as possible consistent with reasonable precautions. As in any selection of investments, losses do and will occur, but you will know their decisions promptly. You receive monthly accountings and quarterly evaluations. You can withdraw at any time.

The plan thus far has proved, we believe, especially efficient in providing capital growth supervision to portfolios starting with from $5,000 to $50,000. To take your first step now, simply write "send booklet" with your name and address and mail to Dept. D-96.

DANFORTH ASSOCIATES
WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS., U.S.A. 02181
Investment Management · *Incorporated 1936*

work in the theatre, and with Mr. Dell to aid and abet her.

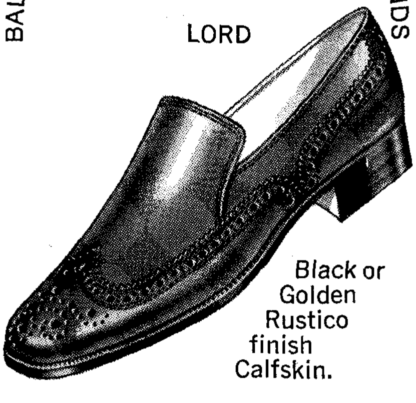
"Next," also in one act and directed by Miss May, and also extremely funny, is a much broader comedy—or, more precisely, comic skit—and it stars that droll actor James Coco, who a few weeks ago was playing the garrulous window-washer in Mr. McNally's "Witness." This time, he is a fat, middle-aged, effeminate fellow, jumpy with nerves, who, by some frightful clerical error, has been summoned for a pre-induction physical. This unlikely draftee, when we first see him running down the aisle, is wearing a jacket lined in red satin and a red vest to match, and he is panting with fear. The examining Army doctor is a tough female (sort of), and by the time she has finished prodding him and questioning him, she has stripped him right down to his shamed and daunted soul. Along the way, he frantically drapes first the American flag and then a large sheet that she grudgingly hands him around his bare, quivering torso. He is in terrible shape, ticklish and squeamish, and he shies at the sight of a hypodermic needle.

Mr. Coco has become a master clown by now, with a talent for oral italics that is all his own, and he gives every line that comes his way a special spin. His is no ordinary Camp performance—old-style or new. A lot of the lines that come his way couldn't be better. Mr. McNally is in top form, too. Unfortunately, the ending, which is meant to be pathetic, comes out just mawkish. There is no need to underline the pathos of the character; Mr. Coco has implied it all along.

"OPEN 24 HOURS" is the portmanteau title of a couple of one-acters at the Actors Playhouse. Both are set in a laundromat on the upper West Side. In the first—drab and depressing—a scared and reluctant young fellow is persuaded (to say the least) by his pregnant girl that he must help her break the news of her pregnancy to her mother and then marry her. The second—cut-rate Pinter—is one of those plays in which two characters tease and torment a third. The tormentors are stock Menacing Negroes, and their victim is a stock White Liberal. The plays are the first to be done here by Roger Cornish, and there are several encouraging signs that point to better ones in the future. Among the actors, Russell Horton, Arlen Dean Snyder, and Thurman Scott sporadically give their plastic roles some semblance of life.

—EDITH OLIVER

IN EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD
BALLY SHOES CREATE INTERNATIONAL TRENDS



Black or Golden Rustico finish Calfskin.

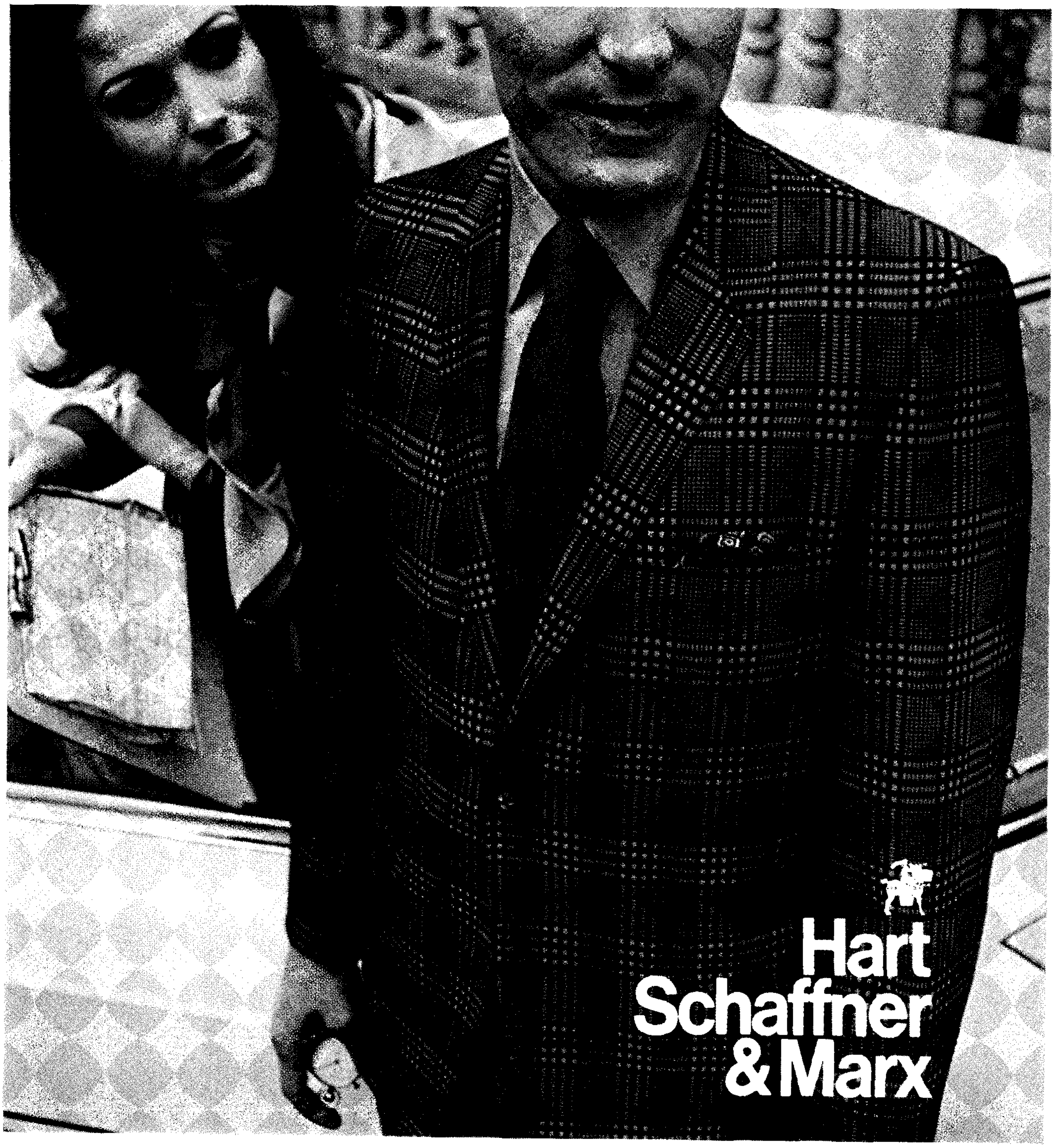
BALLY
OF SWITZERLAND
NEW YORK
Madison at 43rd & at 61st
CHICAGO
Palmer House & 909 N. Michigan
SAN FRANCISCO:
255 Geary 242 Montgomery
BOSTON
Prudential Center
PHILADELPHIA:
1733 Walnut

ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
Chateau Madrid
AMALIA RODRIGUES
Internationally acclaimed singing star.
Never a cover charge
PL 2-8080
NOW AT 48th ST.
just e. of Lex. Ave. in Hotel Lexington

EUROPE by CAR
Write for FREE 70 Page Full Color Catalogue, Savings on Car Rental and Purchase
VOLKSWAGEN VOLVO
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT, SAAB, MG, ETC.
EUROPE BY CAR, INC.
630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. LT 1-3040
9000 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 272-0424
CAR (S)__________
Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State______ NE-22

Rally Round the Plaid

in the Italian Primavera Sport Coat by HS&M. Olive Bronze plaids are patterned in cool-weight cotton that looks and feels like silk. Woven in Italy exclusively for HS&M. With slanted flap pockets, side vents. A fastback in fashion for action-loving *signori!*



BREAK THE ICE WITH TEACHER'S SCOTCH
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY

About $7.25 a fifth*
Bottled in Scotland

And after the ice begins to melt, the taste of Teacher's still comes through—as mellow as ever. You just can't drown it.

A little more of the Highland-mellowed whiskies makes Teacher's go through a little more to please you.

Sip it and see. Tonight.

*Prices may vary according to state and local taxes. Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y.

IRISH SKETCHES

KILKENNY WITHOUT ANY IRATE CATS

As I was going down O'Connell Street the other day, I paused to inspect the area in the center of that short boulevard—so sadly lacking in style in the current scheme of things—that used to be occupied by the Nelson Pillar (locally referred to as Nelson's Pillar). Not a stone remains upon a stone to indicate that only a short while ago this was the site of one of Dublin's most conspicuous monuments. The top of the Pillar, you may recall, was blown off a couple of years ago by what was referred to in the papers here as "an illegal organisation," which, interpreted, means the Irish Republican Army, an outfit mysteriously and mystically engaged in bringing about the unification of Northern and Southern Ireland by dynamiting statues and monuments hereabouts that memorialize Englishmen, and by attacking customhouses on the border between the North and the South. What remained of the Pillar after the I.R.A. had sent the upper section skyward was blasted away by operatives of the legal Irish Army. As I was reflecting upon the strange collaboration of legitimate and illegitimate sappers that it took to bring Nelson down, I was buttonholed by a tall, thin, sad-faced man who had an air of seedy gentility.

"I have hopes you'll remember me," the man said, "for it was I who saw you through customs when you arrived at the airport and first put your foot down on the sacred soil of Ireland. Now, as it happens, I'm in a terrible predicament, and I hope that you are the friend in need that I want very badly to find. I've just come from the hospital, where my wife, a sweet woman if ever there was one, has given birth to a lovely set of twins, and although I'm on my way to an osteopath's office to have my shoulder, which is practically killing me, adjusted—I sustained the wound playing football for Ireland—I am pleased that herself and the newcomers are doing as well as could be expected. But with sunshine, as they say, there's always a bit of rain, and by that I don't mean simply that I'm in agony with this shoulder. I'm good enough when it comes to standing up to pain. The point of the matter is that, what with seeing my wife through her pregnancy and facing the prospect of paying the osteopath, I'm somewhat strapped for cash, and I was wondering if you could see your way clear to advancing me five pounds until Friday next, when I'll whisk it back to you at your hotel—the Hibernian, isn't it?"

Reluctantly, since his act was persuasive, I informed the mendicant that I'd encountered it before. Pointing out that he had nicked me for five quid with the same routine when I visited Dublin ten years ago, I suggested that his material needed overhauling.

"Ah, well," he said. "Nothing ventured, nothing gained. But, as you are evidently interested in the ground where Nelson's Pillar stood, I could perhaps supply you with some information about the manner in which it was cleared. I'll give it to you for what you think it's worth. I'm told—and my sources are, of course, strictly confidential—that the local lads didn't supervise this Nelson job at all. It was put in the hands of a gelignite expert from Belgium, so they say, and you can believe that, for if our boys had done the deed without careful superintendence they'd have shattered every window in Dublin. As it was, there was very little damage to the glassware, even on O'Connell Street. If we were to consider all the time it took them to knock Lord Gough off his plinth in Phoenix Park—his head and sword went in 1944, a leg of his horse in 1956, and the remainder of him and his charger in 1957—we'd be forced to confess that our dynamite handlers aren't as efficient as they might be. I suppose you could have some small cause to doubt my veracity, but it's the truth I'm telling you now, and I can tell you, furthermore, that somebody pulled up in a lorry to this very spot one dark night later on and made off with all the stones from the base of the Pillar, on which was chiselled a list of Nelson's most famous battles. I've heard that they're hidden away now in Kilkenny, and to what use they'll be put I can't, for the life of me, imagine."

I gave the old fraud a couple of pounds, for which he thanked me in his own name and in the name (never say die) of his alleged twins, and then I called William H. Walsh, one of my Irish mentors, who is the head man of the Kilkenny Design Workshops, a Yeats scholar, the former director of the Irish Export-Import Board, and a kind of Celtic mandarin in appearance, famed for his impersonation, in frivolous moments, of Dr. Fu Manchu, and who is, finally, an old boy of Kilkenny College, the grammar school that nurtured such sprouts as Jonathan Swift, William Congreve, Thomas Prior, and George Berkeley, the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne, who wrote, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," and wound up as the titular saint of the agitated educational enclave in California. Berkeley also remarked that "we Irishmen

"Have you noticed it, too? Lately, his expression of undisguised hostility seems to be giving way to one of amused contempt."

Massachusetts skiing is a family affair

Bring the whole crew! You're only a few hours away from almost all our 44 uncrowded ski areas. Close enough to make it for a tailgate lunch. Maybe take a few downhill runs before!

Snow? All over the place—right up to Easter. And (just in case) we've got more snow-making equipment than ever.

You'll find all kinds of slopes . . . 170 lifts and tows . . . and, best of all, everything's lower priced.

For the free booklet "Ski Mass.!" that tells all about it, write
Massachusetts Department of Commerce & Development,
Division of Tourism,
Department 16
State Office Building, Boston,
Massachusetts 02202.

Massachusetts

Half the Distance . . . Twice the Fun!

For 24-hour, 7-day Massachusetts Ski information, call:
Albany (518) 434-3389
Boston (617) 482-0690
Hartford (203) 246-1966
New York City (212) 925-7724
Philadelphia (215) 923-0119
Providence (401) 274-3270

are apt to think something and nothing are near neighbors." It was to determine whether there was something or nothing in the story of the alien dynamiter and the purportedly purloined Nelson Pillar stones that I got in touch with Walsh. He suggested that the mists of Ireland had gone to my head and proposed a therapeutic drink in a snug on Molesworth Street, which is only a skip away from St. Stephen's Green.

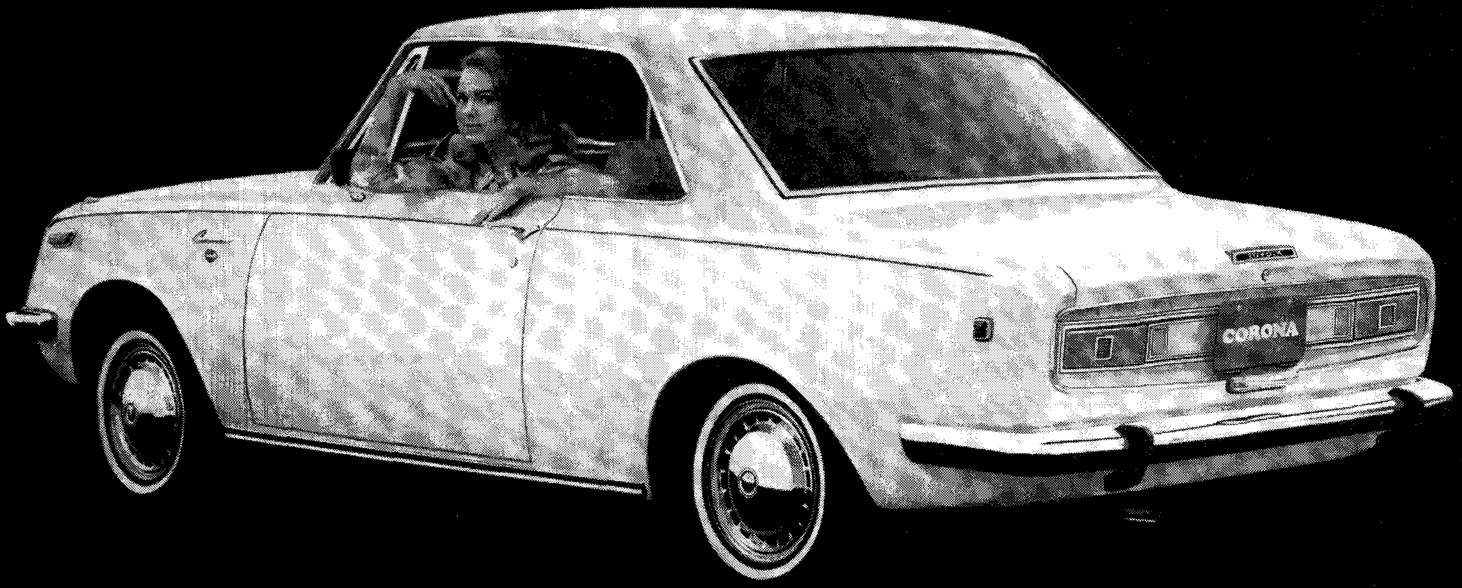
"My friend," said Walsh when we were settled in, "do not succumb to the credulity that leads so many into fantasy in these parts. I am not privy to the workings of the I.R.A., and so I am not equipped to determine whether the mercenary Belgian blowup wizard you mention is a figment or a fact. As I heard it, the demolition was conducted by a group of French plastic-bomb technicians, who came like explosive swallows and swiftly like swallows went. After the deed was done, and while the stump of the Pillar was still in evidence, a few representatives of the Royal Institute of the Architects of Ireland presented themselves to Judge Thomas Teevan, a Justice of the High Court, at his home at two o'clock in the morning to beg him to restrain the government from eliminating the Pillar entirely. It was perhaps not the time to approach Judge Teevan, for he did not find for the Royal Institute, and a few days later the remnants of the Pillar were reduced to dust. But not the stones, with their fine lettering, and I can assure you that there was no conspiratorial hanky-panky in the disposition of them. I don't know what kern or gallows bird informed you that they were spirited away by some sort of stone-struck Mafia, but there was no truth in the knave. They went to Kilkenny, right enough, but they went under the auspices of nothing more sinister than the national Arts Council. And the idea of sending them to Kilkenny was to preserve the lettering on the stones, which is of a high order. Unless the stones themselves were preserved, of course, the lettering—let's not cloud this conversation with my school chum Berkeley's idea that matter exists only in the mind—would vanish forever in a dismal breakwater, where a graceful interpretation of the alphabet would be all tangled up with the crippled chassis of discarded cars. Thank God for graceful things." This was an unexpected interpolation, for Walsh is a most down-to-earth man when Yeats isn't leading him up the path to a Rosicrucian Salley Garden. "What I mean to say," he went on, recovering his emotional balance with an ease that I admired, "is that graceful things are the main products of our Kilkenny Workshops, which you would be well advised to visit."

A WORD from Walsh is my command, and after arranging to meet him at the Workshops I headed for Kilkenny, seventy-five miles south of Dublin, only a few hours later. In the compartment I had in the diesel, which cut a hole in the wind, as they used to say of Man o' War (Lord, how I love these trains after suffering the ignominies inflicted on passengers by the New York, New Haven & Hartford!), there was a red-faced, burly, friendly traveller who was eager to explain to me why Ireland had lost a recent Rugby game to France (wet grounds, as I got it). Since all bodily-contact sports bore me blind, I listened with half an ear to my companion, and kept my alert and delighted eyes on the splendid fields, with every variation of green—this in the middle of winter, mind you—through which we were speeding. While my newfound chum talked of scrums and goals, I thought of a couple of verses by Orrick Johns, a Welshman from our Middle West, that summed up the scene I was beholding:

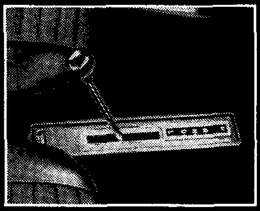
> A pale tan cow
> And a pale green mead.
> That is very beautiful.
> Beautiful indeed.

Mr. Johns, I think, caught the feeling of a landscape into which nothing more violent than an occasional stiff and fitful breeze has intruded.

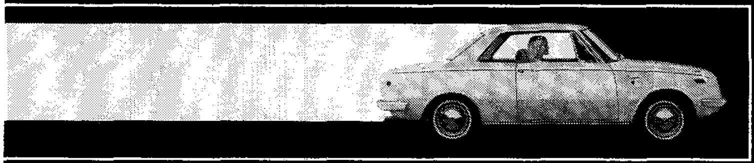
Kilkenny is one of those dun-colored medieval cities (the population is about ten thousand) so crammed with history—it was a stamping ground for the Normans and for the terrible legions of Cromwell—that it has a hard time catching up with its past, let alone its present. And there is a kind of chronological ambivalence in the Kilkenny Design Workshops, for although they occupy the ancient outbuildings of Kilkenny Castle—all, of course, refurbished—there is nothing moldy about their aims, these being to restore, in a modern style, the handicrafts for which Ireland was once famous: weaving, silversmithing, pottery, and so on. I have hesitated to grill a designer about his work ever since the day I heard a young lady at the New School for



One more thing Toyota gives you is a fully-automatic automatic*



When we say "automatic," we mean **fully** automatic! No stick. No clutch. No compromise. It's a transmission that shifts for itself! And even with an automatic, Toyota Corona zips from 0 to 60 in 16 seconds. Tops 90 mph. And still delivers terrific gas mileage. What else does Toyota Corona give you? Reclining bucket seats; wall-to-wall Nylon carpeting; loads of luxury and safety features . . . and a ride that lets you relax and enjoy it. So relax and enjoy it.



Get your hands on a Toyota . . . you'll never let go.

TOYOTA
CORONA

Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc., 2055 West 190th Street, Torrance, Calif. 90501 Parts and service coast to coast.

2-door hardtop prices start at $2135 POE. *Automatic transmission optional equipment. Mfr's. suggested retail price $165. White sidewall tires, accessories, options, freight and taxes extra.

Start making

music

with this

Garrard

Build your component music system around a Garrard SL95 automatic transcription turntable.

The SL95 provides music without rumble, resonance or distortion, exactly as recorded. The brilliant new, ultra-quiet Synchro-Lab Motor™ affords absolutely constant synchronous speed to preserve correct musical pitch. The magnificent tonearm floats, virtually friction free, on needle pivots within a gyroscopically gimballed mounting—tracks with featherweight precision for flawless record reproduction. Cueing and anti-skating controls provide convenience and record protection.

Advancements such as these are why more people build their fine home music systems around a Garrard than all other record playing components.

For literature, write Garrard,
Dept. DA309, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

British Industries Co., a division of Avnet, Inc.

Social Research boldly ask Frederic Goudy how he invented a typeface. "I think of a letter," Goudy replied, "and then I draw around it." So, instead of bothering the designers at Kilkenny—all of them, as far as I could gather, as industrious, inventive, and enthusiastic as Santa Claus's helpers—I had a chat with Walsh, who joined me at the Workshops.

"The basic notion of this establishment," Walsh said, "is to bring the glories of the past into the glories of the present."

"Calm down," I said.

There is no holding Walsh when he is on a hortative pitch for the Workshops, so I did not try to interrupt him as he plunged ahead. "When I was concerned exclusively with exports, I became sadly aware of the fact that what we were fabricating here in Ireland was practically indistinguishable from items that could be mass-produced elsewhere," he said. "They were made in Ireland, but the significant stamp of Ireland wasn't upon them. And it is that stamp—a touch of the genius of the place, if you will—that we want to resurrect. We welcome and sponsor, give freedom and facilities to, any artist or artisan who can help us teach our youngsters the ancient skills of Ireland, and we are also engaged in creating for our indigenous industries prototypes of the objects that are as native to this island as the people who inhabit it. It will take only a brief time, I'm sure—and we've been operating less than a couple of years—before our designers (eight European countries are represented among the sixty workers here) absorb the feeling of Ireland, and when their abilities accommodate themselves to their Gaelic surroundings, I haven't a doubt in the world that their ingenuity will be passed on to the children of Ireland, who haven't had a fair chance to show that they are as deft and imaginative as their fathers were before them."

I was afraid that Walsh was about to cut loose with a quatrain of Yeats as an ornament to his lyrical outburst, but he crossed me up by leading me to the Nelson stones, which have been assembled in a courtyard to the rear of the Workshops. The lettering is certainly remarkable, and though some of the stones are missing, they still, in their ponderous way, spell out, however haltingly, such long-gone victories of Nelson's as Cape St. Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar. "I shall now," said Walsh, "turn you over to

NEW YORK'S TOP HITS

"GREAT FUN. A BREEZY, BEGUILING COMEDY."—Walter Kerr, NEW YORK TIMES

Forty Carats

MAIL ORDERS FILLED: PRICES: All Evgs. $8.50, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.80. Wed. & Sat. Mats. $6.50, 5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.80.
MOROSCO THEATRE, 45th St., W. of B'way, 246-6230

"BROADWAY'S WITTIEST MUSICAL IN YEARS."
—Clive Barnes, NEW YORK TIMES

PROMISES, PROMISES

MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $12, 10, 9, 8, 6, 5, 3. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $15, 12, 10, 9, 6, 5, 3. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $7.90, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3.
SHUBERT THEATRE, 44th St., W. of B'way, 246-5864

B'WAY'S LONGEST RUNNING SHOW

"'I ADORE THIS NEW 'DOLLY!'"
—Clive Barnes,' NEW YORK TIMES

HELLO, DOLLY!

6TH SMASH YEAR

MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Evgs. Mon. thru Thurs.: $9.90, 8.05, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Fri. & Sat.: Evgs.: $11.90, 10.00, 8.60, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80. Wed. & Sat. Mats.: $7.50, 6.90, 6.00, 5.00, 4.00, 3.60.
ST. JAMES THEATRE, 44th St., W. of B'way, 695-5858

EMPIRE ROOM

FEB. 20-MAR. 12

Robert Goulet

Every night but Sunday.
Continuous dancing.
Reservations: (212) 355-3000.

The Waldorf-Astoria

HILTON
MISS PEGGY LEE—APR. 7-22

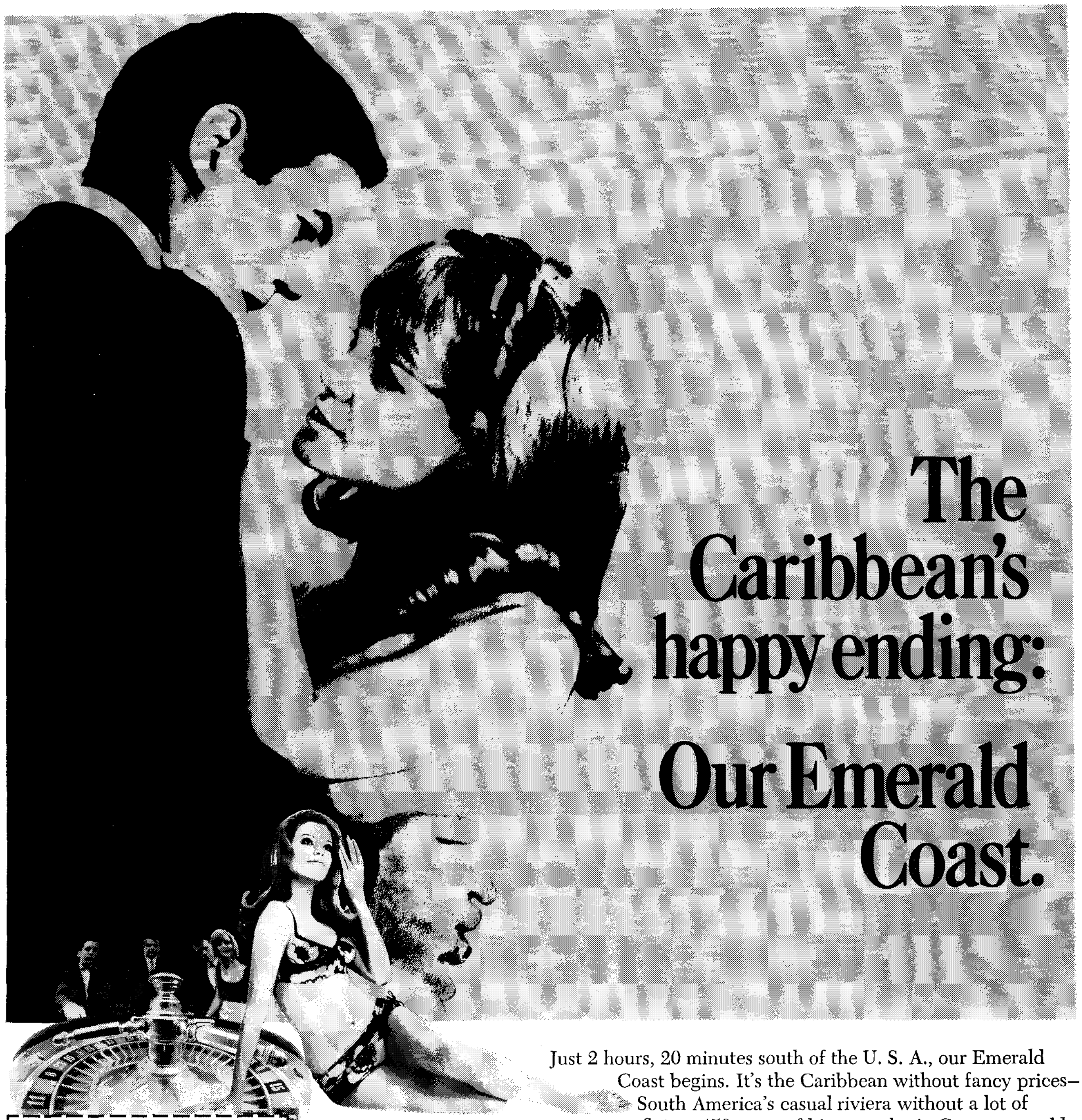
FANTASTIQUE DINING
COMPLETE DINNERS

COMPLETE LUNCHEONS AND A LA CARTE

SOUL SATISFYING SEAFOOD

King of the Sea

3rd AVE. & 53rd ST. • EL 5-9309



The Caribbean's happy ending: Our Emerald Coast.

Just 2 hours, 20 minutes south of the U. S. A., our Emerald Coast begins. It's the Caribbean without fancy prices—South America's casual riviera without a lot of flying. 450 years of history echo in Cartagena—old walled city with South America's only Sound and Light spectacular. Barranquilla's Sportfisherman fleet is all fueled up. Wheels click in the Santa Marta Casino. So enjoy the Emerald Coast—Avianca has a tour that makes it easy.

MAIL TO: **AVIANCA**
6 W. 49 St., N.Y. 10020 · 586-6041

Send me Jet Tour folders I have checked:

☐ **Caribbean Colombia** 7 day tour, air conditioned hotels in Cartagena, Santa Marta, Barranquilla. $154 up plus jetfare.

☐ **Emeralds of Colombia** Pick your package in San Andres Island, Bogota, Cartagena, Santa Marta. 8 to 19 days, $102.90 up plus jetfare.

☐ **Emerald Coast Guide** Quick reference on Cartagena, Barranquilla, Santa Marta and San Andres Island.

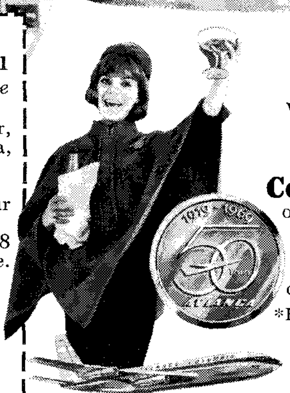
☐ **All You Can Fly For $50** Complete information on around Colombia airfare.

Mr./Mrs./Miss ____________________

Street ____________________

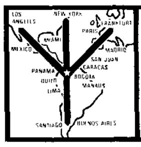
City ____________________

State __________ Zip __________



Celebrate our 50th on a Golden Anniversary jet from New York, Miami, Los Angeles* or San Juan—in champagne served by our girls in the Red Ruana®.

*Effective June 1, 1969



Since 1919

AVIANCA

FIRST AIRLINE IN THE AMERICAS

The airline that makes South America easy.

Send for Avianca's interesting and informative full-length book, "Travel Guide to Colombia," $1 direct by mail from Avianca, 6 West 49th Street, New York 10020. Call your travel agent or Avianca. New York: 586-6041 · Miami: 377-8866 · Los Angeles: 626-4306 · Boston · Chicago · Detroit · Houston · Philadelphia San Francisco · Washington, D. C. · Toronto · Credit Cards or our Easy Pay Later Plan · Standard Ticketing.

MORE
AND MORE
PEOPLE ARE
**DROPPING
IN**
AT "NEW YORK'S
BIGGEST
LITTLE HOTEL"

THE TUSCANY . . . ONLY HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH COLOR TV • ADJUSTABLE BED (with vibrator) AND LOUNGER CHAIR IN EVERY ROOM

other Tuscany Innovations:

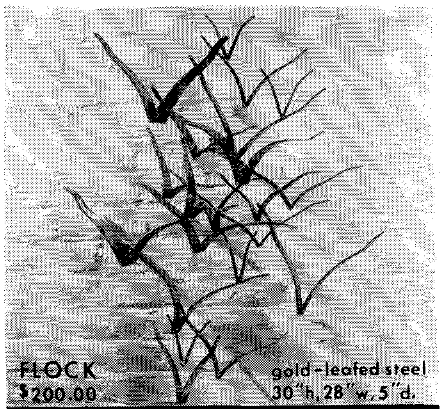
EVERY ROOM HAS: Air Conditioning, FM Radio, Bathroom Extension Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric Shoe Polisher, Irish Linen Towels, Electric Wall Clock.

Our restaurants are extraordinary, too! Just around the corner from Grand Central, Heliport, air terminals, most shops and theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

the
Tuscany

39th St. just east of Park Ave., N.Y. 10016
Bertram Weal, General Manager
Tel. (212) 686-1600



FLOCK
$200.00

gold-leafed steel
30"h, 28"w, 5"d.

WILLIAM Bowie THE SCULPTURE STUDIO INC.
202 E. 77th ST., NEW YORK 10021 UN 1-8480
WRITE FOR LITERATURE

Mrs. Margaret Phelan, Kilkenny's most famous antiquarian, and to Mary Mullen, who is my good right hand at the Workshops."

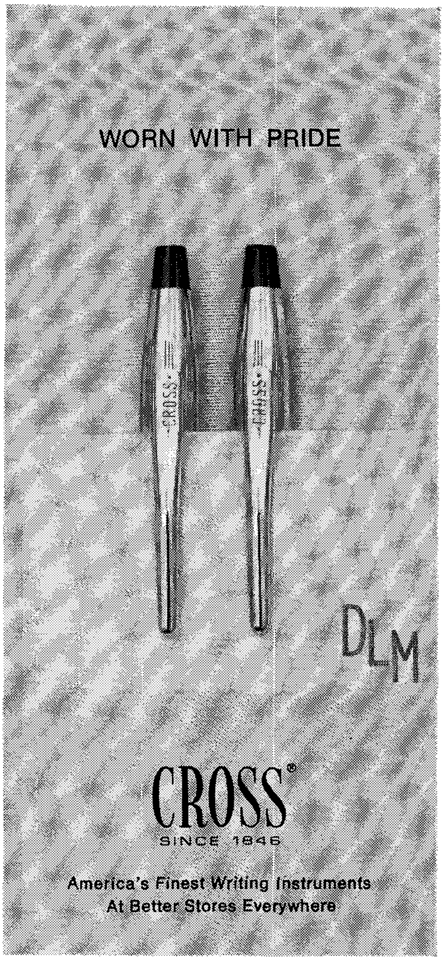
Kilkenny Castle, above the Nore River, of which Spenser sang in "The Faerie Queene," is very large (in days gone by, ninety-three indoor servants were required to maintain it), very cold, and very gray. As my teeth set up a small clatter in the hallowed halls of Strongbow, named for the Norman who originally built the place, I learned that the compound used to belong to the earls and dukes of Ormonde—members of the Butler family—and is now in the hands of a special committee of the Kilkenny County Council, which acquired it for a nominal sum from the Marquess of Ormonde in 1967. The Butlers, Mrs. Phelan told me, are literally that in the British royal scheme of things, having the right to give a monarch his first swig of wine when he ascends the throne. I also learned from Mrs. Phelan that there is a Charlie Butler in Illinois who is the heir apparent of the Ormonde group. Practically palsied after touring the castle, I was led by Mrs. Phelan and Miss Mullen to the restored Kyteler's Inn, which was the haunt in the fourteenth century of Dame Alice Kyteler, reputedly a witch. Alice was tried and found guilty, but she escaped from prison. Her enemies, however, did hold on to an accomplice of hers—a poor thing called Petronilla—who was whipped and burned in the streets of Kilkenny. As I spooned a warming cup of consommé, I was instructed by Mrs. Phelan that the reputation for ferocity enjoyed by Kilkenny cats was not due to the circumstance that Cromwell's soldiers used to knot their tails and toss them over a clothesline just to see them get fighting mad. "Actually," she told me, "it was two walled cities—one in the possession of the Butlers and one in the possession of the Fitzgeralds, families who were always at odds—that gave Kilkenny its reputation as a place where even the cats are ferocious."

—John McCarten

•

(28) News in Perspective, Clifton Daniel. Comparison of Nixon's inaugural speech with jewels in their boxes of breakfast cereal —*Long Beach (Calif.) Independent-Press-Telegram.*

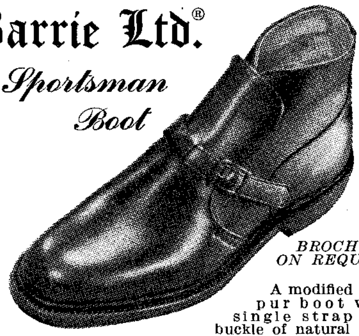
Name the brand, Daniel! It's the American way.



WORN WITH PRIDE

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

America's Finest Writing Instruments
At Better Stores Everywhere



Barrie Ltd.®
Sportsman Boot

BROCHURE ON REQUEST

A modified jodhpur boot with single strap and buckle of natural grain calfskin, soft leather-lined forepart, complete storm welts, double leather soles, and leather heels with v-plates. In brown ☐, or black ☐. $24.95 postpaid. *ORDER BY MAIL—State Shoe Size. BARRIE LTD., DEPT. N—NEW HAVEN.*

OR AT BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:

260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
914 15th STREET N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.

*There's one thing about us
you're going to hate:
Leaving!
Montego Beach Hotel
Montego Bay, Jamaica, West Indies
Contact Ray Morrow, 51 E. 42nd Street,
N.Y.C. 10017, (212) OX 7-2340*

Merrill Lynch invites you to choose selections from its library of investment information—free.

Merrill Lynch is happy to offer information on investing and the stock market to investors at every level of sophistication. If you would like to start an investment program—or if you are interested in improving your present knowledge of securities—scan our list of publications and mail the coupon for those that interest you. No charge or obligation, of course.

Spring Guide For Investors *(4 pages)* A sharply focused view of the country's current investment climate, in light of the new administration's policies. How the business profit picture may change in the course of the year. And which stocks Merrill Lynch regards as most attractive for different investment objectives, both near-term and long-term.

How To Read A Financial Report *(36 pages)* A memory-jogger for experienced investors—and a cram course for *anybody* who finds annual and quarterly reports confusing. Key points discussed include: leverage; earnings per share; cash flow; depreciation; coverage of senior securities.

How Over-The-Counter Securities Are Traded *(24 pages)* Strips the mystery from the nation's biggest and least understood securities market. Tells you what kind of stocks are traded over-the-counter, how well the 35 leading securities that comprise the over-the-counter industrial index have done, why hundreds of companies which *could* qualify for listing on an exchange *prefer* to be traded over-the-counter.

How To Buy Stocks, A Bantam paperback by Louis Engel *(259 pages)* The most widely read book on the market ever published—over 3 million copies in print. Based on the premise that "investing only *sounds* complicated because it uses a lot of unfamiliar words," *How To Buy Stocks* explains technical words by explaining the things they stand for.

20 Stocks for Long-Term Growth *(10 pages)* Succinct appraisals of growth companies by Merrill Lynch analysts. How the introduction of new products may affect growth, the likely benefits of recent acquisitions, how these companies stack up against their competitors.

What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business *(30 pages)* Starts at the beginning and answers the questions that often plague neophyte investors. Tells you why stock prices change, what bull and bear markets are, how the Stock Exchange works, what it costs to buy stocks.

Investing for Tax-Exempt Income *(36 pages)* Easy-to-understand explanation of municipal bonds. Why municipal bonds, which pay interest entirely exempt from Federal income tax, may yield a greater net return than comparable government or corporate bonds paying taxable interest. How a man and his wife with a taxable income of $24,000 or more may be able to use municipals in order to increase their after-tax investment income by over sixty percent.

How to Buy Stocks · Louis Engel

NOTE: In addition to these publications, Merrill Lynch, in the course of a year, publishes detailed up-to-date research reports on hundreds of listed companies, plus many that are traded over-the-counter. Merrill Lynch also offers up to the minute, 100-word research appraisals on more than 2,000 different companies.

Write to Merrill Lynch for a report on any company that interests you, for a review of your present holdings, or for suggestions about the investment of any sum of money for any investment objective.

504-BC

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC
P.O. Box 333, Wall Street Station, New York, N.Y. 10005

FREE INVESTMENT INFORMATION PUBLICATIONS

May we suggest you begin with three selections. Check your choices. Later, if you wish, we'll be happy to send any of the other publications you desire.

☐ **(SG)** Spring Guide For Investors
☐ **(FR)** How To Read A Financial Report
☐ **(OC)** How Over-The-Counter Securities Are Traded
☐ **(GS)** 20 Stocks for Long-Term Growth
☐ **(LE)** How To Buy Stocks
☐ **(EK)** What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business
☐ **(MB)** Investing for Tax-Exempt Income

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State__________ Zip Code__________

AB

CONTENT OF TABLES

AMONG the cultural highlights promised for this spring of 2169, particular interest has been aroused by the Exhibition of Antique Conference Tables, due to open Monday, May 1st, at the Furniture Galleries. A preview of the Catalogue Raisonné reveals that many rare treasures, some on public view for the first time, have been assembled from all over the world and grouped, as far as possible, in chronological order. The visitor will be able to follow the development of Conference styles right through the great period of inspired design, from the collapse of the severely classical Rectilinear Table—which proved unequal, in the middle of the twentieth century, to the task of maintaining international understanding—to the end of the Conference Era.

The Winged Circle (Paris, circa 1969-70): Known affectionately to connoisseurs as Old Necessity, this priceless relic enshrines the first real breakthrough in Conference design. "At a single stroke," as Rundmeyer has well said, "it reversed the traditional procedure and, instead of putting the agenda on the table, put the table on the agenda." The central circular structure, thought to have symbolized unity and solidarity, is flanked by two rectangular outcrops, or "wings," probably representing inspiration or sublimity. The chairs have perished and nothing is known of the seating arrangements or the precise purpose served, but mensalists are agreed that the airy simplicity of the basic plan is typical of what had come to be called the Age of Hope. Note the pieces of gum, much shrivelled but still adhering to the underside of the table, which may have been used to affix seals or signatures.

The Greek Cross: A natural development from the Winged Circle through the addition of polygonal extensions to north and south of the central core as well as to east and west. Originally planned to enable the representatives of Spain, Cuba, Saudi Arabia, and Israel to be seated at the maximum distance apart and yet in positions of perfect equality, this design had a short-lived vogue during the nineteen-eighties but suffered from the inherent defect that delegates seated on the arcs of the circle, between the wings or transepts, inevitably had less legroom than others and complained of victimization. To solve this problem, Galazzi, the brilliant Veronese Supellectile Adviser to the U.N., devised the Apsidal Style.

Apsidal Style (Exhibits 9 to 14): Here, as will be seen, the rectilinear, or polygonal, projections of the Paris Epoch have given way to a series of contiguous semicircular apsidal bulges. The whole structure, if inverted and set down in mud, would leave the impression of an elephant's foot, and the style is in fact referred to as the Pachydermatous by some Oriental authorities. No room was now left for chairs at the central circle, which gradually withered away until, by the time of the abortive Quebec Conference of 2015, nothing remained of it (Exhibit 14) except a narrow rim or balustrade linking the apses together. The inner space thus made available tended, in all probability, to be occupied by interpreters, protocolists, and strolling musicians.

Restaurant Period (Room III): The process of fragmentation, of which the seeds had been sown by Old Necessity herself and whose fruition was hastened by an increasing reluctance among conference-minded nations to sit down at the same table with anybody, reached its apogee around the mid-twenty-first century, when the apses were finally severed from their connecting balustrade, rounded off to make small, perfectly circular, centrally supported tables, and dotted about the Conference Chamber in the manner that gave this period its name. At each new item on the agenda, or whenever a deadlock was reached, one delegate from each table moved clockwise to the next, and one counterclockwise, so that everybody eventually met everybody whether they liked it or not, as at whist drives. The famous fracas at Rangoon, when the Russians refused to move to an unfashionable table near the ladies' rest room, together with the need, as conferences grew in size, for an unmanageably long agenda (or, alternatively, a heavy program of prearranged deadlocks), led to the great Conference Table Conference at Geneva in 2058, which broke up in confusion because of an inability to agree upon the kind of table or tables at which the Conference should confer. There ensued the so-called Anti-Table Decade (not represented at this exhibition), during which delegates argued standing—an interesting throwback to the Cocktail Party Era of the early nineteen-hundreds.

Chamfort's Triple-Decker: The inevitable reaction away from disintegration and back to cohesion in design was signalized by the appearance at Valparaiso, in 2069, of Oscar Chamfort's monumental three-tiered table. Built to accommodate, within shouting distance of each other, all the South American states, the Afro-Asian nations, and thirty-seven other countries interested in the protection of the whale industry against disruption by falling space capsules, it rises in a series of aluminum-alloy hoops supported on fibreglass scaffolding round a central well or funnel, which narrows from top to bottom to secure maximum intervisibility between delegations in the several tiers. To obviate altercations on the score of prestige, very careful gradations in sitting comfort, elbowroom, etc., are employed from tier to tier, so that any feeling of inferiority in the bottom row vis-à-vis those above is balanced out by better cushioning and rounded bench backs. Footstools were provided on Tier 2. Especially to be noted is Chamfort's ingenious answer to an objection, lodged by Albania and others, that only bottom-tier delegates would be in a position to stage an immediate and effective walkout when the need arose. The self-ejection seats fitted on the upper tiers still work smoothly and efficiently.

The Water Table: Outside the mainstream of development lies this unique piece of marine furniture. Unable to agree upon a venue, or even on a suitably uncommitted vessel or aircraft for their meeting to discuss the polar drug traffic, in 2071, eighteen nations decided to sit down together in, or just above, the open sea. The extant fragment of the original instructions issued by the steering committee for the construction of this table will be found alongside the exhibit in Room V. It reads, ". . . the whole being supported on some sort of air cushion, on the old Hover-craft principle, or by means of water wings. In the event of weather worsening beyond Force 5, delegates will adjourn by winch. Let anchorage be provided to avert risk of the Table's

You might get chilled Iranian caviar on other airlines.
But you won't get John Denny to serve it.

Caviar, pheasant, vintage wines are all part of the first class treatment. On BOAC and just about every other major airline, as well.

But men like John Denny, one of the Chief Stewards in charge of the care and feeding of BOAC passengers, aren't so easy to come by.

In fact, we don't think a man is ready to be a Chief Steward until he's been trained by us. We expect him to hone the fine art of the dry, dry martini and the carving of roast beef. To learn to sense when a passenger would prefer a nap to a napkin.

We make sure he stays up to snuff in these matters by retesting him periodically at our service center in London. We also retest the men who retest him. And the ones who test them.

It's not just a matter of being finicky. When you have a tradition that goes back 400 years (that's when the idea of first class was evolved on British coaches), you want to preserve it.

And while we're such sticklers for detail about our meals and our airplanes, we're certainly not rigid in dealing with people. More than one passenger has come away from a conversation with our stewards knowing a thing or two about Rugby and the ins and outs of the countryside around Devon.

To get a taste of what British cabin service is all about, we invite you aboard any BOAC flight to Britain, the Islands, Europe, the Middle East, Africa, the Orient or Australia.

Flights available from New York, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Miami, San Francisco and Honolulu.

BOAC

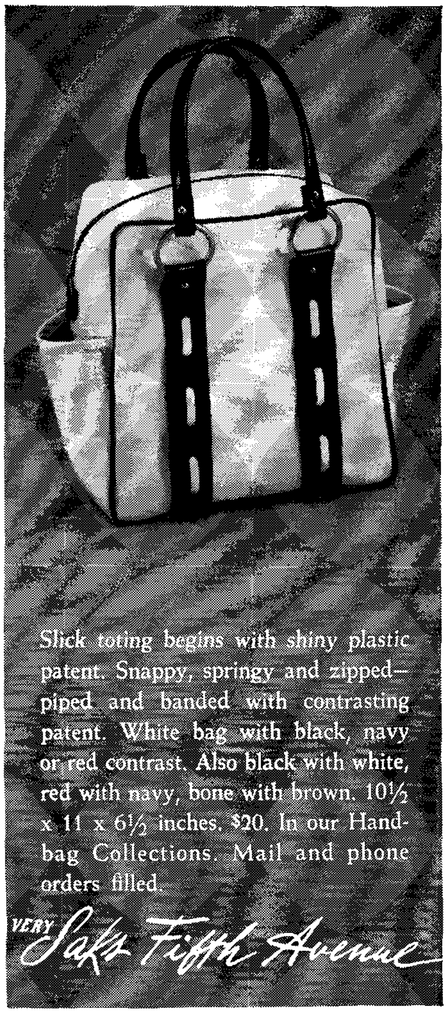
TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

OUR SPRING TUNIC DRESS of linen-y rayon . . . so slimming and easy to wear! Stand-up collar, outlined pockets . . . camisole lining beneath. Ivory, orange, blue. 10-18. By Shelly Cooper of California. **$32.**

Add 85¢ postage beyond our delivery area

Raleighs

1310 F St., Washington, D. C. 20004



Slick toting begins with shiny plastic patent. Snappy, springy and zipped—piped and banded with contrasting patent. White bag with black, navy or red contrast. Also black with white, red with navy, bone with brown. 10½ x 11 x 6½ inches. $20. In our Handbag Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

drifting inside territorial waters. It must go up and down with the tide." Two barnacled fragments of the Water Table are here displayed, and bear mute witness to man's inability at this period to agree upon concerted action even in the face of sharks.

BAROQUE AND THE NEOCLASSICAL REVIVAL: In Room VI we return to more seminal conceptions. Chamfort's functional masterpiece rapidly degenerated, during the spate of conferences in the twenty-eighties and nineties, into an unrestrained enthusiasm for the baroque and the rococo. Design became so extravagant, so contorted by protocol and the demand for nationalist motifs and materials, that discussion proved almost impossible. Honduras insisted on mahogany, Cambodia called for pagodas. Domed tables, tangled acanthus leaves, wickerwork surfaces that doubled the difficulty of making worthwhile notes, even soda-fountain counters at the insistence of the renascent French—this luxuriant decadence of Late Conference is amply illustrated in Exhibits 36-54. Note the attempt at secrecy in the built-in minarets on No. 45, and traces, in No. 51, of an effort to incorporate Benares brass nameplates into a transparently Swedish glass breakfast tray.

At the turn of the century, with the introduction of Slessinger's nobly austere neoclassical Revolving Pentecontahedron (Exhibit 55), came the eagerly awaited reaction. But it came too late. The appeal of simplicity and a smooth surface to write upon was lost in a welter of argument over the optimum speed of rotation. At the height of the uproar, the President of Britain, who was noticed to be turning green, uttered his historic cry, "For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground!" The motion was carried, and the Era of the Conference Table petered out in a dismal al-fresco anticlimax.

—H. F. ELLIS

●

In a second Bell-Whether decision the court strongly upheld the right of local officials in racially tense communities to obtain court injunctions against extremist political rallies.—*Birmingham* (*Ala.*) *News*.

You remember the Bell v. Whether case.

●

"The nation's stake in the uses of the sea is anonymous with the promise and threat of tomorrow," said the report.
—*The Times*.

That's just what's bugging us.

IN PALM BEACH, THE IMPORTANT PEOPLE WILL LIVE AT THE SUN AND SURF.

The only luxury apartment residence directly on the beach ☐ An exciting new dimension in elegance, even by Palm Beach standards ☐ Beautiful cabana areas embrace the three pools and the 400 feet of private white sandy beach ☐ Guest powder rooms and terraces in every apartment ☐ General Electric kitchens ☐ Concierge and 24-hour doorman service ☐ Valet parking ☐ Maid service ☐ Telephone answering service available ☐ Restaurant in building ☐ The emphasis is on comfort, privacy and unparalleled services ☐ 1, 2 and 3-bedroom rental suites available for fall occupancy ☐ Call or write today for beautiful, informative brochure.

New York Representative:
Pease & Elliman, Inc.
60 East 56th Street, 212-838-6600.
Palm Beach Representative:
Robert E. List Co.
292 South County Road, 305-833-2578.
Rental Exhibit at The Sun and Surf:
100 Sunrise Avenue, 305-833-6616.

Chap Stick® Lip Balm

Chap Stick
LIP BALM
with MOISTURANE AND SUN SCREEN
NFL

Don't take your lips anywhere without it.

downing square

THE AMERICAN STEAK HOUSE WITH THE ENGLISH ACCENT

500 Lexington Ave. (48th St.) 826-9730
SUNDAYS TOO FREE PARKING

Wooden Floor Lamps
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

We left out the part nobody liked.

Friden
9222 POSTAGE METER

An old-fashioned hand crank used to come on every small postage machine.

If you wanted to meter mail, you had to *work* at it. Or go back to licking stamps.

We felt you deserved better. So we built the 9222 Postage Meter Machine. It's *electrically* operated.

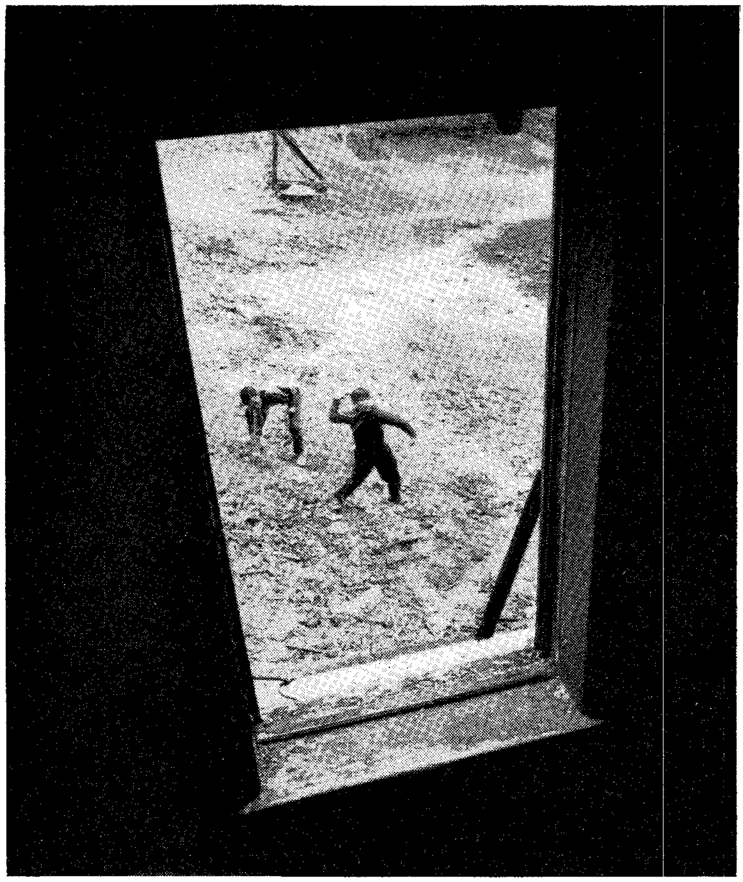
Like the old crank-powered machines, the 9222 is small and low priced. But it meters your mail with the push of a button. Very easy. Very modern.

Just pop an envelope into the feed. The machine stamps (1¢ to $9.99) and seals simultaneously, then ejects the envelope into a stacker.

When you want parcel post tape for packages, simply insert a tape pad instead of a letter.

If an old-fashioned crank is one postage machine part you want no part of, call your nearest Friden office for a demonstration of the 9222. Or write Friden, Inc., San Leandro, California 94577.

Friden
DIVISION OF SINGER
DIVERSIFIED·WORLDWIDE

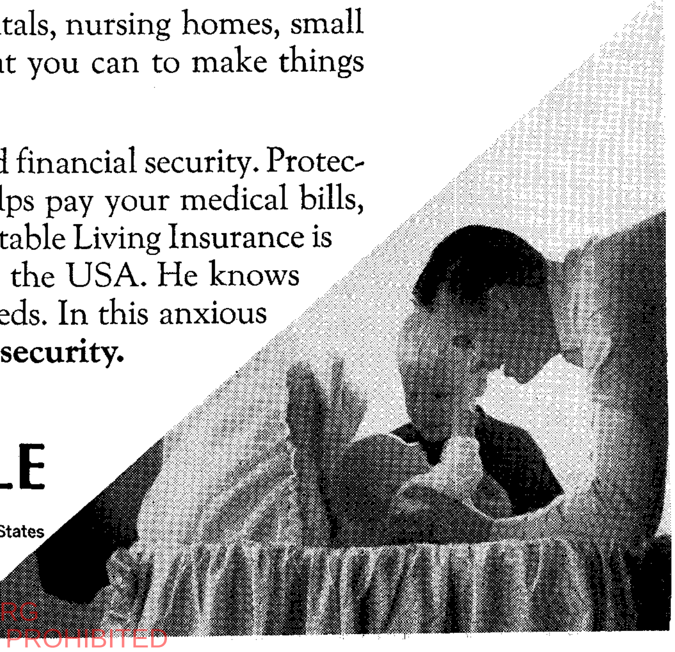


Everyone is troubled with the world we live in. And that includes Equitable. People in flight from farms. Poverty in the cities. There's a big job to do—to save communities, rebuild lives. Equitable is doing its best to help. Last year, we invested millions of dollars in urgently needed projects: financing housing, hospitals, nursing homes, small businesses. And we urge you to help—to do what you can to make things better in your own community.

Of course, our main concern is helping families find financial security. Protection that safeguards your children's education, helps pay your medical bills, provides for you when you retire. That's what Equitable Living Insurance is all about. Talk to an Equitable agent anywhere in the USA. He knows how to design a plan that meets your personal needs. In this anxious world, that's how **Equitable provides a corner of security.**

THE ® EQUITABLE

© The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States
New York, N.Y. 1969



THE ART WORLD

Europe en Route

ART
gallery

ALTHOUGH, in the familiar protective tactic of museum disclaimers, the "European Painters Today" show, at the Jewish Museum, denies being a survey and asserts that it is the "personal selection" of the six curators who chose it, the collection is typical of current résumé exhibitions, in which trends and personalities are spotlighted as representative of a time and place. Smaller than the usual international display, it is perhaps for that reason slightly superior in quality. Some fifty artists are included—not exactly a handful, but a modest sampling by the standard of, say, the Whitney Museum, which this year for the United States alone has presented a hundred and thirty-seven sculptors. Besides covering many countries, the Jewish Museum exhibition postulates that "today" includes artists born before the beginning of this century—and four who are no longer alive. To choose a small number of painters from such an extensive span of time and nationality required an impressive authority. The Mead Corporation, an American business firm that in the past fifteen years has undertaken a variety of art programs, sponsored the "European Painters" and obtained for this most ambitious of its ventures—the exhibition, already shown in Paris, is to travel—the services of four leading museum directors of Europe, plus two former officials of the Jewish Museum itself. The exhibition is therefore at least as representative of museological thinking about art today as it is of European painting today. Three of the Europeans (among them K. G. P. Hultén, who organized "The Machine" exhibition, recently at the Museum of Modern Art) were cited last December by the French avant-garde critic Pierre Restany as personifications of the new "dynamic museum" that is destined to rescue art from extinction by replacing the old repositories of masterworks with laboratories conducting experiments with up-to-date technology and information techniques. It is this concept of the museum as both participating in the life of the times and reflecting the times in the mirror of machine-aesthetic enlightenment that was responsible for the disastrous "Harlem on My Mind" display, ten blocks south of the "European Painters" on Fifth Avenue. Fortunately for the Mead Corporation and the Jewish Museum, the "living-museum" idea is held down in their exhibition to one neon-light composition, and the combined avant-gardism of the Six has resulted in nothing worse than aimlessness. As an indication of what is happening in European painting, it neither opens any new doors nor is convincingly typical of the best that is being done. The familiar advanced modes are sampled, mainly in works by artists who have been shown regularly in the United States for years: kinetics (Bury), Op (Riley and Vasarely), reflected light (Mack, Jaquet), shaped images (Stroud), Pop (Arman, Raysse, Fahlström), Surrealist (Magritte, Yves Klein, Matta), Abstract Expressionist (Soulages, Tàpies, Appel), Geometric Abstraction (Soto, Dorazio), Minimalist (Richard Smith, Denny). Some of the less well-known artists, such as Monory, Dado, and Raynaud, could easily have been left home and half a dozen better ones brought in their stead. A large percentage of the painters are actually sculptors—makers of free-standing pieces, assemblages, and reliefs. The exhibitors were chosen as if deliberately to arouse disagreement: if outstanding dead artists like Magritte, Fontana, and Klein are included, why not Giacometti, Duchamp, and Matisse? If Sugaï (born in Japan), Kitaj (born in the United States, and at the moment working on the West Coast), and Soto and Matta (born in Latin America) are "Europeans," why not Le Parc, Riopelle, or even Joan Mitchell, who has been painting in Paris for more than a decade? And why not such totally indisputable, living Europeans as Picasso, Miró, Masson, Hélion, Chagall, Balthus, Mathieu, or—to take an example from the younger generation—Bauermeister? Such strictures, however, are as futile as they are inevitable. "European Painters Today" doesn't stand for anything except the pictures in it. It affirms no particular values and conveys no sense of direction; anyone who derives a "message" from the total assembly of works will have to assume responsibility for it himself. Indeed, the absence of a ruling concept may well be the show's chief virtue; it reflects the uncertainty in the situation of painting today. By including Surrealist and Expressionist painters, the exhibition escapes the rigidity of comparable surveys of contemporary art by American museums.

Among the interesting items are Magritte's "La Folie des Grandeurs," done in 1961, which is a reverse visual play on the phrase "too big for his britches;" here it is the "britches" that are too big: the central figure of the painting is an earth-colored nude Venus divided into three graduated segments stacked like flowerpots. While *folie* consists of the *grandeurs*, or enlargements, that take place in the descent from the neck to the groin, grandeur as a concept is symbolized by huge geometrical blocks in the background. By far the largest painting in the exhibition (almost ten feet high by thirty-three feet long) is Matta's "Watchman, What of the Night?," in which this artist, one of the few contemporaries to affirm a conception of modern man, elaborates his pungent comic-strip drawing and furnace-room colors into a block-long inferno, or underground concentration camp, of hostile mechanical processes; the huge expanse of the canvas somehow manages to intensify the sense of confinement generated by Matta's cavernous space (appropriated by Gorky in his great *grisaille*, "The Diary of a Seducer"), as if his robot factory, in growing bigger and busier, had also become more crowded. Another work on a scale usually regarded as "American" is "Painting, May 9, 1968," by Pierre Soulages, an artist well known in New York by reason of his exhibitions at the Kootz Gallery and Knoedler's. Soulages is related to American art through sharing the potent magical formula of the Action painters ("What I am making teaches me what I am looking for"); as against the force and tension generated by this search in Kline and de Kooning, it brought forth in Soulages an image that is noble, gentle, and meditative. The bands of Soulages's earlier paintings, in fact, function as planes that build a structure inward from the picture surface, rather than as trackings of energy, as in Kline, and the brownish sheen of his blacks suggests building beams and blocks in an interior light, in contrast to Kline's ragged flights across empty space. In "Painting, May 9," the title of which may have a reference to the Paris riots, the artist has abandoned his band constructions for a lateral progression of five flat vertical black masses on an almost effaced white ground (it would be interesting to compare this work with the serial paintings of Toti Scialoja, an Italian

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

BUSINESS WEEK
Business Week

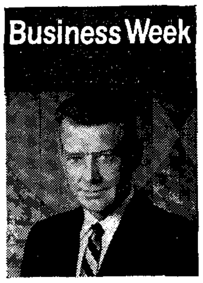
SHOE-IN.

Recently, a 12th grade business and economics class in a secondary school in Ontario elected to have a Shoe-In. The entire class was going to shine shoes until it raised enough money for a magazine subscription. And guess what magazine.

You're right. The youngsters decided that they couldn't get a polished business education without knowing what the business world was doing. And every week, that world gets its picture taken from head to foot in Business Week. Wrote instructor Richard G. Fraser: "It's their opinion that Business Week is *the* necessary text for their course."

Yes, BW is written for management men. Its subscriptions are solicited from executives only. But we've always felt that the *future* leaders of business and industry have a right to BW's authoritative coverage of business news, facts, and developments. So we were happy to tell the students about Business Week's special half-price educational rate. It meant they had to work only half as hard.

We're just worried about all those Canadians with half their shoes shined.

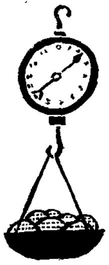


You advertise in
Business Week
to inform
management

A McGraw-Hill Magazine

artist not included in the show). Fontana's perforated, painted canvas is also an unusually large one; although the artist, who died last year, called himself a "spatialist," his gouging holes in his canvases has always seemed to me a Dadaist nose-thumbing at the formalist dogma of "preserving the integrity of the picture plane." With his punctures, Fontana transformed his paintings into a species of relief (they are sometimes referred to as sculptures). Another non-painter in the exhibition is Arman, who specializes in assemblages of familiar objects. His entries consist of an arrangement of plastic handles on a board and an example of his attractive series of blocks of Plexiglas containing dripping paint tubes. Also sculptures rather than paintings are Uecker's circular compositions of nails driven into canvas on wood. They arouse the pleasure of recognizing a familiar image produced by unfamiliar means. Raysse, seen frequently in New York, is a Pop gimmicker who has tried everything from inflated rubber tubes to real bathing beauties on artificial sand; his "Double Portrait," a free-standing cutout of a wall of simulated bathroom tile in the shape of a head on which hangs a bath towel bearing the portrait of a woman, is an imaginative advance over his earlier work. Karel Appel, who went through a period of unbelievably bad Pop assemblage, has, happily, returned to painting in "Personnage," which has an affinity with Dubuffet's current "L'Hourloupe" series. Bacon's "Henrietta Moraes," Bridget Riley's and Vasarely's eye-teasers, Fahlström's untitled panorama, Klein's all-blue painting, Kitaj's Abstraction-*cum*-Symbolism, Bury's tangle of nervously twitching wires, Dorazio's patterns of interlaced color strips, Richard Smith's shaped canvases, and Peter Stroud's patterns on angled Masonite are typical examples of these artists' recent showings. Friedrich Hundertwasser, a Viennese Abstract Expressionist who favors strong reds and blues, has not been seen much in New York but undoubtedly will be. Horst Antes is a German who paints curiously curtailed human figures in colors close in feeling to Hundertwasser's. Among the newcomers, Dado is a horror fantasist in the mode of Ivan Albright, and Jacques Monory, in "Murder II," offers indifferently painted filmstrips in which a man, his eyes banded to prevent identification, falls to his knees clutching his stomach. Konrad Klapheck, a German who was included in the Museum of Modern Art's Dada-Surrealism exhibition and is now on display at the Janis Gallery, paints precisionist versions of machines whose meaning he attempts, ineffectually, to enhance by the Dadaist device of suggestive titling. (The catalogue weakens his effort still further by translating "Der Wille zur Macht" as "The Wish for Power.")

In sum, "European Painters Today" is an exhibition of mixed value quite worth seeing, even while one wonders whether six experts were really needed to assemble it. No doubt the answer lies in the "Europe" of the title, which created the need for a weighty authority not only to make the choices, as referred to above, but to assert that a specifically European art exists, as distinct, for example, from American art—to declare that Europe today is more than a mere address where certain artists can most frequently be reached, as others can in New York.



One of the organizers of "European Painters," M. François Mathey, director of the Museum of Decorative Arts of Paris, undertakes in an introduction to the catalogue to suggest what makes the exhibition European. He succeeds only in demonstrating that the subject is one that he would have preferred to let alone. In that opaque rhetoric of speculative half thoughts which the official art world has fabricated as a substitute for analysis, M. Mathey, recalling that "the richness of current art depends on its seeming contradictions and antagonisms," concludes that it is precisely these contradictions that are "the permanent sign of the humanism" (this phrase is unaccountably omitted from the translation of his piece in the catalogue) that is "the salt of the European spirit." Since European art has no monopoly on contradictions, their presence is hardly sufficient to differentiate it from art elsewhere. M. Mathey also speaks of an "invisible Europe," independent of geography, which believes in an "undivided heritage," and he points out that no matter what their differences and conflicts, artists recognize one another—which would suggest that continents don't count. Reverting to the "dynamic-museum" theme (he is one of the curators mentioned by Restany), he declares that the artist accepts his time and does not condemn industrial society or rebel against it, and that his wish to take part in the development of the world is confirmed by the "encounter" of the European and Ameri-

How to buy a complete stereo and recording studio.

Just buy our Model RS-280S. And you're in business. With a Solid-State FM stereo and FM/AM radio that's also a tape recording studio. A system that records and plays back on cassettes.

And putting a cassette in the special drop-in slot is as easy as slipping bread into a toaster.

And just as automatic. When the tape plays to the end, the drive mechanism stops and the cassette pops up. Automatically. That's all it takes to become a recording pro.

With the mike, you can record anything. And you can easily adjust the recording level with two VU meters. Sound monitoring lets you hear what you're taping. And a digital counter plus fast forward and reverse makes sure you can always find your place quickly. Even when you're playing pre-recorded cassettes.

The FM and AM radio has an FET tuner that pulls in distant stations and makes sure you get only one at a time. AFC that keeps the FM from drifting. Tone control. A Stereo Eye that tells you when you're listening to stereo. And an illuminated slide-rule dial that disappears behind a black-out glass when the set is off.

There are twin, full-range 6″ dynamic speakers. The kind that sound great no matter where you put them. Plus jacks into which you can plug your headphones, turntable—even your TV.

The whole business, cassette tape recorder, AM radio, FM radio, two separate speakers, comes in genuine walnut cabinets. Complete with mike, mike stand, and pre-recorded cassette.

Go to any dealer we permit to carry the Panasonic line. Tell him you'd like to get into the recording business. And he'll show you the RS-280S—one complete system that'll help you do it. Automatically.

PANASONIC
AM/FM STEREO CASSETTE
FET Solid State
FM
AM
MHz
KHz
TONE
VOLUME
SELECTOR
TUNING

PANASONIC®
200 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 10017
For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call 800 243-0355. In Conn., 853-3600.
We pay for the call. Ask about Model RS-280S.

THE BARTENDER'S GUIDE TO PARTY CHEESES...

WISPRIDE® Sharp Cheddar Cheese spread lights up any manhattan with golden goodness. Toasted, served on crackers, or sharpening up the hors d'oeuvres, it refreshes any palate.

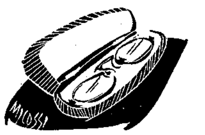
SWISS KNIGHT® A nut-like flavor makes this fine imported Gruyère a warming companion for a chilled martini. In wedges or slices, a great Knight for a party.

HUM® Holland's finest Gouda and Edam to be sliced or scooped as a tangy complement for any drink.

GERBER CHEESE CO., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

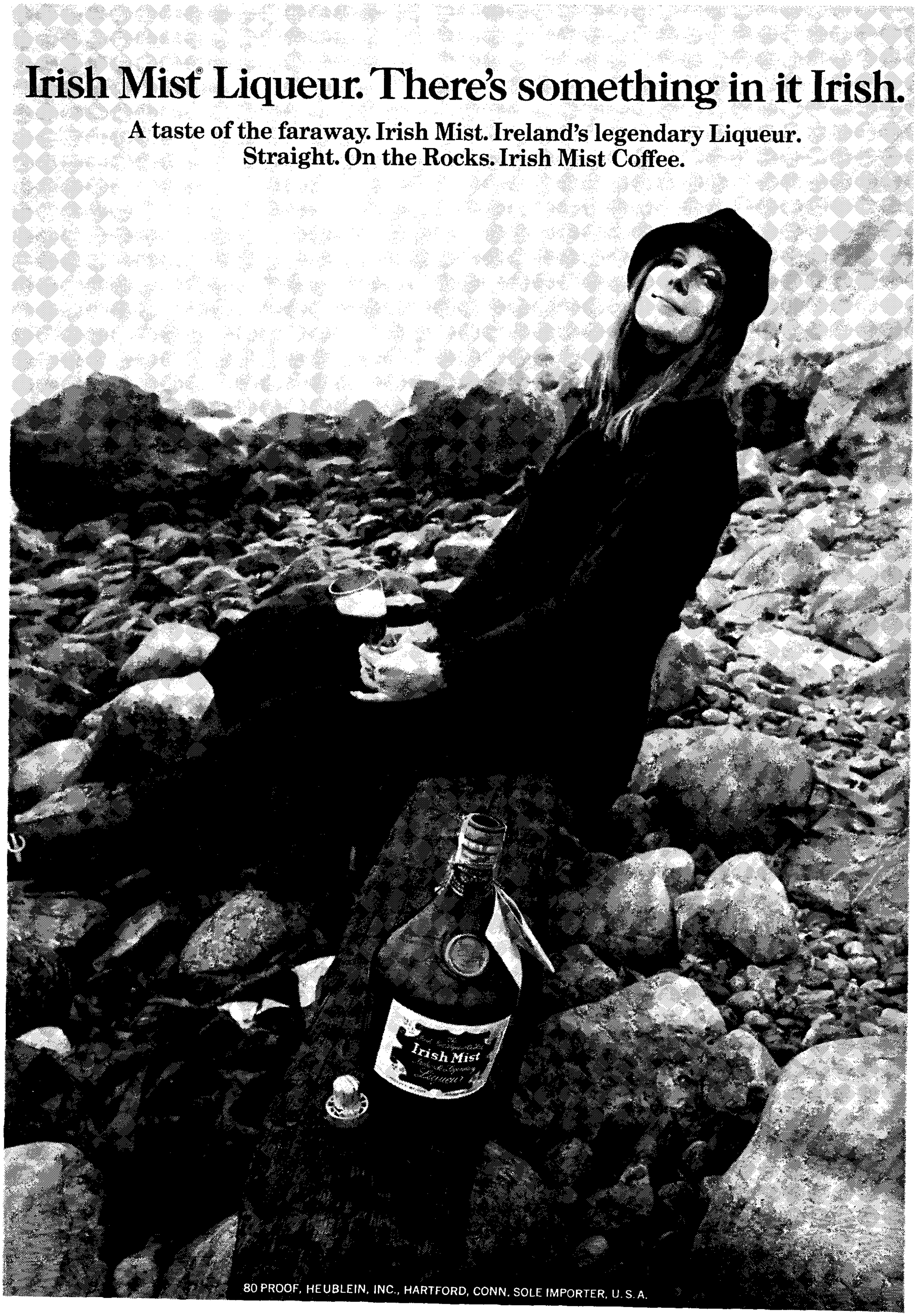
can vanguards. By this account, there is nothing to prevent European art from blending into anything that is technologically advanced.

IN a weighty article entitled "Europe, With and Without Europe," which recapitulates the story of avant-garde art since the nineteenth century, M. Marcelin Pleynet, in the Christmas number of *Art International*, takes issue with the relaxed vanguardism of the "European Painters Today" exhibition, which was shown in Paris last fall. To Pleynet, the show is of the first importance as a symptom of what is wrong with contemporary art as well as with contemporary art criticism. The vice of "European Painters" lies not in its eclecticism—on the contrary, Pleynet discovers in it an almost perfect coherence—but in its shallow concept of "Europeanity." If the organizers of the exhibition did not hesitate to include in it artists who had been born outside of Europe, who had studied and worked elsewhere and who had been influenced by non-European "researches," it was because they made their choices according to an aesthetic alien to the traditions and schools essentially European. In that aesthetic, shared by most of the painters, works are conceived apart from the philosophical currents in which they originated, as if each were a meaningless anecdote devoid of intellectual force. The chief inspirer of "anecdotalism" in art is the United States, whose history of vanguardism is too brief for it to have absorbed the basic principles of modern art values. American avant-garde painting is exactly twenty-eight years old, Pleynet argues, recalling that Mondrian arrived in New York on October 3, 1940. For Americans, Cézanne, Matisse, Kandinsky, Picasso, Mondrian are prehistory; for Europe, they are "its most recent production." A "European aesthetic" would find its way back to European art history in order to grasp the theoretical basis of its accomplishment, which consists in its evolution of "pictorial space."



Instead of applying this European standard, the "European Painters" exhibition embraced a consistent anecdotalism. Therein lies its failure, and the emblem of this failure is placing Magritte, who had he lived would be seventy, at the chronological head of the list of painters today while omitting Miró, who is still alive. For Pleynet, the elevation of Magritte represents a decisive aesthetic choice by the Six, and a perverse one. According to formalist doctrine, Magritte, since he contributed nothing new to pictorial space, is a mere painter of irrational picture postcards, who not only has no place in the art of the late sixties but hardly deserves to be accredited to the twentieth century. The aesthetic that accepts Magritte, Pleynet maintains, is consistent in excluding not only Miró but other artists—such as Giacometti, Hartung, Ernst, de Staël—who have carried the weight of the European cultural heritage in painting. The choice of Magritte, he concludes, was made "against Miró" in order to "program a 'today' of European painting seen from a place which is no longer Europe. The Europe with which we are presented is already dreaming, if one may say so, of its planned trip through America."

Pleynet's "anecdotalism" is a significant way of describing the tireless variations on the artifacts of modernist styles which constitute the great bulk of contemporary painting and sculpture, particularly the work prominent in the past ten or fifteen years. The term has the additional virtue of evoking the garrulousness of old age recollecting events of its livelier days—the condition now reached by advanced art after sixty years of revolt. Most of the items in "European Painters Today," as in almost any other contemporary group show, amount to nothing more than recent episodes in the history of ideas long accepted in twentieth-century art. The same kind of directionless fabrication is evident in new art throughout the globe; it is undoubtedly an effect of the deluge of reproductions of works, new and old, unaccompanied by the thought that went into the creation of their originals. But Pleynet is not content to charge anecdotalism to modern conditions and modern culture. In his attempt to formulate a "European aesthetic" qualitatively and intellectually different from that which governs art everywhere, he has found it necessary to palm off the universal superficiality of anecdotalism on American art (which is certainly not immune to it). Through reasoning he himself recognizes as "labyrinthine," he has found a way to hit America at a point within reach; that is, by an attack on European painters. His attribution of the weakness of "European Painters Today" to American, or at least non-European, qualities, while he complains that the majority of European painters suffer from the same weakness, is in effect a resurrection in aesthetic terms of the old idea of the European syn-


Irish Mist® Liqueur. There's something in it Irish.
A taste of the faraway. Irish Mist. Ireland's legendary Liqueur.
Straight. On the Rocks. Irish Mist Coffee.
Irish Mist
Liqueur
80 PROOF, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN. SOLE IMPORTER, U. S. A.

Enjoy New York at
a Prestige Hotel Address
at Moderate Rates...
overlooking Central Park!

The Barbizon-Plaza
AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.

... renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. The Barbizon-Plaza's fine personalized service, superb French Cuisine and 24 hour operator-attended elevators have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

RESERVATIONS
AT GUARANTEED RATES
Choice Singles ....$15.50 to $22.50
Choice Doubles....$21.50 to $28.00
Tower Studio Suites $30.00 to $35.00

Free Indoor Garage with:
Singles from $19.00.
Doubles from $26.00.

WRITE FOR
FREE COLOR BROCHURE "N"
TELEPHONE: (212) CI-7-7000 • TELETYPE: 212-640-4099

CYBIS
At fine stores. Collector's catalogue $1.
Cybis Porcelains, NG, Trenton, N. J.

©Cybis Inc.

See "A History of American Art Porcelain", M. H. De Young Memorial Museum, San Francisco, Cal., March 5-25.

thesis and its corruption by transatlantic Coca-Cola culture. What Pleynet overlooks is that it was the Europeans who introduced anti-art as a disintegrator of European traditions, and that the predicament of European art today is that not even the negation of European art values is any longer exclusively European. If younger American vanguardists, in their freshman enthusiasms, are inclined to forget that art as they know it originated in Europe and is not an invention of Rauschenberg, Judd, M.I.T., or even Jackson Pollock, and that therefore some kind of continuity with European thought is postulated as a condition for the survival of art, the European avant-garde has not ceased its striving to shed inherited values in all forms, including Pleynet's pictorial space circa Cézanne-Mondrian. "This year," boasted Otto Hahn, Paris critic, commenting on the French entries in last summer's Venice Biennale, "the French pavilion has eliminated everything, near or far, that could remind one of the School of Paris. . . . The modern era *has erupted in the French pavilion.*"

Pleynet's "Europeanity" disregards European fact. It is nothing more than the familiar rewriting of art history according to the ideology of formalist aesthetics. Ironically, this approach today carries more authority in the United States *than it does in Europe*. Because of the semi-defection of the organizers of "European Painters Today" (through including Surrealists and Expressionists), Pleynet may have felt the need to shore up the crumbling simplistic dogma that painting is synonymous with handling of pictorial space. Granted that painting today consists in the main of episodic creations projected by principles no longer thought about, "spatial" painting is as anecdotal as any other kind in being derived from Constructivist and De Stijl artifacts detached from the social philosophies of those movements. (It is significant that Pleynet dates the beginning of American modernism from the arrival in New York of Mondrian, *who had almost no influence in the forties and fifties*, instead of Breton, Ernst, Duchamp, Matta, Léger, Masson, whose outlooks affected the mainstream of postwar American art.)

Whatever one thinks of the inclusions and omissions in "European Painters Today," the organizers of the exhibition deserve credit for resisting the temptation to impose a factitious unity or a single direction on current European art. Acceptance of any degree of confusion is preferable to ef-

Now! one of the 7
Wonderful Inns
of the World
is twice as
Wonderful!

We've built a beautiful new addition and changed our name to Cherry Hill Inn & Lodge. All to make your vacation or visit twice as much fun!
NOW! 500 luxury guest rooms
NOW! Twice the fine dining & Cocktail lounging
NOW! Two swimming pools indoor/out — plus golf and other sports

RESERVATIONS & INFORMATION:
PHONE 609-662-7200
DIRECT N.Y. NO. 212-226-2969

Cherry Hill Inn and Lodge

Now! Two of the 7
Wonderful Inns of the World
15 minutes from downtown Philadelphia
4 miles from N.J. Turnpike Exit 4
Route 38, Cherry Hill, N.J.

STERLING
Silver Thimble, topped by a colorful stone is fit for your princess! Now she can sew a dainty seam without pricking a finger. In presentation box.
$6.95 post/paid from:
584 Washington St., San Francisco, 94111
haverhill's

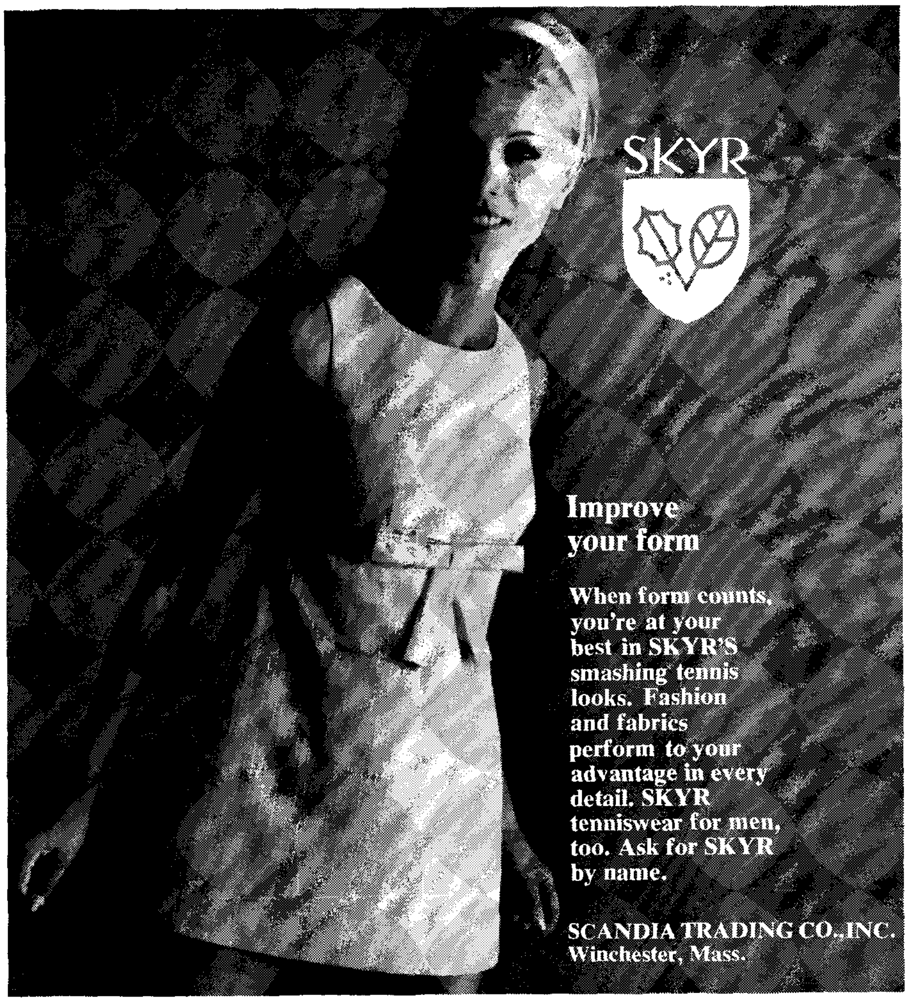
OLD·DROVERS·INN
DOVER·PLAINS·N.Y.
LUXURY COUNTRY DINING
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: (914) Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED TUES. & WED.

RICHARD MEI'S
KING DRAGON
"The House of Quality Food for the Epicurean"
Open Daily for LUNCHEON, COCKTAILS, DINNER and SUPPER
1273 3rd AVE. (at 73rd St.) • YU 8-3433—8-3496

forts, such as Pleynet's, to translate the imaginative variety of art into a single *problem*. ("The problem of ground/form-surface/volume," writes Pleynet, "is the key to every critical approach to contemporary painting.") The notion of an opposition between Magritte and Miró is an absurdity—a polemicist's fantasy of lining up art on right and wrong sides of an argument. Magritte and Miró have more in common than can be revealed by an analysis of their handling of formal elements. One can prefer Miró to Magritte (and wonder why he was not included in "European Painters Today") and still appreciate the aesthetic validity of Magritte's bull's-eye coördination of surprising metaphors (the segmented Venus) into an affective image.

There may be occasional discernible differences between European and American art today, but there is no definable difference, particularly since art on this side of the Atlantic has turned its ambitions toward the global museum. The same ingredients are being blended everywhere, though in dissimilar quantities; the Europeans, for example, seem less interested in semi-Pop spectacles and more dedicated to complex engineering and electronics projects. The inattention to the philosophies behind modern styles, European and extra-European, the dissipation of yesterday's vanguard ideas into aesthetic episodes, have provided the basis for the rapid growth and consolidation of an international vanguard academy, placeless and timeless, and inspired by the fiction of continuing revolt and novelty. Art is situated today in a mid-region of professionals, to whom "Europe" is simply a theme around which to build still another exhibition. Using alertness to prevailing tastes as a substitute, the vanguard academy can dispense with an aesthetic or shift easily from one aesthetic to another. "They are lost," says M. Mathey of his *gens de musée*, "if they follow museological criteria, which are cultural criteria and consequently false." The twelve-eyed connoisseur who "personally" chose "European Painters Today" was secure in the knowledge that any choice he made could be justified, if on no other ground than that it defied all intellectual frames of reference. To say that an academy exists may thus be another way of saying that the modes of Western art have stabilized themselves beyond the need for theoretical identification. Having attained this stage, works in these modes may confidently be sponsored by government and business.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG



Improve your form

When form counts, you're at your best in SKYR'S smashing tennis looks. Fashion and fabrics perform to your advantage in every detail. SKYR tenniswear for men, too. Ask for SKYR by name.

SCANDIA TRADING CO., INC.
Winchester, Mass.

We take pleasure in announcing
that in a sotto voce exchange
among several extravagantly—mustachioed
creative types concerning stock options
taking place between
Reels Five and Six
at a special screening
of the 100 Outstanding Television Commercials
of 1968
at the Grand Ballroom
of the Hotel Roosevelt
on February 4
the name Hentz came up.

H. HENTZ & CO.

72 WALL STREET · FOUNDED 1856 · MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

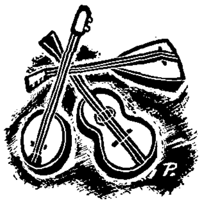
VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

The great safari plays peek-a-boo and turns into the dreamiest sort of sleep-shirt. In polyester-and-cotton voile with four strategically placed pockets and tiny bikini panties. Navy, yellow or lilac with contrasting stitching, for petite, small and medium sizes, $12. From our Young Elite® Sleepwear Collections. Mail and phone orders.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Visitors' Night

LAST Wednesday night, the Moscow State Symphony turned up in Carnegie Hall for the start of a series of concerts. I attended its opening program as well as the one on Friday evening. On this trip, the orchestra is under the baton of Evgeni Svetlanov, a thoroughly competent but somewhat bandmasterish and theatrical conductor who, on Wednesday night, put it through an exhibition of discipline that suggested his men were playing in fear of banishment to the Ob Valley. This orchestra has never been the most refined of the Russian ensembles, being outshone in that respect by the Leningrad Philharmonic, but it is a large, energetic group, with some virtues—notably its responsiveness and the dark sound of its woodwinds and brasses. Its strings are pretty scratchy in comparison with those of our major orchestras, and this, plus some out-of-tune playing by its woodwinds (owing possibly to the cold weather), was exhibited in the program's opening number, the overture to Glinka's opera "Russlan and Ludmilla," which was done at top speed as a virtuoso tour de force. Then it was announced that Mstislav Rostropovich, the cello soloist of the evening, would not play Shostakovich's Second Cello Concerto, as announced in the program, but would substitute the Dvořák Cello Concerto in B Minor, since the orchestra had not had sufficient time to rehearse the Shostakovich work in its new surroundings. At this moment of history, it seemed to me, and doubtless to others, a bit ironic that the orchestra and soloist had to fall back on a composition by that fervent Czech nationalist Antonín Dvořák. As a matter of fact, the hall was surrounded by pickets protesting the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia and inviting the audience to stay away. In any case, the Russian orchestra took over Dvořák without apparent embarrassment, and Mr. Rostropovich played the solo part with the enormous display of virtuosity for which he is famous. Nobody else today can literally attack a cello and wring from its bowels such a tremendous amount of tone or such a variety of sound. There were, however, places where I thought that Mr. Rostropovich was becoming addicted to mannerisms, and where the sheer impetuosity of his playing resulted in crudity of tone. Maybe he was not feeling particularly comfortable that evening—he had pointedly refused to tune up in response to a proffered A from the oboe. After the intermission, Mr. Svetlanov and his orchestra performed Tchaikovsky's "Pathétique" Symphony in a highly idiomatic manner, which I suppose reflects the traditions of Moscow, where Tchaikovsky wrote it. Tempos of the slower movements were very slow, there were great pauses before declamatory themes, and faster movements were taken at a military clip. Toward the end of the march in the third movement, Mr. Svetlanov stopped conducting altogether and led his orchestra simply with the steely, hypnotic glare of his eyes—a bit of dramatic hokum that doubtless impressed some in his audience.



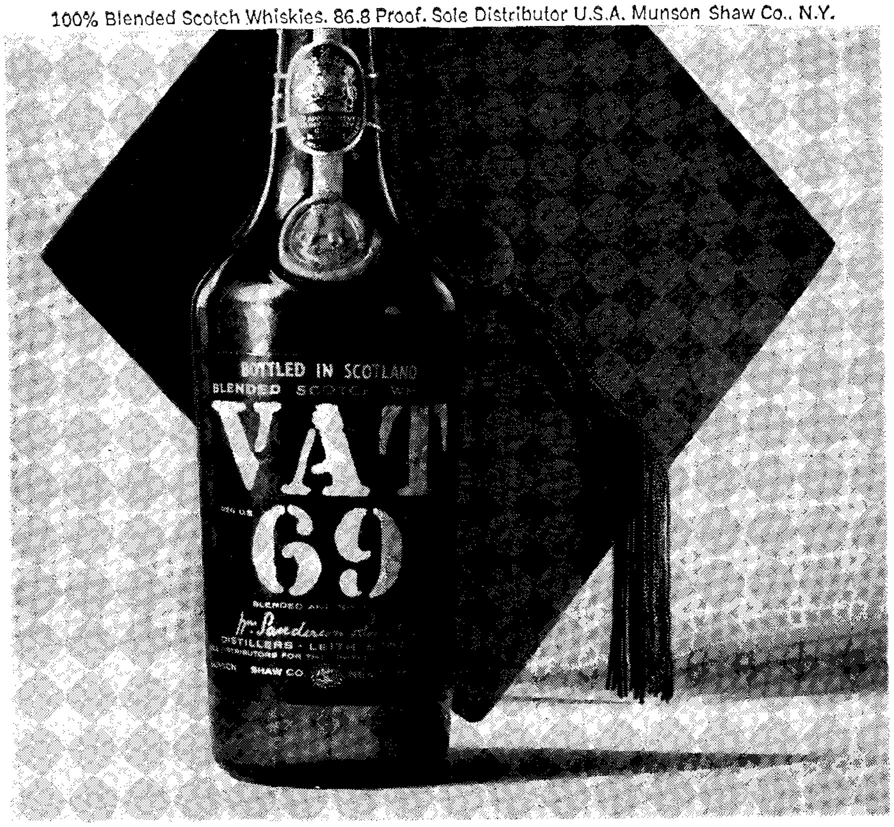
Friday night's program was less tense and a bit more satisfactory. The soloist was Viktor Tretyakov, a violinist of impeccable technique and intonation, who played the solo part of Tchaikovsky's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra with extraordinary refinement and brilliance. Mr. Tretyakov is only twenty-two, and he has taste and musicianship far beyond his years. This program ended with Shostakovich's Tenth Symphony—certainly a highly respectable work in a form that has now become almost extinct. There was a time when I admired this bleak composition. Perhaps I was not in the mood the other night. I thought it terribly long for its inspirational content, and more than a little dull.

IT was a relief from the Russians when Seiji Ozawa took over the New York Philharmonic on Thursday night in Philharmonic Hall to perform the Berlioz Requiem. The tenor soloist was Leopold Simoneau, and he sang his high phrases like an angel. The large chorus was the Collegiate Chorale, and it, too, performed in an exemplary fashion. And there were, of course, the usual trumpets and trombones distributed about the balcony to help put the fear of God into the listener. I have always been somewhat ambivalent in my attitude toward Berlioz, but the Requiem is, to me, a Berlioz work of exceptional quality—a true masterpiece, and an assemblage of totally magnificent musical ideas. The lyric ending of the "Rex Tremendae" and the whole of the ensuing

"Quaerens Me" reach heights of inspiration that are as lofty as anything in music; the "Lacrymosa" and the beginning of the "Offertorium" contain original conceptions of orchestration that sometimes remind one of Gustav Mahler, who lived and composed half a century later. The "Offertorium," in fact, constitutes a little drama in itself, with its start in a weird, Mahleresque atmosphere and its ending in a world of sublime purity. It is, of course, in the "Sanctus" that the wonderful, otherworldly tenor solos take place, and the "Agnus Dei" brings the whole thing to an impressive ending. Part of my pleasure in this work the other night was unquestionably due to the extremely musical and sensitive reading by Mr. Ozawa. It was, to be sure, not perfect in all respects. The trumpets and trombones in the balconies did not always mesh exactly with the main forces. But this is a small matter. The Requiem can be performed loudly and coarsely for the sake of theatrical effect, and that has been done more often than not. Mr. Ozawa eliminated any tendency in this direction. His remarkable sensitivity to the color and value of tone in different strands of the orchestration made this one of the clearest and subtlest interpretations of the work I have heard in recent years.

LAST Monday night, I went to the Metropolitan Opera to hear and see the current production of "Die Meistersinger" again. My immediate objective was to assess the interpretation of the role of Hans Sachs by a comparatively new singer, much admired abroad, named Theo Adam. Mr. Adam turned out to be a very fine actor, well acquainted with all the nuances of his role, and he is certainly a musicianly singer. From the purely vocal point of view, however, I found him disappointing. He is a baritone rather than a bass. The volume of voice that one finds in the Sachs of Giorgio Tozzi, for example, was not there, and some of the dominating presence that Sachs should have was therefore lacking. The rest of the cast, all familiar, included the fine Pogner of Ernst Wiemann, the utterly enchanting and beautifully sung Eva of Pilar Lorengar, and the unusually good David of Loren Driscoll. Sándor Kónya can hardly be described as an actor, and his Walther was a bit stiff, though he sang well. The Beckmesser was Karl Dönch. There seem to be two ways of doing Beckmesser. One is as a self-assured and pompous clown

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Sole Distributor U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.



The class of '69—or any other year.

THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY

haverhill's

name-dropper stamp-pen from Italy is the cleverest and most useful pen we've ever seen. First, it's a splendid **4-COLOR BALLPOINT.** A flick of your thumb selects the right color for any job. Most important, the cap contains a complete **STAMP (AND STAMP PAD) WITH YOUR NAME AND FULL ADDRESS** (including Zip!) Now you can "drop your name" instantly on checks, receipts, books, envelopes, or anything you wish to identify—easily and quickly. Choose the Standard Goldplated Model, shown here (fit for a tycoon) or simple Chrome Model. Either comes with **STAMP INK, EXTRA STAMP PAD** and an **EXTRA SET OF 4-COLOR BALLPOINT REFILLS.**

HAVERHILL'S, 584 Washington, San Francisco 94111
☐ **GOLDPLATED MODEL $9.95** ☐ **CHROME $6.95**
I enc. check for this amount (plus $1 post. & ins.) Calif. res. add 5% tax. Even though personalized, I may return for refund in 10 days if not delighted. Guaranteed one year,

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

ZIP ______

Note: Fill in above lines as they will appear on stamp.

tireless name-dropper stamp-pen NY0222

(this was the way Gerhard Pechner used to do him); the other is as a timid, vacillating, insecure, alternately aggressive and self-disparaging creature. Mr. Dönch chooses the latter way, and it is a perfectly good one—a little more human than the other, perhaps, though it leaves one with the question of how such a creature would have the gall to stand up in the last act and sing his ridiculous song with assurance. Done Mr. Dönch's way, this last-act appearance must seem a desperate piece of aggressive exhibitionism, and so it did.

I have been encountering this production of "Die Meistersinger" for some time now, and I should like to say something about its general quality. I will let pass the Disneyesque capers of the ballet dancers in the last act. What interests me is the second act, which is the heart of the work and one of the greatest second acts that that master composer of second acts, Richard Wagner, ever created. The set, by Robert O'Hearn, is conventional and good enough. But somehow the poetry of the scene gets lost. I think that the lighting, among other things, is responsible. Nuremberg is supposed to be passing through a moonlit summer night, and the events of the act should take place in the sort of "Midsummer Night's Dream" atmosphere that I have often seen in European productions and in old ones at the Met. Here everything is too light, and the bluish glint of moonlight is absent. It is unlikely that Eva and Walther would embrace each other publicly in the street in such comparative daylight; it is also unlikely that Beckmesser would not discover them seated practically alongside him on a bench. But the main flaw I found the other night was the action given to the Night Watchman—one of Wagner's most poetic minor characters. He should pass in the background like a shadow, enclosing with his two appearances the most haunting part of the act. The present staging has him walking down front, addressing the audience and then poking at things with his halberd. What mood there is, accordingly, evaporates.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

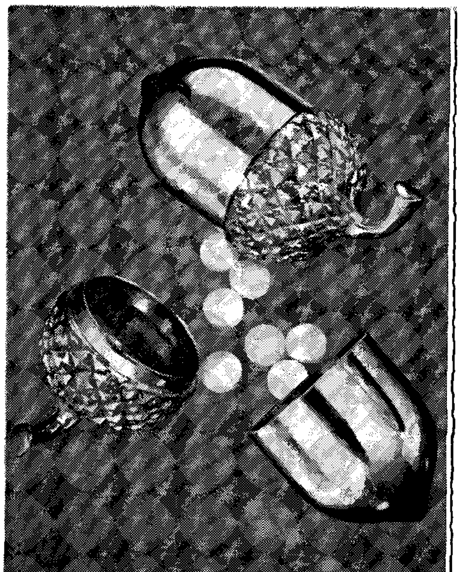
RECORDS: ROCK, ETC.

Roots

RIGHT now, the most important phenomenon in popular music is the white-blues band. Technically, the dominant influences are English: Jimi Hendrix, whose wall of noise is the only really original feature of the new blues (predictably, it comes from a black American, however Mod-ified), and Eric Clapton, the white-blues musician most responsible for popularizing B. B. King's guitar techniques. But the spirit that characterizes the current blues scene began in San Francisco, with the emphasis on live performance, looseness and improvisation, and an anti-Pop, anti-commercial ethic. Blues was always integral to the psychedelic sound; less tainted by the Great Society than rock and roll, it fitted Haight-Ashbury's social radicalism. If blues is now the favored form of the hip community everywhere, it is mostly because increasing political desperation is undermining the essentially optimistic Pop outlook. For analogous reasons, fans have adopted the pro-avant-garde bias of the fifties jazz audience.

The same forces that led to the white-blues boom have created a small countertrend: the country-music revival. Behind the fascination with Nashville is the need to preserve music as a diversion—a *respite* from high art and political headaches. "Close your eyes, close the door/ You don't have to worry anymore/ I'll be your baby tonight," sings Bob Dylan on "John Wesley Harding," the seminal record of the country movement. Of course, since people are pretty schizophrenic these days, the categories tend to blur; most of the songs on "J.W.H." have political overtones. But in general white blues represents an attempt to figure out where we're going, country an appreciation of where we've been. Country music affirms our Americanness and, coincidentally, our whiteness. Its rediscovery in many ways parallels the rediscovery of fifties rock by folkies and intellectuals; it was in such a spirit that Joan Baez sang the great shlock ballad "The Green, Green Grass of Home" at the Newport Folk Festival. Country enthusiasts are not unaware of the element of puritanical provincialism in the music. Rather, they react to it with ironic affection; that is, in a Pop way. Similarly, sentimental pastoralism is indulged consciously—an approach that takes the curse off. Unlike blues devotees, the country audience is not anti-commercial. Blues fans' attitudes toward soul music range from hostile to ambivalent: it's black but it's slick; Aretha Franklin is great, but she does those Coke commercials. Country fans dig country-western, which is big business.

Basically, then, the country revival is a holding action, a refuge for the disintegrating Pop sensibility. (The re-



Stow away your
pills in our acorn
pillbox. Of Tiffany
Sterling with Vermeil
cap. Twelve dollars.
Add fifty cents for shipping.

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK 10022 • PL 9-9110
San Francisco · Beverly Hills · Houston · Chicago
Add sales tax where required

great hotels are rare.

O rare Knickerbocker!

CHICAGO'S ELEGANT
KNICKERBOCKER
a MetroAmerica hotel

Walton Place, east of Michigan Avenue on Chicago's Gold Coast. Only 400 rooms and suites. Renowned Imperial House restaurant. Chicago 60611. WHitehall 3-2000

Knickerbocker

cent spate of articles proclaiming the Death of Rock could hasten the death of rock. If magazine editors get nervous and cancel features on rock stars, if record companies get nervous and stop signing so many new groups—well, that's the American way of death. Still, I'm not taking bets. The future of capitalism looks dubious, too, but I wouldn't advise anyone to cash in his General Motors stock quite yet.) The blues thing, for all its regressive aspects—the lionization of inferior musicians, the snobbery, the familiar spectacle of white kids trying to retrieve a form that young blacks have abandoned, no doubt for good reasons—has an air of possibility; it could lead to something better, to the artistic and social breakthrough of our fantasies. Country music is just a pleasant dead end. And yet, other things being equal, I'd rather listen to country than to white blues. Because of its melodic quality, even mediocre country music is easy to take (in fact, there is a fine, sometimes nonexistent boundary between country-western and easy-listening music); a blues band that isn't good enough to get me really involved just gives me a headache. At least half my favorite albums of the past year or so are country-oriented: "John Wesley Harding," the Byrds' "The Notorious Byrd Brothers" and "Sweetheart of the Rodeo," and "Music from Big Pink."

FOR those who are into country music, an interesting development is the resurgence of the Everly Brothers. Early practitioners of country-based rock and a major influence on the Beatles, Don and Phil Everly are the perfect emblem of a country revival whose purpose is to salvage Pop. They embody nostalgia on two levels. Not only do adults who were teen-agers when they were first popular—and also younger people vicariously experiencing the fifties—love them for belonging to the Pop age of innocence but the brothers themselves are nostalgic about their Kentucky boyhood and the songs their parents taught them. (Back in the early fifties, the family had a morning radio program that featured country and gospel music.) The latter component is indispensable. Without it the Everlys might seem outdated; by participating in a fad—the musical quest for America's rural past—they become contemporary.

Recently, the Everly Brothers spent a highly successful week at the Bitter End. They came here from a Las Vegas engagement and did more or less

Two weeks at home. $499.

Home to us is Rome to you. It's also Milan, Venice, Naples and 9 other Italian cities. Send this coupon and let us tell you more.

☐ Italy (Group), 2 weeks, $499.

Other Extra-Value-Vacation Tours. ☐ Portugal & Madeira, 2 weeks, from $315. ☐ Portugal & Spain, 2 weeks, from $429. ☐ Portugal, Spain & Morocco, 3 weeks, from $579. ☐ Italy (Independent), 2 weeks from $587. ☐ Italy & Switzerland, 3 weeks, $599. ☐ Italy & Greece, 2 weeks, $699. ☐ European Shrines, 2 weeks, $599. ☐ Europe on the Town, 3 weeks, from $799. ☐ Holy Land, 2 weeks, from $774.

Super-Value-Vacations for Bargain-Hunters. ☐ London and Britain, 2 or 3 weeks, from $300. ☐ Portugal & Spain, 2 or 3 weeks, from $300. ☐ Sun and Fun — Italy, Portugal & Spain, 2 or 3 weeks, from $339. ☐ Italy, 2 or 3 weeks, from $360.

Other Alitalia Tours. ☐ Seascapes ☐ Africa ☐ Israel ☐ Student Tours

For free brochure on Alitalia tours, see your travel agent or mail coupon to Alitalia Tours, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019.

Name____________________

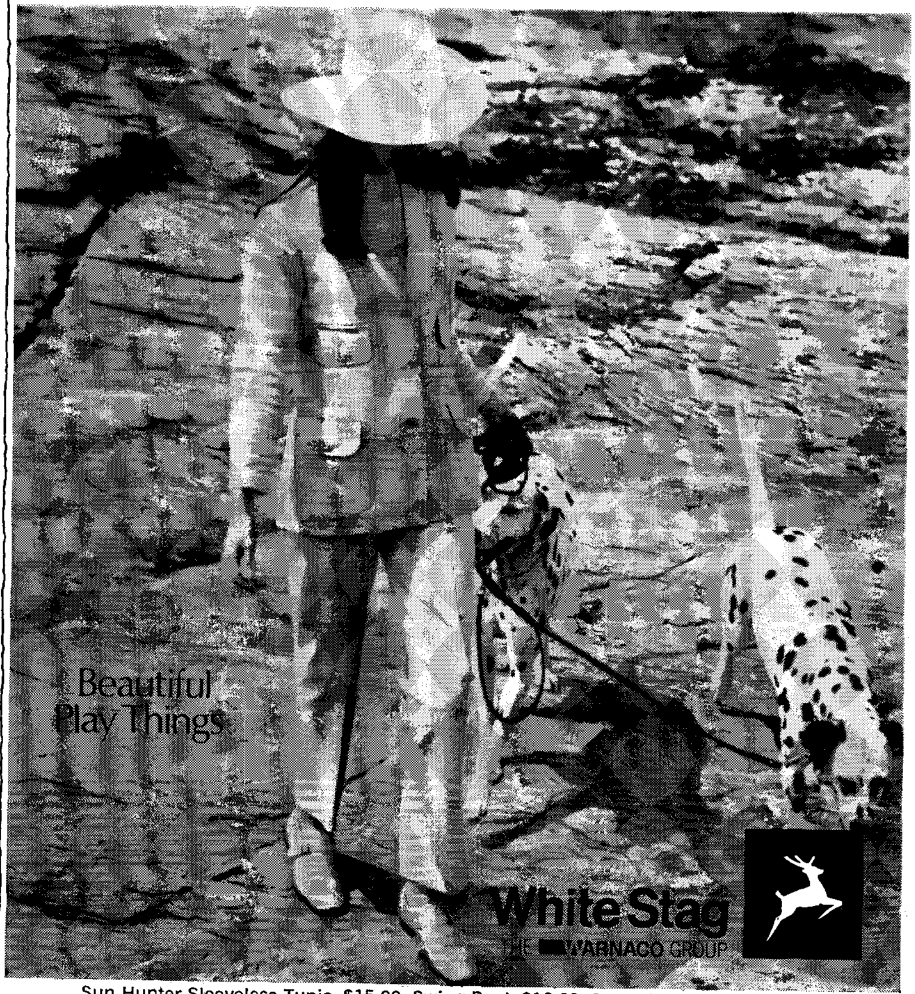
Address____________________

City__________ State__________ Zip__________

ALITALIA AIRLINES

NY-IT-2-22

Prices based on 21/14 day round-trip jet economy tour basing fares from New York for groups of 15 or more. Bookings and a 25% deposit must be made 30 days in advance.



Sun Hunter Sleeveless Tunic, $15.00; Swing Pant, $12.00; Sunstripe Turtle Top, $7.00

The Proper Bostonian is the Sheraton-Boston.

1,000 air-conditioned rooms right in the middle of the "new" Boston. It's a new hotel with some old-fashioned ideas about comfort and service. Eight fine restaurants and lounges. The proper Bostonian hotel for any group meeting, too.

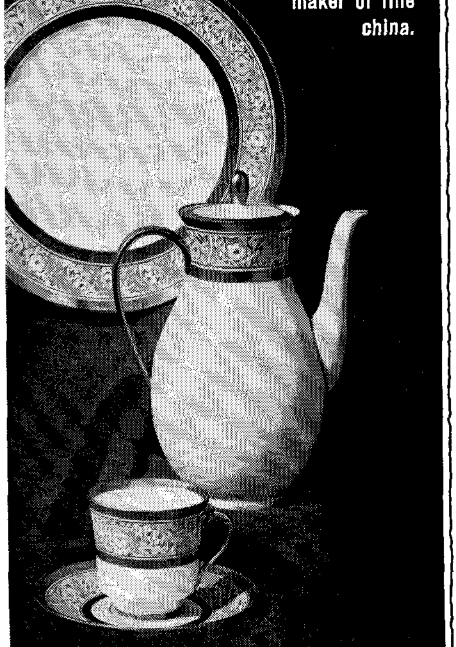
The Sheraton-Boston Hotel Ⓢ Prudential Center

SHERATON HOTELS AND MOTOR INNS A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

Fuerstenberg

. . . since 1747

West Germany's oldest and most respected maker of fine china.



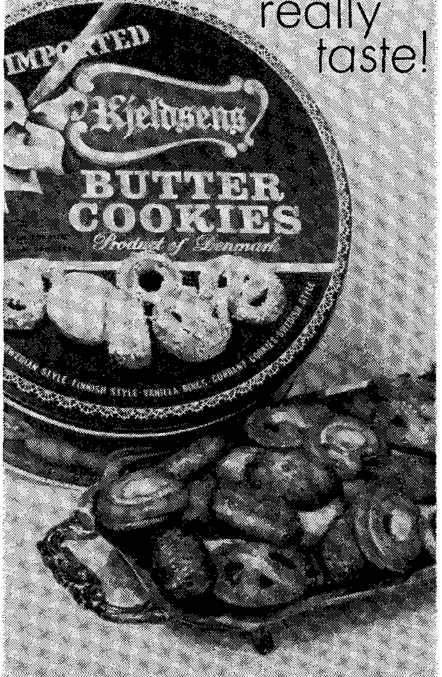
EMPEROR—5 pc. place setting, about $48.
Send for FREE color Fuerstenberg brochure to:
EBELING & REUSS CO.
Dept. F, 23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa. 19103

the same act, with all the silly show-business patter. They wore black suits with velvet collars. Their hair was a lot longer than it used to be, but they had the same sweet smiles and the same sweetly harmonizing voices. They sang their old hits, took requests, got us to sing along with "Bye Bye, Love." They announced that they weren't going to plug their album "Roots," then proceeded to plug it and to sing a song from the album—Merle Haggard's "Mama Tried." Later, they did five minutes of the coda from "Hey, Jude." "Saint Jude is the patron saint of the second chance and of the impossible," Don informed us. The last encore was "Kentucky." All through the set, we sat delighted, digging the naïveté, the show biz, the memories, the *Americana*.

In contrast, "Roots" (Warner Brothers WS 1752) is the sophisticated product of conscious Pop thinking and packaging. The basic idea came from a Warner Brothers executive, Andy Wickham, who is an Englishman turned Angeleno—one of the thousands of upper-class British kids who embraced American vulgarity and American music and became Mod London. Like "Sweetheart of the Rodeo," "Roots" attempts to survey, with both involvement and distance, tendencies in country music. The Byrds' involvement is manifested in the loving care of their arrangements, and their distance in the gulf between their bohemianism and songs like "The Christian Life." The Everly Brothers are connected to the music by family tradition, but they have come a long way from Kentucky—Dad Everly could never perform in Las Vegas. The album, whose jacket art includes a dozen snapshots of Don and Phil as children, begins and ends with tapes of the "Everly Family" radio show. In between, the brothers cover a lot of ground, including two Merle Haggard prison songs (the rule in country music seems to be that a rebel has to come to a bad end); "Ventura Boulevard," a spare, beautiful evocation of childhood in a small town; "Illinois," a countrified rendition of a song by a very urban composer, Randy Newman; "I Wonder If I Care As Much," their own song and a good example of their fifties style, though this version is much more intricately arranged than the earlier incarnation, on the flip side of "Bye Bye, Love;" and "Less of Me," a moral-uplift song that provides the same kind of reference point as "The Christian Life" on the Byrds album.

—ELLEN WILLIS

Danish "good taste" that you can really taste!



KJELDSENS
IMPORTED DANISH
BUTTER COOKIES

Importer: RINGERS' DUTCHOCS,
90 West Broadway, New York, N. Y. 10007

Mid-Manhattan at its Luxurious Best

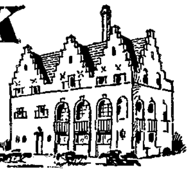
Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its *quiet elegance;* adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave. • 212 CI 7-7300

The NOW place in NASSAU!
The Blue Vista Club
ON FAMED CABLE BEACH, NASSAU, BAHAMAS
See any Travel Agent or call our representative
ROBERT REID ASSOC.,INC.,NEW YORK 757-2444

KNIFE & FORK INN . . .

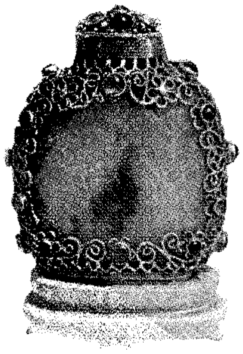
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

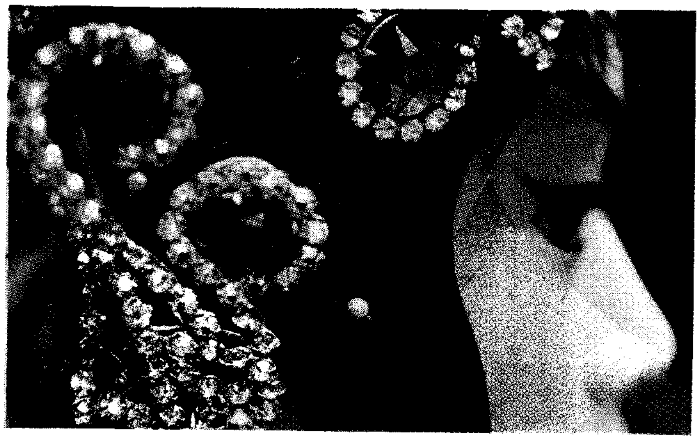


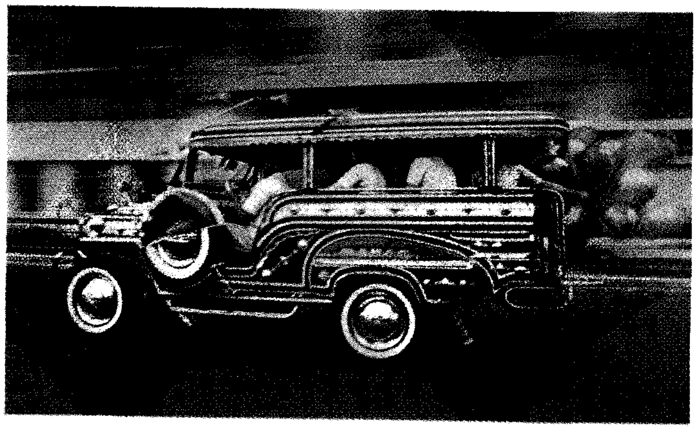
Europe was everything you imagined.
The Orient is everything you cannot.

Singapore can't be confused with Hong Kong. Bali and Bangkok are worlds apart. You won't bump into Fred and Ethel in Zamboanga or Cebu.

Philippine Air Lines' California-Orient Express can take you to more of the Orient than anyone else. And bring you back with more of it, too.







200 STOCKTON ST. at UNION SQUARE **SAN FRANCISCO**

NAME	ZIP 94108

ADDRESS

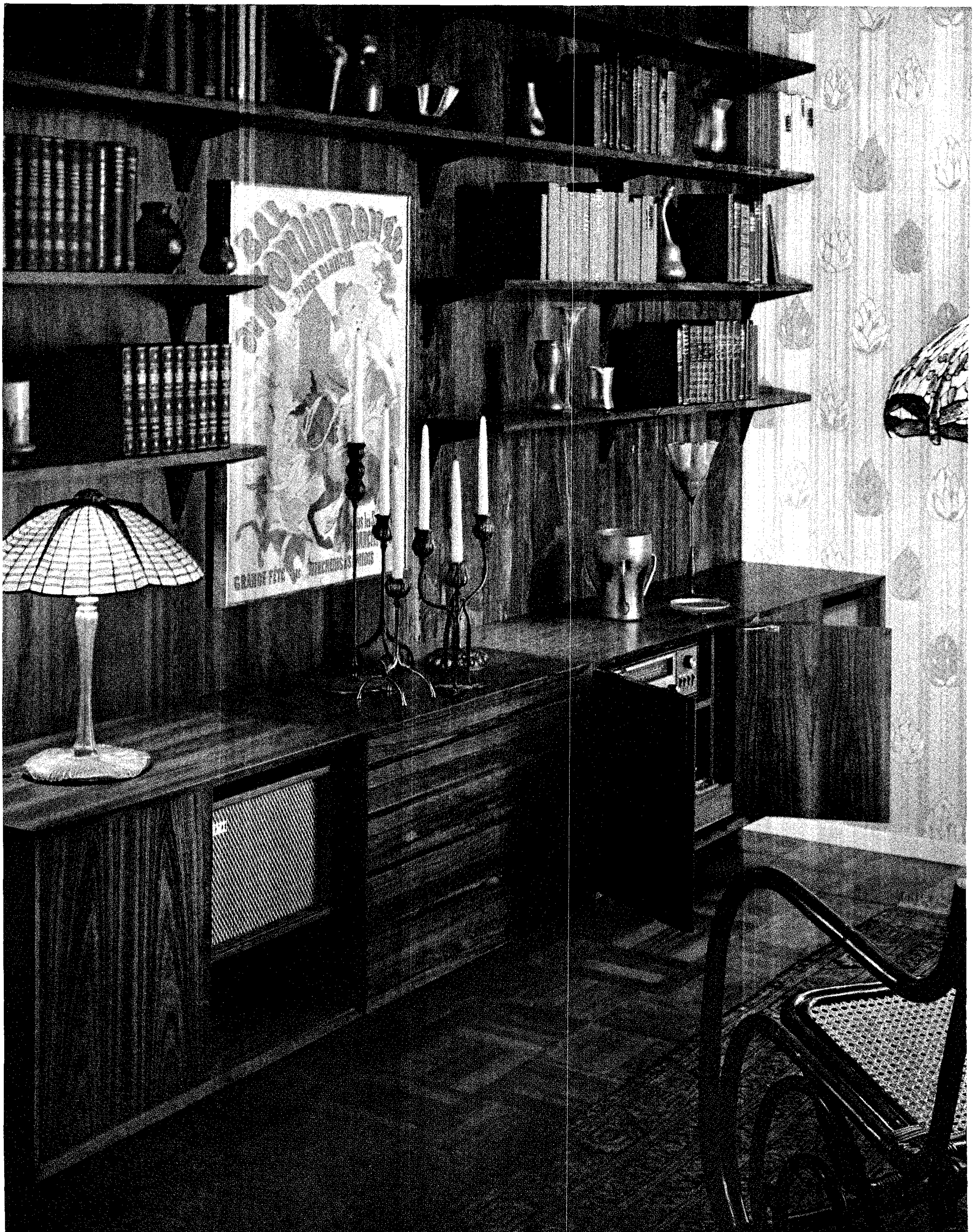
CITY STATE ZIP

TRAVEL AGENT

☐ Here's $1 (cash or money order) for your wonderful 64-page booklet about the Orient.

PHILIPPINE AIR LINES

NY 2-69



System Cado by Royal System was designed to furnish your wall instead of cluttering your room. In hand-rubbed rosewood (as shown), walnut, teak, or light oak. Installed for you. At better furniture and department stores.

Design: Poul Cadovius

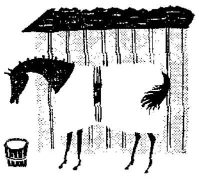
ROYAL SYSTEM

Send 10¢ for colorful illustrated brochure to Box C, 57-08 39th Avenue, Woodside, N.Y. 11377, or 13650 Saticoy Street, Van Nuys, Calif./In Canada: R. S. Associates, Ltd.

THE RACE TRACK

Happy Returns

IT'S always a pleasure to report a happy ending on the racecourse, and especially so when it comes to pass for somebody like Dark Mirage, this department's favorite filly, who won the Santa Maria Handicap at Santa Anita last week. I'd say it was the best race she has ever run. Starting for the first time since an injury to a foot last August cut short her activities, she stumbled after leaving the starting gate, and when she got into her stride again was blocked by a barrier of horses, almost abreast, in front of her. (Of course, she could have jumped over them, as my old friend Tishy, the equine heroine of an English comic strip, used to do, but Dark Mirage is no jumper.) Presently, from all accounts, a small opening appeared, and Belmonte, who rode her, popped her through it. She was still fourth in the stretch, but, with a burst of speed that must have been as thrilling as Sir Ivor's in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel last autumn, she was up in the last few strides to win by a neck from Desert Law, to whom she gave eleven pounds, and by a shade more from Sinking Spring, to whom she gave fourteen. That wasn't all. As soon as they weighed in, Pierce, who rode Princessnesian, and Blum, who rode Guest Room, lodged objections, charging that Dark Mirage had bumped them as she came through the pack. The claim was disallowed. As you know, the Santa Maria, at a mile and a sixteenth, is the big prep for the Santa Margarita, at a mile and a furlong, on March 1st, to which twelve of the leading fillies and mares are invited to run for a purse of $100,000. No doubt Dark Mirage and Gamely, who won it last year, will head the list. I'm stringing along with the little dark lady. She has that priceless something that turns the average horse into a champion.



SHOEMAKER, the idol of California horseplayers, came back to Santa Anita last week, and celebrated his return with three winners the first afternoon he was in the saddle. A little more than a year ago—on January 23rd, to be exact—Shoemaker and his mount, Bel Bush, went down in a jam and he came out of it with a fractured femur. The break took longer to heal than had been expected. Indeed, at one time his aficionados feared he might never ride again. Now he has ridden, and they say he's as good as new. Incidentally, he was on Desert Law, who was second to Dark Mirage, in the Santa Maria.

DIANE CRUMP rode twice at Hialeah last week. On Tuesday, she finished fifth on the same horse she finished tenth on in her first try as a jockey—and in the same sort of company. Seems that she moved her mount up in the betting, too; the first time he was 48–1, and the second he was 25–1. She also impressed the stewards of the meeting so favorably that they said she could have an apprentice jockey license if she asked for it. She did, next day. Now she's eligible to ride at any track in the country—another first for her sex. In the race last Saturday—a cheap claimer at a mile and a furlong—she was fourth. Going up!

Other races at Hialeah worth remembering were Too Bald's in the Columbiana Handicap earlier in the week (she led the whole mile and a sixteenth on the turf for her third victory at the meeting), and Fort Marcy's in the Bougainvillea, also on the grass, last Saturday. The setting for the Bougainvillea was far from what you'd expect in Miami, for rain and a high wind were whipping across the sodden footing. Fort Marcy, who gave weight to everything, was much the best, wearing down Blanquette II, the pacemaker, and winning by a head from Taneb, the French horse he had beaten a week before.

The main event of the weekend at Santa Anita was the San Luis Obispo Handicap, at a mile and a half over El Camino Real, the attractive turf course. Quicken Tree won comfortably.

ONE more note about the fillies: Wendell P. Rosso, who gave $405,000 for one by Sea Bird out of Libra at Keeneland last summer, has named her Reine Enchanteur. I wonder what the track announcers will do with that one. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Everyone in Munroe Falls agrees the monthly legislative loggerhead has brewed a quagmire of anger, hard feelings and inaction.—*Akron Beacon Journal.*

And *that's* a brew!

Luxury is...

A CRUISE ON THE ELEGANT
AMERIKANIS
"The American Lady"

Perhaps your idea of luxury is to bask in the sun, splash in a pool, dine on splendid gourmet foods and choice wines, be entertained in a beautiful night club and a modern cinema, dance all night in a swinging discotheque, and let yourself be pampered by courteous stewards in surroundings of sumptuous elegance.

That's Chandris Lines' idea of luxury, too. It's the reason we designed the rhms AMERIKANIS exactly as we did. There's no more exciting way to visit the enchanting, sun-bathed islands of the Bahamas and the Caribbean than on board the AMERIKANIS, offering a wide choice of luxury cruises from New York.

LUXURY CRUISES FROM NEW YORK

Feb. 24: 11 Days to San Juan, St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Maarten	from **$325**
March 7: 12 Days to San Juan, St. Thomas, St. Maarten, Guadeloupe	from **$365**
April 18: 3 Days to "Nowhere"	from **$85**
April 21: 11 Days to San Juan, St. Thomas, St. Maarten, Bermuda	from **$325**
May 2: 3 Days to "Nowhere"	from **$95**
May 5: 11 Days to San Juan, St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Maarten	from **$325**
June 16: 11 Days to San Juan, St. Thomas, St. Maarten, Bermuda	from **$325**
June 27: 3 Days to "Nowhere"	from **$95**
June 30: 12 Days to St. Croix, Guadeloupe, St. Maarten, St. Thomas, San Juan	from **$425**
July 12: 13 Days to St. Thomas, St. Maarten, Antigua, Martinique, San Juan, St. Croix	from **$455**

And other cruises throughout the year.

SAFETY INFORMATION:

The rhms AMERIKANIS, registered in Greece, meets International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960, and meets the 1966 fire safety requirements.

Consult your travel agent, or

CHANDRIS LINES
17 Battery Place, New York, N.Y. 10004
Tel. (212) 943-2430
BOSTON • CHICAGO • CLEVELAND • DETROIT •
MIAMI • MONTREAL • PHILADELPHIA • TORONTO

Friendliness, flowers and song. That's what Denmark is all about. Happiness is Denmark. With much to see and do. Happiness is Birger Christensen. With a lush and lovely fur to feel happy in.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

It's her bag . . . Enid Collins' priceless design . . . 4 Love And/Or Money. A treasure box from her current Collection of Collinsiana. Yours for $20.00 . . . at all fine stores.

Collins of Texas
320 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Lady from Across the Sea

"ONCE, I loved a woman named Lola," sang the melancholy diamond merchant in Jacques Demy's "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg," played by the very actor who had indeed been the young drifter who loved her and lost her in Demy's first film, "Lola." Now Demy has taken her from the realm of memory and brought her to Los Angeles in his first American film, "Model Shop." Lola is again played by Anouk Aimée, and Demy may think she's the same woman at a later stage of her life, but she has an entirely different character. Lola then was simple and open, an untalented and not too bright cabaret dancer, a vulnerable, sentimental, wholly lovable girl. The movie "Lola" was like an adolescent's dream of romance, formed from old movies; it was life rose-tinted, a lovely, quirky mixture of French-movie worldliness and wisdom and defeat circa 1939 and the innocent cheerfulness of the Gene Kelly-Frank Sinatra M-G-M musicals of the forties—"Anchors Aweigh" and "On the Town"—with their generous, shy sailors, kind to kids and looking for love. The movie gently mocked romantic movie effects, which it employed more romantically than ever. A mother fainted when her long-lost son came home, the cabaret girls wept when Lola and the father of her child were reunited, and there were faint quotation marks around everything. The implausible meetings and partings of old movies became motifs, and corny old devices were transformed into conceits. Lola, in top hat and boa for her night-club act, was herself a quote—an homage to Dietrich's "Lola Lola" of "The Blue Angel," but only to the effervescent and harmless half.

The new Lola of "Model Shop" is elegant and imperious and refined, and Anouk Aimée, dull and ethereal, appears as a mysterious and glamorous lady in white. When Demy used the device of the mysterious stranger in white before (Jeanne Moreau as Jacky in "Bay of the Angels," and Michel, in his white suit and with his big white convertible, in "Lola"), it had an air of deliberate artifice, of toying with a movie cliché; here it's as if Anouk Aimée had become a big guest star requiring special star treatment, and the clichés are just clichés. Lola, who is stranded in L.A., working in a "model shop" (i.e., posing for men who take "dirty" pictures), appears in stunning, simple white, gets into a long white car, and drives to a palatial residence (mysterious, too, since the movie never explains what she is doing there), and it's all just stardust. The quotation marks are gone. Poor little Lola has become a high priestess of wisdom, a *dea ex machina*, dragged in to give George, the hero, the will to go on—the "purpose and direction in life" of hoked-up drama. The new trying-to-appeal-to-youth movies are full of this synthetic "finding yourself."

I think it is not George (Gary Lockwood), a young architect with a yearning to be creative, who needs Lola's help, but Demy. Out of one can only guess what anxieties about his American début, he has borrowed illegitimately from his own past; he has violated the conventions of his own creations. What made "Lola" so enchanting a movie was its exquisite escapism; Demy had created his own fantasy world from the movies. Characters suddenly got rich or were stranded on an island, like a movie hero; Lola's dreams came true—and not just her dreams but her *illusions*. The charm of this world was that it was consciously unrealistic, a poetic world in which illusions were vindicated. Lola, abandoned by her sailor lover, brings up their son in the best sentimental, good-hearted-bad-girl movie tradition, believing all the time that her man will return, and in the structure of this fairy tale, because she sustains her faith in this illusion, he does return, fabulously rich and still in love with her and eager to receive his child, and they drive off into a bright future as the other cabaret girls weep in unison at the soul-satisfying beauty of it all. There are certain happy endings in movies which become in themselves a comment on movies and on how we want from movies what we don't get in life. The most famous of these is the final sequence in F. W. Murnau's "The Last Laugh," in which a sudden bequest transforms Emil Jannings into a millionaire after he has reached the abyss of humiliation as a lavatory attendant; we don't for a minute believe in this ending—it becomes an ironic demonstration of what life isn't, and of how the movies can improve on life. The ending of "Lola"—

SPEED
LIMIT
65

Why would you want a car that's built to cruise at 100 mph?

After all, except for one or two places, the law in this country doesn't permit that kind of speed.

Then why BMW? Here's why. In Germany, there are no speed limits on the Autobahns, and fast driving is a national sport. So at the Bavarian Motor Works, where we've been producing fine automobiles for almost 50 years, we set out to build a car that could cruise those highways at great speed. A car that could cover huge distances in a single day, without the least strain or undue effort.

The result is something quite special. It's a car that gives you performance and strength and stamina that you'll find hard to believe. A car that holds on to the roughest road, even when driven fast, thanks to a fully-independent suspension system that features a unique, multi-jointed rear axle. At the same time, it's a car that gives you comfort and roominess and economical operation.

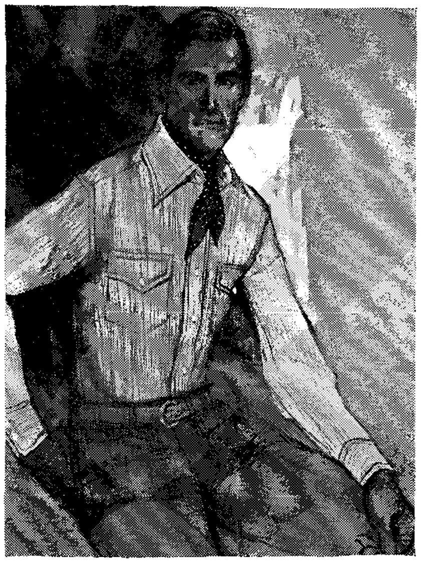
Perhaps most remarkable of all, the BMW gives you this kind of quality at a price under $3,000.

So why a car that's built to cruise at 100 mph? Because to do it, that car has to be one of the best-built anywhere in the world. And that's BMW. See your dealer.

Suggested retail prices start at **$2,597** P.O.E. New York. U.S. Importer: Hoffman Motors Corporation, 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y., 1862 S. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. Dealers coast to coast. Advantageous European Delivery Program. Write for free brochure.

Bavarian Motor Works

B M W



Colorful, Crinkly Cotton Crepe

The casual look takes on shape, texture and color in our trimly tapered shirt of fine crinkly Swiss cotton. High fashion collar, side vents, and the liveliest shades in the spectrum. Gold, red, tangerine, pistachio, brown, navy or natural. S,M,L,XL, $18.

On mail orders, add sales tax and $.75 for delivery outside free delivery area.

FRANK BROTHERS
FENN-FEINSTEIN

9 E. 57th Street, New York
264 York Street, New Haven
633 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago
214 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach

ELEPHANT
IS THE NAME
OF OUR GAME!

the safari chukka

The classic one-strap, custom made of supple, Genuine Black Elephant Leather. Never requires shining. Newest, comfortable, blunted-toe styling. Black cushion crepe heels & soles. Our Elephants are lightweights—only 28 ounces average men's pair! So hard to wear out that your grandchildren may have to give them away!

$45

Add $1.50 Postage.
N.Y. Residents Add Tax

Specify Men's or Women's and Size.
Satisfaction Guaranteed
Visit our SAFARILAND™ showroom or write for free 76-PAGE CATALOG

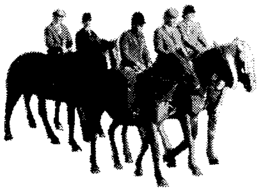
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY
247 E. 50 ST., NEW YORK 10022

which is integral to Demy's whole conception—is another classic consummation; it is all our movie dreams rolled into one and come true, and it has romantic magic. Now Demy is trying to steal some of that magic, but when he takes Lola out of the fairy-tale frame of reference, instead of letting her live happily ever after, he collapses the dream and we are just embarrassed and—aesthetically—disappointed. His explanation in "Model Shop" that Lola's husband went off with Jacky, the compulsive gambling lady of "Bay of the Angels," is so facile and yet so basically silly and misconceived that one begins to wonder about where an artist can go from the stylized naïveté of "Lola" and "Bay of the Angels" and "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg." Demy fell into mechanical coyness in "The Young Girls of Rochefort," and he loses the beauty of naïveté in the ordinary, clumsy naïveté of "Model Shop." It is always embarrassing when an artist's new work makes true what one has been denying about his earlier work. I hope these last two films won't be taken as proof that his first three were as stupid and sentimental as some people found them, but I have an awful memory of playing hopscotch with a little girl who said I stepped on the line when I didn't, and then, when we agreed to discount that one and do it again and I *did* step on the line, said, "See? That proves you did it the first time."

It would be cruel and pointless for me to dwell on the inanity of "Model Shop" if it were not a film made by an artist for whose work I have deep affection. One's first reaction to the deadening *thoughts* of the characters in "Model Shop" is that maybe they wouldn't sound so bad sung to Michel Legrand's music. Still, the music didn't save "Rochefort." And I don't think it's Los Angeles, or even the awkwardness that results from Demy's working in English, that does him in. His movies have always been influenced by Hollywood, and, in a sense, he has reached the promised land of his characters. If he doesn't know where to go from there, it's probably because he was influenced by a *romantic* view of America, from the movies. Los Angeles should have helped him renew himself, because it was obvious from "Rochefort" that he had—momentarily, I hope—run dry, but instead he is drawing upon the exhausted past. And what was sweet and lush and graceful then seems just soft-headed now. When he extended the artificial world of "Lola" with the fresh artifices of "The Umbrellas of

A vacation within a vacation
CLARE INN, Ireland

Traveling around Ireland is a great way to spend your vacation. And if you make the new Clare Inn your home base, it's like having a vacation within your vacation. Golf at your front door, ride through the countryside, or fish your trout dinner fresh from the nearby sea. Acres and acres of natural splendor, decorator-furnished rooms, every meal an Irish feast. Ireland's Bunratty and other castles and beauty spots are at the most a few hours away. *And it's only 9 miles from Shannon Airport.* For colorful brochure write to: Robert F. Warner, Dept. A, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, New York 10019.



CLARE
INN
Ireland

A New Experience in Atlantic City!

The Inn of the Three Tuns

Olde English Vittles and Potables in the tradition of the 18th Century Steak Pub. Cocktails from Noon, Dinner from 6.

SHELBURNE HOTEL
One Ton (2000) Boardwalk
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
N.Y. Free Call: 1-800-257-7908

MONTEGO BAY
at the Royal Caribbean HOTEL

A sophisticated bit of **JAMAICA** that swings... blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

HOTEL Meurice

145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations.
Singles from $13.00.
Doubles from $19.00.
Suites from $20.00.
Air Conditioned
212-247-7440

Does an Italian wine go with Shish Kebab?

When you pull the skewers out of the blazing fire, it's time to celebrate with a bottle of Bolla Valpolicella. It casts a deep red ruby glow over everything. It's light but satisfying. And goes down like a lamb. Try a bottle tonight with your Shish Kebab.

If you would like a recipe for Shish Kebab, write us. Fontana-Hollywood Corp., 468 Greenwich St., NYC 13.

SPECIAL
BOLL
ALPOLIC
HIGHEST
PEDEMONTE
CASA VINICOLA
VERONA

Bolla does.

The rain in Spain
falls mainly on the plain.

Unlike the rain at home, which falls wherever it pleases—on baseball games, picnics and Monday mornings. Of course, the thing most people forget is that it also rains on flower patches, dirty sidewalks and unbearably hot summer nights.

Even though you can't dictate where it's going to rain, you can be prepared for it. The best way is in the Contessa Cape.

The exclusive Misty Harbor polyester and cotton fabric is imported from Switzerland and feels like silk. And it's water-repellent inside and out. So rain or shine, city street or Spanish plain, you'll be ready.

In taffy and other exciting colors with a great multicolored plaid lining and scarf to match. About $55*. At the nicest stores. *Among them* Best & Co., New York City; Dayton's, Minneapolis; J.L. Hudson, Detroit; Bon Marche, Seattle.

Next time the world takes a drink of water, put on Contessa and be glad you don't have to go to Spain to look fantastico.

misty harbor®

MISTY HARBOR, LTD., A DIVISION OF JONATHAN LOGAN, 512 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y. 10018.

*SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Cherbourg," the results were charmingly attenuated. The recitative helped to formalize the romanticism, just as the harmonies of color and the matching costumes and wallpapers did. But now, when he presents a non-formalized view of Los Angeles in pretty pastels, the prettiness undercuts the story he's telling. There is something ingratiating about his love affair with Los Angeles, which, in the manner of a truly personal filmmaker, he makes over into his own milieu, so that it looks like a lovely seaside town, the harsh bright sunshine turned delicate and white, the buildings pleasantly ramshackle. But Demy is a lyricist in a setting where lyricism seems absurd, and his all too conventional now-generation-in-rebellion story makes no sense in this devulgarized setting. Demy's feeling for the young is probably more genuine than that of the finky sycophantic movie companies that are now so busy making shallowly sympathetic movies about youth and alienation, but because he doesn't have roots in American life his view is just about as shallow. His tact as a director saves him from the worst mistakes, but his way of looking at American youth is amateurish and without depth; he takes too much at face value. He doesn't have the toughness of mind to see anything funny in the hero's girlfriend who wants him to commit himself to life by letting her have a baby, or to see anything ironic in the rock musicians' casting themselves and selling themselves in the life style of sweet Jesus. And although he may have inadvertently got on to something in creating a new hero—the flabby American—he doesn't seem to know what to do with him. George mumbles platitudes about the draft and life in general, but he is just Roland, the dreamy drifter of "Lola," all over again—the character who returned in "Cherbourg"—and if Demy keeps going in this self-derivative way, George may come back from the Army to tell us, "Once, I loved a woman named Lola."

—PAULINE KAEL

•

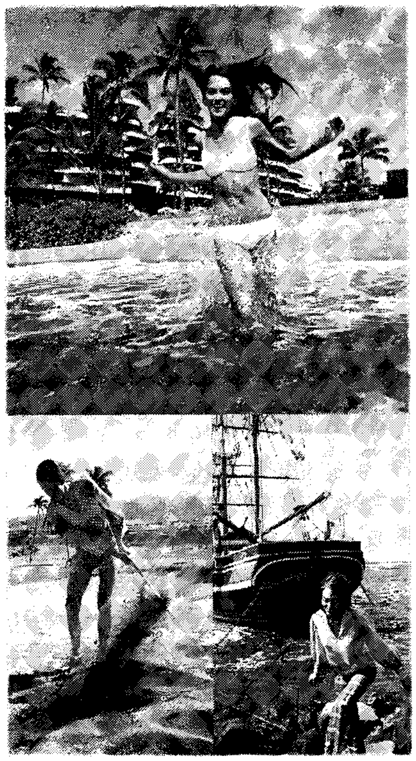
WASHINGTON (AP)—A House Small Business subcommittee found Monday that winners in gasoline sales promotion games have not always been determined by the laws of chance. . . .

If the Commission fails to take proper action, the subcommittee said, legislation prohibiting such games should be introduced in the present Congress.

Another method has been to try electrical shocks, Tester said.—*Pacific Stars & Stripes.*

It's a lot more fun, for one thing.

Triple your fun



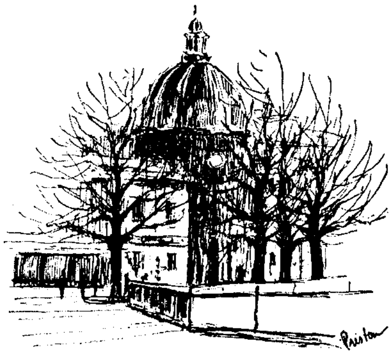
A stunning hotel in Hawaii's most beautiful resort area. Golden sand beach and sparkling blue ocean on one side . . . a championship golf course on the other. Just five minutes away — fascinating, historic Lahaina, one-time whaling capital of the Pacific.

Rates from $12.25 per person double occupancy. Only $5 by air from Honolulu to Maui on new common air fare.

SHERATON
maui
ON KAANAPALI BEACH, ISLE OF MAUI

SHERATON HOTELS IN HAWAII
A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT
FOR INSURED RESERVATIONS AT GUARANTEED RATES, CALL YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR ANY SHERATON HOTEL.

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form



name

address

(Please include zip code number.)

Please enter my subscription to
The New Yorker,
payment for which is enclosed.

One Year (52 issues) ☐ $10
Two Years (104 issues) ☐ $17

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions:
Canada, Latin America, and Spain—$1 per year; other foreign—$3.)

The New Yorker, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

BOOKS

A Civilized Voice

IT is not often that knowledge of an artist's life sheds any significant light upon his work, but in the case of Pope I think it does. Most of his best poems are "occasional"—that is to say, they are concerned not with imaginary persons or events but with the historical and contemporary, with Pope's political and literary friends and enemies, so that without some knowledge about them we cannot properly understand what he wrote and why. (Such knowledge, needless to say, does not explain why he wrote so well.) For example, in the concluding lines of a poem probably written before 1715, Pope (or so I used to think) describes Addison as

> Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere,
> In action faithful and in honour clear;
> Who broke no promise, served no private end,
> Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
> Ennobl'd by himself, by all approv'd,
> And prais'd, unenvied, by the Muse he lov'd.

I was, of course, in error. These lines of the "Epistle to Addison" were addressed to James Craggs, his successor as Secretary of State. However, the whole tone of the poem is friendly.

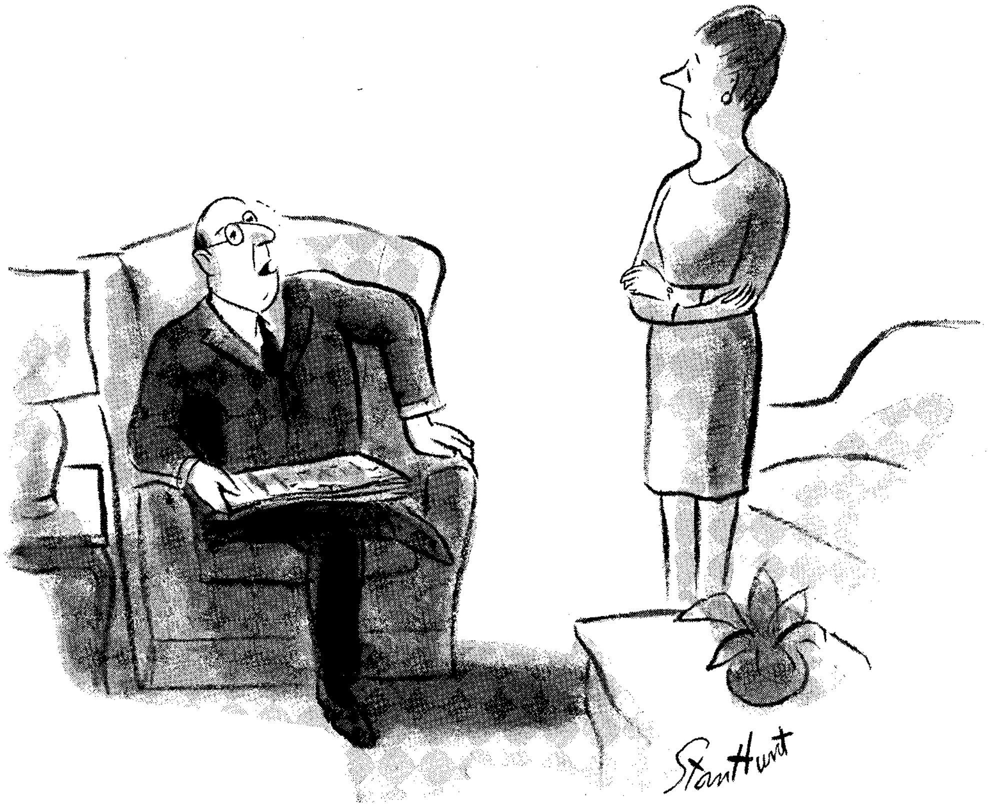
Then, sometime between that date and 1735, Pope changed his opinion and described Addison thus:

> Shou'd such a man, too fond to rule alone,
> Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
> View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
> And hate for Arts that caus'd himself to rise,
> Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
> And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer.

In understanding this change, we must be informed about Addison's somewhat devious behavior at the time of the almost simultaneous publication of Pope's translation of the "Iliad" and Tickell's.

More mysterious and much sadder is the history of the relationship between Pope and Lady Mary Wortley. She was the one great, passionate love of his life, and though she could not reciprocate, she was obviously very fond of him, at least in the beginning. What caused their estrangement is not clear. Current gossip had various explanations—that Lady Mary had borrowed a pair of sheets from Pope's mother and thoughtlessly sent them back unwashed, or that at an ill-chosen moment he had made fervent advances and she had burst into laughter—but these were almost certainly false. Mr. Peter Quennell's explanation, in his "Alexander Pope: The Education of Genius 1688-1728" (Stein & Day), is probably as close to the truth as we can get:

> Their quarrel, if a definite quarrel took place, probably originated not in any single episode, but in the very nature, the secret stresses and strains, of their curiously unequal friendship. For Lady Mary, it had been an amusing literary diversion: for Pope, an all-absorbing passion. Pope had the pride that goes with genius; Lady Mary possessed a considerable share of talent, and, to the self-esteem that usually accompanies talent, she added the strain of levity and light-hearted cruelty that she derived from her education as a woman of the world.



"Believe me, Martha, I don't like having ice water in my veins, but I'm a banker, and I have to have ice water in my veins."

Their estrangement seems to have begun in 1722, and the suffering it caused Pope may be guessed from a poem he wrote to Gay:

> Ah friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
> In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow,
> In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
> Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens:
> Joy lives not here; to happier seats it flies,
> And only dwells where WORTLEY casts her eyes. . . .
>
> What are the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade,
> The morning bower, the ev'ning colonade,
> But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
> To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?
> So the struck deer in some sequester'd part
> Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart.

Such grief may not excuse the ferocity with which, years later, he was to attack her, but it makes it comprehensible.

Then, we cannot fully understand Pope and any other writers of his period without knowing something about the general climate of thought and opinion by which they were surrounded. It was one of the few historical periods in which one could with accuracy speak of an educated élite who, whether as writers or as readers, shared the same artistic tastes and general ideas about Nature, Man, and Society—a period, therefore, when "originality" and "alienation" were not regarded as the hallmarks of genius. Take the question of religious belief. The uneducated multitude was fanatically anti-Papist. Defoe said that there were a hundred thousand fellows in his time ready to fight to the death against popery with-

To live.
To laugh.
To forget time.
Cointreau.
COINTREAU
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
SPÉCIALITÉ
COINTREAU

SPÉCIALITÉ LIQUEUR 80 Proof. Produced and Bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Lawrenceville, New Jersey

A
World Famous
Hotel
in
Washington

Washington's luxury hotel caters to an enviable list of dignitaries from the world over. Quiet, dignified, inviting atmosphere. Two blocks from The White House. Singles from $19.00 to $25.50. Doubles from $24.00 to $30.50. Two-room suites from $55.00. Family Plan.

For Insured Reservations call:
In New York 244-0700
Chicago 787-4585
Los Angeles 382-8408
San Francisco 392-8600
or any Sheraton Hotel

THE
Sheraton-Carlton

16TH & K STS., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.
Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns in Major Cities.
A Worldwide Service of ITT

A match made in heaven. Tucked shift gown-with-pants and matching peignoir, trimmed in satin ribbon and edged in Ban-Lon® lace of nylon. Permanent press 65% Kodel® polyester and 35% cotton. Pink, aqua or limeade. Sizes 4 to 14. Gown with pants, $5. Matching peignoir, $5. At Lord & Taylor, New York & branches; and other fine stores everywhere.

Her Majesty®

out knowing whether popery was a man or a horse. Though not physically persecuted, Roman Catholics were penalized: they could not live within ten miles of London, or attend a university, or serve in public office. But the educated laity, whether Protestant or Catholic, saw no reason that their theological differences should impair their social relations. Pope was born and remained a Roman Catholic, but throughout his life most of his closest friends were Protestant, and had any of them been asked to define precisely the difference between their faiths they would have found it difficult to give an answer.

Pope's statement of faith and his opinion of medieval Catholicism would scarcely have been approved of in Rome:

> Nothing has been so much a scarecrow to them [the Protestants] as the too peremptory and seemingly uncharitable assertion of an utter impossibility of salvation to *all* but ourselves.... Besides the small number of the truly faithful in our Church, we must again subdivide, *and the Jansenist is damned by the* Jesuit, the Jesuit by the Jansenist, the strict Scotist by the Thomist, &c. There may be errors, I grant, but I can't think 'em of such consequence as to destroy utterly the charity of mankind, the very greatest bond in which we are engaged by God to one another....
>
> I am not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the Papal power....

With *Tyranny*, then *Superstition* join'd,
As that the *Body*, this enslav'd the *Mind;*
Much was *Believ'd*, but little *understood*,
And to be *dull* was constru'd to be *good;*
A *second* Deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
And the *Monks* finish'd what the *Goths* begun.
At length, *Erasmus*, that *great, injur'd* name,
(The *Glory* of the Priesthood, and the *Shame!*)
Stemm'd the *wild Torrent* of a *barb'rous Age*,
And drove those *Holy Vandals* off the Stage.

The truth is, I think, that the religion of all educated persons at the time, whether they knew it or not, was not Christian but Deist. Their political passions ran stronger, but even in politics their love of order was greater than their ideological commitments. Pope and most of his friends were Tories who detested the Whig plutocracy that had come to power with William III. Pope himself may even have had secret Jacobite sympathies, but one cannot believe that the failure of the Jacobites in 1715 and 1745 caused him sleepless nights. What he wanted, he said, was a king who would be "not a King of Whigs or a King of Tories, but a King of England," which "God of his mercy grant his present Majesty may be."

Mr. Quennell's book is equally excellent as a biography of a poet whom he admires and as a history of a period he loves and understands. It is beautifully written, scholarly but readable. He has, I am thankful to say, no ugly little secrets to tell us. Though Pope was often devious and unscrupulous in his dealings, his life was surprisingly free from scandal. In his youth, he may sometimes have visited brothels—given his physical disadvantages, what more romantic sexual adventures could he have hoped to have?—but in fact he was much less of a rake than he liked to make others believe. Nor was his life full of exciting incidents. He had three narrow escapes from death:

> First, he had been saved from the horns of a maddened cow at Binfield; secondly, when he was a very young man, an imprudent coachman, negotiating a dangerous ford, had almost driven him and his party into a deep hole in the riverbed; last of all, he had nearly been plunged to destruction in Lord Bolingbroke's hurtling coach-and-six.

And Mr. Quennell has one or two amusing anecdotes to tell, such as of the time when Pope read parts of his translation of the "Iliad" in the presence of Lord Halifax. On four or five occasions, the noble Lord interrupted:

> "I beg your pardon, Mr. Pope," he would say, "but there is something in that passage that does not quite please me. Be so good as to mark the place.... I'm sure you can give it a better turn." Pope was both puzzled and mortified; and on the journey home in Dr. Garth's chariot, he complained that, having thought over the passages criticised, he could not understand the Minister's objections. Garth, however, laughed heartily...."All you need do," says he, "is to leave them just as they are; call on Lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his kind observations on those passages, and then read them to him as altered." Pope obeyed the Doctor's instructions and "his lordship was extremely pleased" to observe that his criticisms had proved so effective, exclaiming that the passages he had singled out were now everything they should be.

Then, there was Pope's socially unfortunate meeting with Voltaire:

> As the day drew on and the hour of farewells approached, Pope suggested that he should remain for dinner; and at the dinner table he met Mrs. Pope, a plain, modest, round-faced old lady, now over eighty-four years old, who, in her motherly way (writes Owen Ruffhead) noticing that their foreign guest "appeared to be entirely emaciated" and

Your next car. The possible dream.

You are closer to your dream of luxury and excitement than ever before. The great new Chrysler can make that dream come true.

Take Newport, for example. Every adventurous inch a Chrysler. A very different, new Chrysler. Yet, priced surprisingly low.

Fact is, a Chrysler Newport, equipped with automatic transmission, power steering, radio and whitewall tires, is actually priced just a few dollars more per month than the most popular smaller car. A car that's comparably equipped. Do you know an easier way to make your dream come true?

Chrysler. With the most loyal owner body in its class. The great new Chrysler. Moving a third of all new Chrysler owners up from the popular smaller car field. Owners who have made Chrysler their possible dream. Don't you think it's time you made it yours?

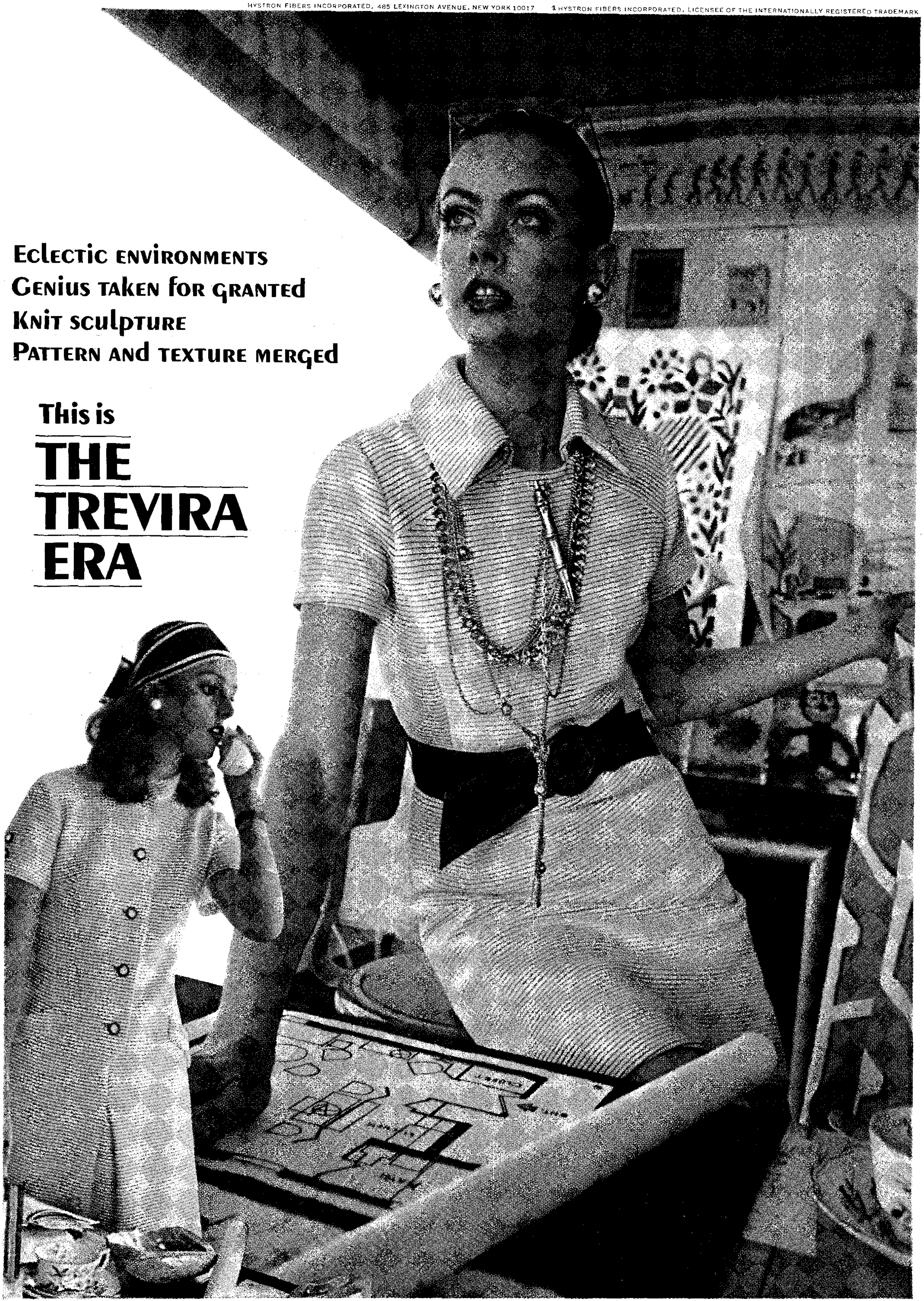
Three Hundred 2-Door Hardtop

Your next car: The great new Chrysler.

CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER
MOTORS CORPORATION

HYSTRON FIBERS INCORPORATED, 485 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10017 ® HYSTRON FIBERS INCORPORATED, LICENSEE OF THE INTERNATIONALLY REGISTERED TRADEMARK



Eclectic environments
Genius taken for granted
Knit sculpture
Pattern and texture merged

This is THE TREVIRA ERA

RICHARD FRONTMAN designs in Jarmel's innovative ottomans of Trevira. Carved, ridged, rippling in the free-wheeling ways that knits of 100% Trevira® polyester can look. Behavior understood, of course, because they're Trevira. The belted dress about $56. The buttoned dress about $56. Sizes 8-16. At De Pinna, New York; Rich's, Atlanta; Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; Jacobson's, all stores; Gus Mayer, all stores.

TREVIRA®
POLYESTER
The Extraordinary Fiber

seemed to have a weak stomach, "expressed her concern for his want of appetite;" at which Voltaire gave her "so indelicate and brutal an account of the occasion of his disorder contracted in Italy that the poor lady was obliged immediately to rise from the table."

But Pope's life has little gossip-column interest; most of his days were spent, quietly and industriously, writing, translating, landscape gardening, painting, playing with his dogs and entertaining his friends. (I am curious to know how many of his paintings and drawings have survived. I have myself seen a self-portrait in oils which is first-rate.)

While we are on the subject of the private life of an artist, I must take the opportunity to say how wholeheartedly I approve of Pope's attempt—alas, a vain one—to revise his private letters before letting the public read them, for he pruned them, sometimes changed the name of his correspondent, and pieced together separate items to form a single, more impressive text:

> Like Byron, Pope believed that his letters were bound to interest posterity; and, even in his least studied messages, he clearly had a double purpose: besides communicating with the friends he loved, he was establishing a link between himself and unborn readers. But he had none of Byron's reckless indiscretion; and, as soon as he took up his pen, he assumed the vigilant attitude of the true creative artist. His sense of style, which was immediately brought into play, affected both his use of language and his general handling of his theme. Wherever he felt that the record needed improvement, he hastened to apply the proper touches.

If private letters are to be made public—in my will I have requested my friends to burn mine—it is no more dishonest to revise a letter than a poem.

Then, what a pleasant surprise it is in these days to read of a writer who was an affectionate and dutiful son to both his parents. Mr. Pope Senior seems to have been the ideal father for a poet. He encouraged his son but insisted on a high standard of performance. "These are not good rhymes," he would often remark, severely, and send the boy away to turn them better. "Pope was never beaten for interrupting his father's and mother's evening conferences, or thoughtlessly and selfishly tumbling downstairs. . . . In other respects he allowed him to go his way, conduct his education as he pleased, and read the books that most amused him." I do not believe that the average child can educate himself without the imposition of some external discipline, but Pope was not an average child, and in his case such permissiveness succeed-

IN A WORD...IT'S SELIG TEXTURE AND GRAIN, SUPERBLY UNDERSTATED. SOFT, SUPPLE SUEDE LEATHER CONTRASTED WITH LUSTROUS BRAZILIAN ROSEWOOD PANELS, BOOK-MATCHED ON SIDES AND BACK. MAJESTIC PROPORTIONS COMBINED WITH SUBTLE MATERIALS TO CREATE THIS TOTALLY WELL-BRED PILLOWBACK SOFA. FOR OUR COMPLETELY NEW FOLIO OF FINE DESIGNS, SEND $1.00 TO SELIG MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LEOMINSTER, MASS. NEW YORK SHOWROOM D & D BUILDING, 979 THIRD AVE.

Be fresh for $338.

Why not fly away with Lufthansa and come home a changed person? For example:

Be fresh for $338.
EUROPACAR Swiss tour. 3 weeks including round-trip jet New York/Zurich, rented car for three weeks, up to 3000 free kilometers (or rail option), 20 nights accommodation in St. Gallen, Switzerland.

Be worldly from $378.
Dream Holidays. There are 7 21-day Dream Holiday tours. Safari in Kenya and Uganda, choose Ceylon and Southern India, or Bangkok, Hong Kong and Japan. Tour the Bulgarian beaches and cruise the Black Sea, travel Greece by coach, cruise and car, take a tour that gives you Mallorca and Europe, or one of Yugoslavia and Europe. The prices always include round-trip jet from New York, accommodation, some meals, ground transportation or a rented car and free kilometers.

Be continental for $583.
Romantic Holidays. 3 weeks in Germany and Austria from Berlin to Vienna. Includes round-trip jet New York/Frankfurt, escorted tour by motorcoach, 20 nights accommodation, meals, tips and taxes. Brochure outlines many other romantic holiday tours.

For the details, send the coupon, call your travel agent, or ask us. Lufthansa.

Prices based on 14-21 day, 15 passenger GIT Economy Class Fare from N.Y. when applicable; land arrangements based on each of 2 people traveling together.

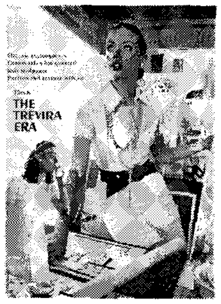
Lufthansa German Airlines, Dept. S-222
410 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Dear Lufthansa: I'd like to come home a new person. Please send details.

☐ EUROPACAR Swiss
☐ Dream Holidays
☐ Romantic Holidays

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________________
State__________Zip__________
My travel agent is____________________

Lufthansa
German Airlines

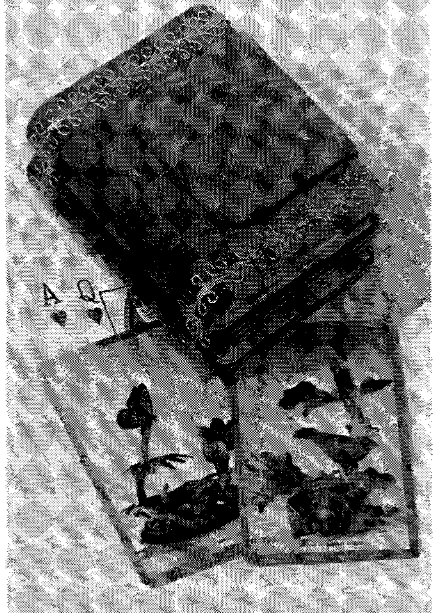


RICHARD FRONTMAN
fashions shown in the full color
TREVIRA
ad on page 132
also available at these fine stores.

Albany, N.Y. .... Flah's
Baltimore, Md. .... Hochschild, Kohn & Co.
Birmingham, Ala. .... Burger-Phillips Co.
Boston, Mass. .... R. H. Stearn's Co.
Charlotte, N.C. .... J. E. Ivey & Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn. .... Miller Bros. Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio .... H. & S. Pogue Co.
Cleveland, Ohio .... Hathaway's Shaker Sq.
Dallas, Tex. .... Neiman-Marcus Co.
Denver, Colo. .... The Denver Dry Goods Co.
Houston, Tex. .... Sakowitz Bros.
Louisville, Ky. .... H. P. Selman
Memphis, Tenn. .... Levy's
Miami, Fla. .... Lillie Rubin
Oklahoma City, Okla. .... Rothschild's
Providence, R.I. .... Cherry & Webb
Rochester, N.Y. .... B. Forman Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah .... Auerbach Co.
San Francisco, Calif. .... Macy's California
Seattle, Wash. .... Best's Apparel
Tampa, Fla. .... Maas Bros.
Washington, D.C. .... Julius Garfinckel & Co.
Wichita, Kan. .... Woolf Bros.

For additional information,
write Richard Frontman,
498 Seventh Ave., New York 10018

CHARLES W. WARREN
1520 WASHINGTON BOULEVARD, DETROIT



Boehm birds play bridge!
Conversation-causing cards
picture famous Boehm bird sculptures; green velvet 2-pack
holder with cards, 6.50
Postage 75¢ outside Michigan

ed admirably. He taught himself to read by copying printed books. A priest named Banister taught him the rudiments of Latin and Greek and, as his pupil was to say later:

> If it had not been for that I should never have got any language: for I never learned anything at the little schools I was at afterwards.

Thereafter he studied these languages in his own way:

> I did not follow the grammar; but rather hunted in the authors for a syntax of my own: and then began translating any parts that pleased me particularly, in the best Greek and Latin poets: and by that means formed my taste; which, I think, verily, about sixteen, was very near as good as it is now.

Dates are always interesting and can sometimes be startling. One thinks so automatically of Pope as *the* poet of the eighteenth century that one is surprised at being reminded that he died before the century was half over. One is also apt to forget not only how precocious he was but how soon his talents were recognized. That Wycherley, aged sixty-four, should have asked Pope, aged eighteen, to correct and improve his verses is astounding. If not quite as precocious as Rimbaud, Pope was only twenty-one when he composed an important long poem, the "Essay on Criticism," and twenty-six when he published the second version of "The Rape of the Lock," an undoubted masterpiece. (Unlike some prodigies, however, he did not peter out early. The "Epistles" and "Imitations of Horace," written toward the end of his life, are among his best works.) Only someone who was certain not only of his genius but of his contemporary fame could have started collecting his letters at the age of twenty-four and at twenty-five been confident that he could get sufficient subscribers to make it financially possible for him to devote six years to translating the "Iliad."

To counterbalance the blessings of genius and a happy home, there was, of course, the curse of ill health. At the age of twelve, infected by milk from a tubercular cow, he developed Pott's disease—a tuberculosis of the spine, which turned the originally good-looking boy into an invalid, "the little Pope the ladies laugh at." When one tries to imagine the atrocious suffering and humiliation this must have caused him, one marvels not that he should have sometimes been irrationally suspicious and excessively malevolent but that he should have so often been kind and generous and shown such a gift for friendship. Very few people in his condition would have been brave enough to write an essay on "The Club of Little Men":

> A set of us have formed a society, who are sworn to *Dare to be Short*, and boldly beat out the dignity of littleness under the noses of those enormous engrossers of manhood, those hyperbolical monsters of the species, the tall fellows that overlook us. . . . If any member shall take advantage from the fulness or length of his wig . . . or the immoderate extent of his hat . . . to seem larger and higher than he is, it is ordered, he shall wear red heels to his shoes and a red feather in his hat, which may apparently mark and set bounds to the extremities of his small dimensions.

But what is really important is his poetry, and perhaps the best approach to that is through his views on landscape gardening. During the early part of the eighteenth century in England, the relation between Man and Nature seems to have been happier than ever before or since. Wild Nature had been tamed, but machines had not yet debased and enslaved her. Earlier generations had thought of Nature as a dangerous realm against which men must erect defenses; later generations were to think of Nature as a realm of freedom into which the individual could escape from the constraints of human society. The older view is exemplified by the Baroque gardens of Europe, with their geometrical patterns and topiary work designed to make them look as unlike the Nature outside as possible. But in England landscape gardeners like William Kent held the view that their proper function was "to brush Nature's robe," to confine themselves to adding the final, decisive touches, planting a term here, a sphinx or an obelisk there, or "improving" a corner of the landscape to recall a picture by Lorrain or Poussin. Pope was Kent's enthusiastic disciple. A man who could write "A tree is a nobler object than a prince in his coronation robes" was certainly not afraid of Nature, and he poured ridicule on the old Baroque formalities:

> His Gardens next your admiration call,
> On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall!
> No pleasing Intricacies intervene,
> No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
> Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
> And half the platform just reflects the other.
> The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,
> Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees;

But he also believed that Nature needed Man's help to realize her beauties to the full:

> Consult the Genius of the Place in
> all,
> That tells the Waters or to rise, or
> fall,
> Or helps th'ambitious Hill the
> heav'n to scale,
> Or scoops in circling theatres the
> Vale,
> Calls in the Country, catches op'n-
> ing glades,
> Joins willing woods, and varies
> shades from shades,
> Now breaks, or now directs, th'in-
> tending Lines,
> Paints as you plant, and, as you
> work, designs.
> Still follow Sense, of ev'ry Art the
> Soul,
> Parts answ'ring parts shall slide
> into a whole,
> Spontaneous beauties all around
> advance,
> Start ev'n from difficulty, strike
> from chance.

An equally apt description, surely, of what Pope was after in his poetry and, at his best, succeeded in realizing. Comparing Dryden and Pope, Mr. Quennell says:

> Whereas our first reading of a passage by Dryden is usually sufficient to display his genius, Pope, whenever we reread him, is apt to reveal some unexpected subtlety. Dryden's virtues lie on the surface; in Pope's verse, several layers of significance are compressed into a single image; and his imagery has a protean charm that constantly changes and grows beneath the reader's eye.

In his first published poems, the "Pastorals," Nature is, to be sure, too subordinate to artifice, precision to euphony; the epithets are as abstract and conventional as the Romantics imagined was typical of all Augustan verse:

> Soon as the flocks shook off the
> nightly dews,
> Two Swains, whom Love kept
> wakeful, and the Muse,
> Poured o'er the whitening vale
> their fleecy care,
> Fresh as the morn, and as the
> season fair.

But already he is capable of writing a memorable couplet which is vivid as well as melodious:

> The moving Mountains hear the
> pow'rful Call,
> And headlong Streams hang list'n-
> ing in their Fall!

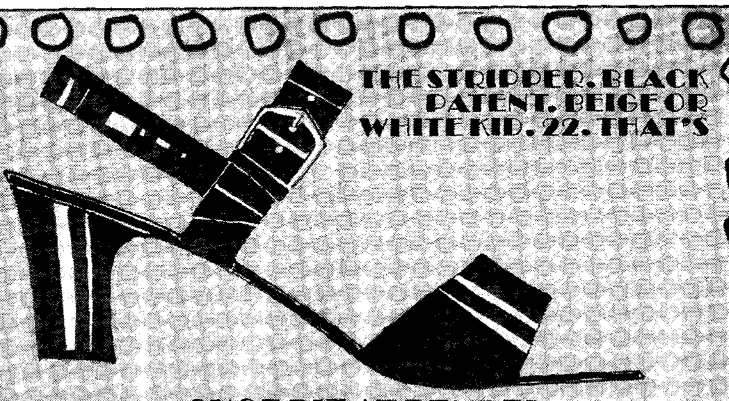
And from the "Essay on Criticism" to the last poems, Pope's lapses into conventional diction become very rare; his epithets are almost always both exact and original. The only technical defect I can find in his mature work comes from his ingrained habit of thinking in couplets which are self-contained units. As a result, he sometimes fails to notice

SAUZA IS THE LARGEST-SELLING TEQUILA IN MEXICO
—and in the world.

Now available in the U.S.A.
—not only renowned Tequila Sauza, bearing the official guarantee seal of the Mexican Government—but also our authentic and superb bottled cocktails, the Margarita Sauza and the Sauza Sour!

When in Mexico visit the Tequila Sauza plant in Guadalajara.

TEQUILA SAUZA 86 PROOF. SOLE DIST. U.S.A. MUNSON SHAW CO. N.Y.



THE STRIPPER. BLACK PATENT, BEIGE OR WHITE KID. 22. THAT'S
SHOE BIZ AT BENDEL
10 WEST 57TH STREET

Enchanting Change Purses
Brightly beaded in life-like colors.
The strawberry or the daisy for $6. The ladybug for $5.
Mail Orders Invited. Add 50¢ for postage and handling. Add sales tax where applicable.
GIFTS • SUITS • GOWNS • COATS
MAY BRANDT (212) BU 8-7653
1066 Lexington Ave., NYC 10021 (75 & 76 Sts.)

5 MINUTES TO
18 HOLE LONGBOAT KEY GOLF COURSE
Club-like setting. Safe private beach or new swimming pool. Tennis. Superb food.
For rates, reservations and color folder, see your travel agent or N.Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Tel. LT 1-3462
Lido Biltmore
CLUB HOTEL
FLOYD ALFORD, JR., PRES. & GEN. MGR.
LIDO BEACH • SARASOTA • FLORIDA

The Faces of Virginia

Bright smiles greet you at the New York Offices of the Virginia State Travel Service. Stop by or phone for free service . . . trip planning, routing, reservations, literature, maps, information on places to see and things to do.

VIRGINIA STATE TRAVEL SERVICE
11 Rockefeller Plaza
New York, New York 10020
Telephone 245-3080
The Commonwealth of Virginia's
complete, free travel service.

Monday Night is Mad Festival Night!

Now Open 7 Days A Week!

Lüchow's

The Gourmets' Rendezvous Since 1882

110 E. 14th ST., N.Y.C. • GR. 7-4860
SERVING FROM 11 A.M. 'TIL MIDNIGHT
WE PARK YOUR CAR AT DINNER

A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $47.50. Color from $150.

Fabian **Bachrach**

48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

that the rhymes of two successive couplets are too similar:

> With arms expanded Bernard rows
> his *state*,
> And left-legged Jacob seems to
> emul*ate*.
> Full in the middle way there stood
> a *lake*,
> Which Curll's Corinna chanced
> that morn to *make*.

It was, naturally, necessary for the poets at the end of the century to get away from the heroic couplet, which by then had become a dead end, and to discover new forms for both long poems and lyrics, but if Wordsworth had Pope in mind as the enemy when he advised poets to write "in the language really used by men" he was singularly in error. Should one compare Pope at his best with any of the Romantics, including Wordsworth, at their best, it is Pope who writes as men normally speak to each other and the latter who go in for "poetic" language. When Wordsworth tries to write according to his theories, the result is nearly always flat; to write well, he has to forget them. In Pope, theory and practice are one. Compare

> Shut, shut the door, good *John!*
> fatigu'd I said.
> Tye up the knocker! say I'm sick,
> I'm dead. (POPE)

> She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,
> To morning walks, and pray'rs
> three hours a day;
> To part her time 'twixt reading
> and Bohea,
> To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
> Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the
> spoon,
> Count the slow clock, and dine
> exact at noon. (POPE)

> To me the meanest flower that
> blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep
> for tears. (WORDSWORTH)

> A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
> In springtime from the Cuckoo-
> bird,
> Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the farthest Hebrides.
> (WORDSWORTH)

To find "natural speech" in the verse of the early nineteenth century, one must go to the least "romantic" and most Popean in spirit of the poets—to the Byron of "Don Juan" and the Tom Moore of "The Fudge Family in Paris."

The only major poem of Pope's which seems to me a failure is "An Essay on Man." Occasional lines of great beauty like

> Die of a rose in aromatic pain

do not compensate for the unconvincing and boring Deist theology.

No two figures are alike!

The woman who demands perfection chooses the Delineator, which is exactly fitted to your individual needs, and provides both beauty and comfort. 39 sizes, 6 styles, all materials and colors. From $28.50. No extra charge for special patterns. One year guarantee.

J. Berlé
DELINEATOR ©
15 EAST 57th STREET
BETWEEN 5th AND MADISON AVES.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022 • PL 5-6250

ENTERTAIN HANDSOMELY IN OUR
Victorian Suite
& VERSAILLES ROOM

An elegant atmosphere to welcome your social parties of ten to 175 guests for dinners, supper dances or receptions. Illustrious cuisine and rare vintages, of course. Call our Banquet Department, RH 4-1600.

HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE.
AT 76th ST.

Le Restaurant
Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS
DINNER · CLOSED SUNDAY

QUO VADIS

26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. · TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
13 E. 55TH , N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN PAVILION
24 W. 55TH, N. Y. C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
JU 6 5950

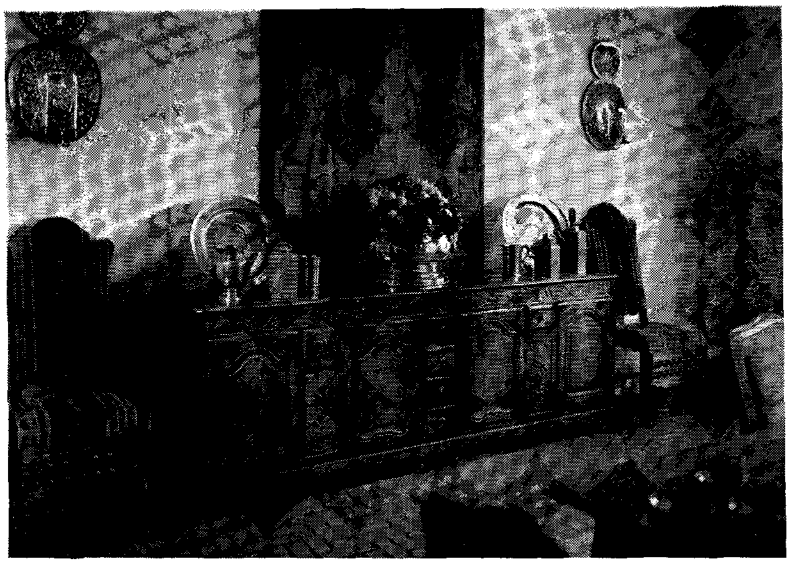
About his translation of the "Iliad," there will always be two opinions. Those who dislike it say, quite truly, that Pope sees Homer through Vergilian spectacles (his warriors have much more Roman *gravitas* than their Bronze Age originals), that what in Homer is tragic in Pope too often becomes merely grandiose, and that the movement and structure of the English heroic couplet are far removed from those of the Greek hexameter. But when these critics have done their worst, it still cannot be denied that Pope's "translation" is a magnificent English poem, and that no subsequent translator, despite all advances in philological and archeological scholarship, has produced one as readable. To the problem of the metre, there cannot, I believe, be a completely satisfactory solution. Some twentieth-century translators have claimed that the best equivalent is a free six-beat line, but I agreed with Mr. Carne-Ross when he wrote recently in *Delos:*

> The claims . . . have, I think, been granted a great deal too readily. It is about the same length, but its lumbering gait is at the furthest possible remove from the supply articulated line of Homer. Most of the time it is verse only by typographical courtesy and its movement is so ill-defined that it falls a ready prey to any other metre whose path it chances to cross.

Today I feel a little less enthusiastic about "The Dunciad" than I felt when I last wrote about it, eighteen years ago. The Second Book in particular I find repellent, as grubby as anything produced by our contemporary "underground." The best things in the first three books are nearly always addenda to the "Essay on Criticism," passages in which Pope forgets about personalities and writes beautifully about bad writing:

> She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
> Pleas'd with the Madness of the mazy dance . . .
> How Time himself stands still at her command,
> Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land.
> Here gay Description Ægypt glads with showers;
> Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers . . .
> On cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
> And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

The Fourth Book, however, is superb throughout, and prophetic of much that we must endure today. Pope had never seen a "behaviorist" or a "social scientist," but he guessed



The new edition of the Baker Album of Collectors' Choices presents more than 500 of Europe's most desirable designs. $3.00.

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
322 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423
NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

Suspense runs high as a robbery, a strange murder—and sinister forces of black magic—disrupt a quiet English village...

THE DEVIL FINDS WORK

A mystery novel by Michael Delving author of Smiling the Boy Fell Dead.
At all bookstores, $4.50
SCRIBNERS

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.
Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.
For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine
Luncheon Cocktails Dinner Banquet Facilities
• IMPERIAL, 935 Lex. at 69 ST. • LE 5-4070
• GOURMET, 157 W. 49 ST. • JU 2-8182
• EAST, 75 E. 55 ST. • PL 3-4930
• QUEENS, 91-16 59th AVE. (Nr. Queens & Woodhaven Blvd.) ELMHURST • 446-1166
• SUNNYSIDE, 45-12 Queens Blvd. (Nr. Sunnyside Garden) 361-1328
• FLUSHING, 144-08 Northern Blvd. (At Parsons Blvd.) 445-1144

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE
"As tough as they come."
— BARBARA BANNON, Publishers' Weekly

MONGO'S BACK IN TOWN
by E. RICHARD JOHNSON
author of *Silver Street*
A gripping story of hoodlum mores in a Midwest city. "This man really is a tremendous writer. This book proves his talents beyond a shadow of a doubt."—STANLEY ELLIN. $4.95
A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

exactly what such creatures would be like:

> "Be that my task (replies a gloomy Clerk,
> Sworn foe to Myst'ry, yet divinely dark;
> Whose pious hope aspires to see the day
> When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,
> And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
> Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize):
> Let others creep by timid steps, and slow,
> On plain Experience lay foundations low,
> By common sense to common knowledge bred,
> And last, to Nature's Cause thro' Nature led.
> All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide,
> Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride!
> We nobly take the high Priori Road,
> And reason downward, till we doubt of God:
> Make Nature still incroach upon his plan;
> And shove him off as far as e'er we can:
> Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place;
> Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space.
> Or, at one bound, o'er-leaping all his laws,
> Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,
> Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
> See all in *Self*, and but for self be *born:*
> Of nought so certain as our *Reason* still,
> Of nought so doubtful as of *Soul* and *Will*."

If only one of Pope's poems could be preserved, my choice would be "The Rape of the Lock," and Mr. Quennell's account of how it came to be written will fascinate anyone who is interested in the factors which enter into poetic composition. The first factor was a historical incident—a feud between two old Catholic families, the Fermors and the Petres, which had broken out because the seventh Lord Petre had stolen a lock of hair from the head of Arabella Fermor. Lord Petre was the ward of Pope's friend John Caryll, who suggested to the poet that he might write a comic poem about the incident which would reconcile the parties by making them both laugh. The second factor was a literary genre, the mock epic—works like "The War of the Frogs and the Mice" (at one time attributed to Homer), Tassoni's "Secchia Rapita," published in 1622, and Boileau's "Le Lutrin," finished in 1683, all of which Pope had almost certainly read. To call this a second factor is not to say that it came second in time. Given Pope's literary tastes and talents, it is much more probable that the idea of writing a mock-heroic epic was already in his mind, awaiting a suitable subject. The third factor was a contemporary social fashion. One of the most brilliant passages in the poem, the account of the card game between the Baron and Belinda, might not have been written had not ombre, the particular game Pope describes, introduced into England from Spain in the previous century, recently become all the rage. Lastly, there was an odd book, "Le Comte de Gabalis," by L'Abbé de Montfaucon de Villars, which Pope happened to read, either in the original or in an English translation, and from which he took his Sylphs and other "lower militia of the sky." Since these did not appear in the first version, I would guess that he had not yet read the book when he began the poem. In any case, he had an extraordinary stroke of good luck, for the Sylphs, etc., were exactly what he needed to play the role in a mock epic played by the Gods in a serious epic. Moreover, as tiny creatures, they were ideally suited to Pope's imagination, fascinated as he always was by *littleness.*

Aside from its many beauties, "The Rape of the Lock" demonstrates that Pope's imagination was much odder than it is generally supposed to be. I have said that his poetry was like his landscape gardening. The general layout of his Twickenham garden conformed to the general good taste of his time, but it contained one very peculiar feature—the grotto of which Dr. Johnson said, rather severely, "Where necessity enforced a passage, vanity supplied a grotto."

> [Pope] encrusted the passage with a rough mosaic of luminous mineral bodies—Cornish diamonds, knobs of metallic ore, lumps of amethyst, spiky branches of coral, coloured Brazilian pebbles, crystals and quartzes, slabs of burnished flint, and rare and interesting "fossile" specimens, amid a rich embroidery of rustic shell-work and scraps of looking-glass cut into angular designs. On the roof shone a looking-glass star; and, dependent from the star, a single lamp—"of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster"—cast around it "a thousand pointed rays." Every surface sparkled or shimmered or gleamed with a smooth sub-aqueous lustre; and, while these corruscating details enchanted the eye, a delicate water-music had been arranged to please the ear; the "little dripping murmur" of an underground spring—discovered by the workmen during their

One of the few remaining Great Hotels

The Benson is in Portland, Oregon, elegant and distinctive, home of the Holiday Magazine Award winning London Grill and Trader Vic's. When you're in Portland, make your home the Benson on Broadway.

For reservations:
Call any Western International Hotel, or
N. Y., 661-7300 • Wash, D. C., EN 1-5800
Chicago, 337-8100 • Los Angeles, 879-0830
San Francisco, 397-1464 • Seattle, 682-6161

THE BENSON
228-9611 PORTLAND, OREGON
WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

SUEDES CLEANED
LEATHERS RENEWED
COATS • JACKETS • GLOVES • HANDBAGS
Made Like New Again!
MAIL ORDERS OUR SPECIALTY!
Pick-Up Service 50 Mile Radius N.Y.C.
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA, INC.
54 West 56th Street, New York City • JUdson 6-3737

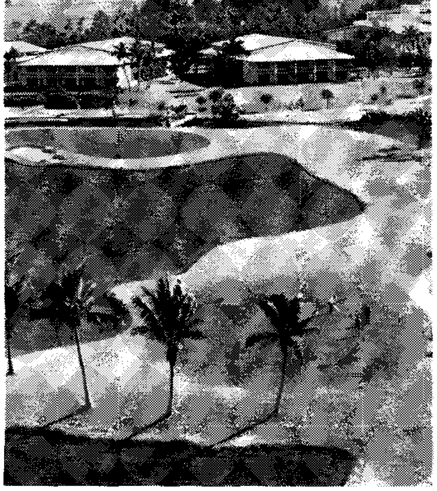
THE MAYAN ROOM Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner • Superb Continental cuisine and Mayan dishes served in a gracious Continental manner. ROCKEFELLER CENTER
16 West 51st Street • Tel.: LT 1-3580

SAILING FOR BOYS
An eight weeks session in a magnificent environment on Pleasant Bay, Cape Cod. Expert instruction in Boat-handling, Seamanship, Racing, Navigation and Swimming.
Elective Land Sports and Survival Training. One Hundred Boys—Ages Nine to Fifteen.
Estab. 1929 VIKING Orleans, Mass.
Cedric Hagenbuckle Phone: 255-2739

DORAL
COUNTRY CLUB
AND HOTEL, MIAMI

One of America's finest resorts . . .
with complimentary golf for guests

Contact your travel agent
or call Miami (305) 532-3600



THIS BOOK MADE
MAD. AVE.
MADDER

Ad mags attacked him as an "ungrateful dog" who bites the hand that feeds him, and for "doing the Joe Valachi bit," because of his revealing book — "THE PERMISSIBLE LIE, The INSIDE Truth About Advertising." Former agency president Samm Sinclair Baker, best-seller author, names over 1,000 firms, brands, persons, exposes shocking facts, hilarious anecdotes. $5.95 at stores. (Baker, 1027 Constable, Mamaroneck, N. Y. 10543)

THE PERMISSIBLE LIE
The INSIDE Truth About Advertising

HOLIDAY
FUNLAND

Play Two Great Robert Trent Jones Golf Courses
The place to be for Easter and Spring Holidays.
Perfect for family Vacations.
Write for holiday program and brochure today!
Reade Whitwell, Mgr.
(602) 935-3811

THE WIGWAM
ARIZONA'S COUNTRY CLUB RESORT
LITCHFIELD PARK, ARIZONA
FAWCETT/WARNER REPRESENTED

brown ledge Mallett's Bay, Vt. "One of America's finest camps."
FREE DAILY RIDING FOR ALL. Finest show horses. mounted lance drill, jumping optional. Sailing. racing tactics, aquaplaning, drama, tennis, golf, archery, swimming, crafts, trips. "No extras"!
"THE COMPLETE AND DIFFERENT CAMP."
Girls 10-18.
Give Age. Write Winter Office:
Miss Barbara Brown Winslow
155 Dodds Court, Box N,
Burlington, Vt. 05401
(JC COURSE
subscribed for 1969)
HORSES
WATER SKIING
Chris Craft

excavations—echoed through the cavern day and night.

So, in his poems, Pope will suddenly indulge in a certain "zaniness" which reminds me of Lewis Carroll.

> Here living *Teapots* stand, one
> Arm held out,
> One bent; the Handle this, and
> that the Spout:
> A Pipkin there like *Homer's Tripod* walks;
> Here sighs a Jar, and there a
> Goose-pye talks.
> Men prove with Child, as pow'rful
> Fancy works,
> And Maids turn'd Bottles, call
> aloud for Corks. . . .
>
> More she had spoke, but yawn'd—
> All Nature nods:
> What Mortal can resist the Yawn
> of Gods?
> Churches and Chapels instantly it
> reach'd;
> (St. James's first, for leaden
> Gilbert preach'd)
> Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall
> scarce kept awake;
> The Convocation gap'd, but could
> not speak. . . .
> The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
> Unfinish'd Treaties in each Office
> slept;
> And Chiefless Armies doz'd out the
> Campaign;
> And Navies yawn'd for Orders on
> the Main.

Since Mr. Quennell's book is primarily a biography, not a work of literary criticism, it is fitting that in conclusion I return to Pope as a human being. In a period when many writers were hired agents of the government, he showed an admirable integrity. Though not as poor as most of Grub Street, Pope, at least until after the publication of his "Iliad," was by no means rich, and tempting offers, it seems, were made. In 1717, according to his own account, which there is no reason to doubt, James Craggs, then Secretary at War, offered him both a pension of three hundred pounds and complete freedom from all official ties, since he was ready to pay the pension from secret-service funds at his disposal, "without anyone's knowing that I had it." This offer he repeated several times, "and always used to insist on the convenience that a coach would be of to me."

How admirable, too, that, while wholly dedicated to the vocation of the poet, he never became an aesthete—never, that is, regarded his vocation as superior to all others. On the contrary, he wrote:

> To write well, lastingly well, immortally well, must not one leave Father and Mother and cleave unto the Muse? . . . 'Tis such a task as scarce leaves a man time to be a good neighbour, an use-

IMPORTANT
RANDOM
HOUSE
BOOKS
FOR
SPRING

Philip Roth
PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT
A new novel. $6.95

John O'Hara
AND OTHER STORIES
$5.95

'Adam Smith'
THE MONEY GAME
$6.95

Chet Huntley
THE GENEROUS YEARS
Remembrances of a Frontier Boyhood
$4.95

Rod McKuen
LONESOME CITIES
Love poems and lyrics. $3.95

Whipple's Castle
An American Novel by
THOMAS WILLIAMS
$6.95

The Brothers Shubert
By JERRY STAGG
With photos. $10

It Happened In Boston?
By RUSSELL H. GREENAN
A novel. $5.95

MISS CRAIG'S
21-Day Shape-Up Program
FOR MEN AND WOMEN
By MARJORIE CRAIG
$6.95

Now at your bookstore RANDOM HOUSE

JOHN GARY

comes on like a lion
from Feb. 26 to Mar. 18
Performances at 9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000

PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA

CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE...SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER...ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

Pine Crest
Florida's Fine School

Admissions for the above-average student. Coeducational college preparatory from grade 7. Box Y, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. 33308

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

ful friend, nay to plant a tree, much less to save his soul.

Poetry does not allow us to escape from life, but it does grant us a brief respite from our immediate problems, refreshment for tired spirits and relaxation for tense nerves. As I get older and the times get gloomier and more difficult, it is to poets like Horace and Pope that I find myself more and more turning for the kind of refreshment I require. —W. H. AUDEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WOMAN DESTROYED, by Simone de Beauvoir, translated from the French by Patrick O'Brian (Putnam). In Mme. de Beauvoir's newly translated work of fiction, three representatives of suffering middle-aged womanhood bewail the loss of love and youth. The first of the episodes, in which a left-wing intellectual publishes a bad book, sees her married son betray her ideals, and watches her husband meekly submit to senility, is the most restrained and the least painful. In the second, a forty-three-year-old woman bemoans the suicide of her teen-age daughter, the desertion of her second husband, and her own loneliness on New Year's Eve in a raving monologue of ungrammatical obscenity. The third is in diary form, and records the discovery of an adored husband's systematic infidelity.

NOTE: Farrar, Straus & Giroux has published "The Collected Stories of Jean Stafford," many of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

JENNIE: THE LIFE OF LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, VOLUME I: THE ROMANTIC YEARS, 1854-95, by Ralph G. Martin (Prentice-Hall). If she had not been Winston Churchill's mother, would anybody want to read about Lady Randolph, née (in Brooklyn) Jennie Jerome? Probably, since she was a beauty and a charmer, and she had a firm footing in British political—as well as international high—society. Mr. Martin also attributes much of her husband's political success to her. Some of the things that Mr. Martin says are shocking—assuming that anything is shocking nowadays. He says that the lady had lots of lovers, and he attributes Lord Randolph's insanity and early death to syphilis. Mr. Martin's frankness rather changes the long-accepted dual portrait of the high-strung nobleman and the high-spirited American whose marvellous mating produced a great man.

THE INDIAN HERITAGE OF AMERICA, by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. (Knopf). A thorough survey of the Indians of North and South America, almost tribe by tribe. Since they descend from the same people, who entered this continent from Siberia not much more than twenty thousand years ago, their cultural diversity—from money-mad to communist, from the fiercest warriors to pacifists—is fascinating. Mr. Josephy, who has written three previous books on Indians, knows the material thoroughly, writes stylishly, and feels passionately about the wrongs done his subjects to this day. With a good bibliography and many illustrations. Ten dollars.

HOW MANY MILES TO GALENA? OR BAKED, HASHED BROWN, OR FRENCH FRIED?, by Richard Bissell (Little, Brown). A delightful book in which the Bissells—sometimes the whole family, sometimes just the author and his wife—wander North America, for no particular reason except that it is there. Mr. Bissell seems to be one of Baudelaire's "true voyagers" who go for the sake of going, but his humor is not Parisian; it has the timing of his native Middle West, and though he is decidedly his own man, here and there the tempo of a crack is reminiscent of Lardner. The book, somewhat mysteriously, makes the reader homesick for places he has never seen.

THE BITTER WOODS, by John S. D. Eisenhower (Putnam). This account of the Battle of the Bulge is exceptionally interesting, even though the non-military-minded reader may find the many savage small-unit actions confusing or upsetting, or both. The author's exposition of Hitler's battle plan wonderfully illuminates Hitler himself: his brilliant imagination, his spotty education, his tenth-rate ideas. And Mr. Eisenhower's explanation of the divergences between American and British strategic thinking about Europe—a debate that seems to go on bedevilling history—is lucid and persuasive. Ten dollars.

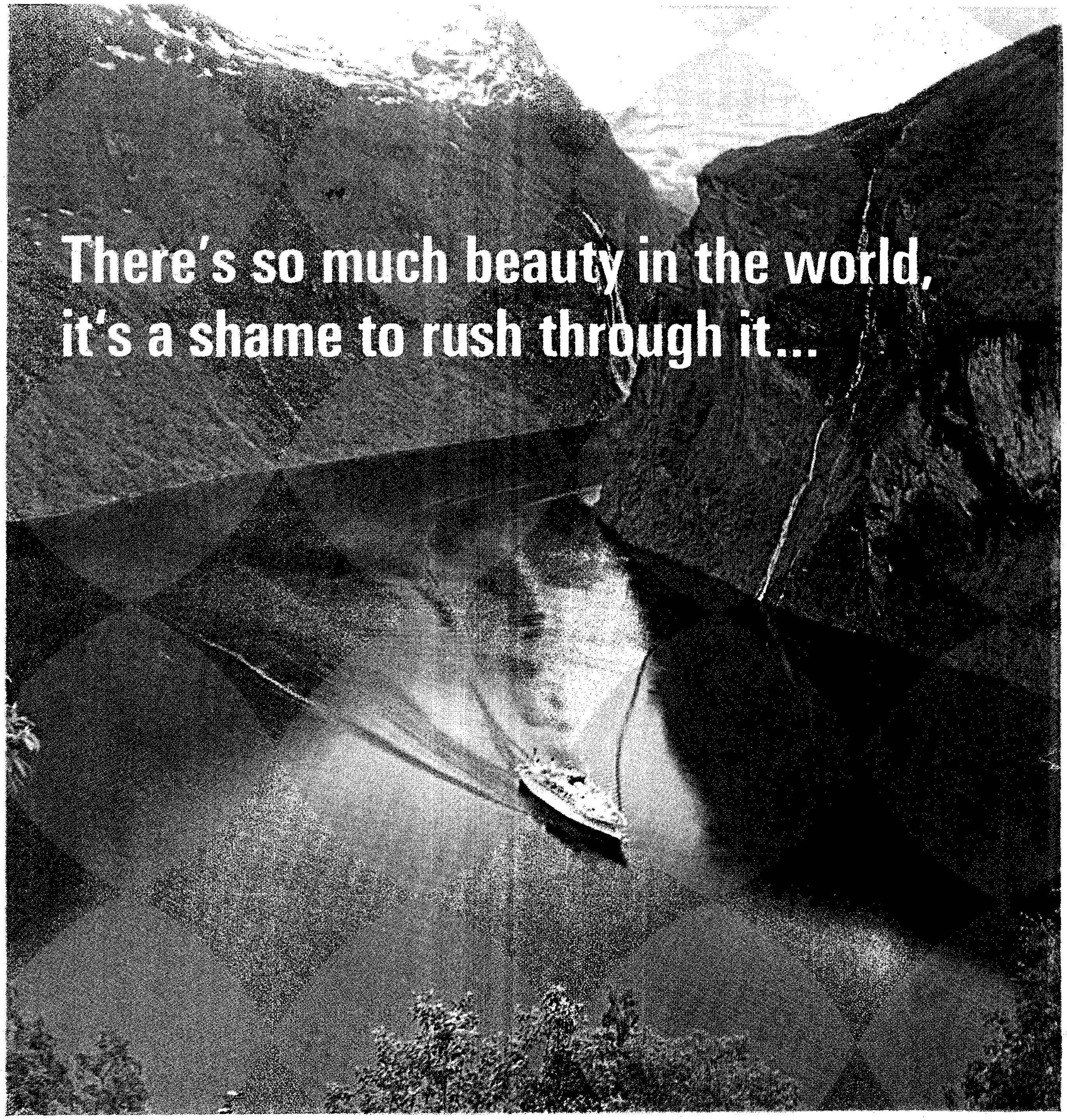
•

Glass rattling is unheard of since glass is cushioned in vinly, while shockproof welded corners and full-length piano binges assure proper door banging.
—*Cleveland Press.*

When do we start?

You don[illegible] choose between a luxury car and a personal car. For those who appreciate the ultimate in motoring pleasure there is the front-wheel-drive Eldorado, most personal of all luxury cars and most luxurious of all personal cars.

Cadillac
STANDARD OF THE WORLD


There's so much beauty in the world, it's a shame to rush through it...

Take a Moore-McCormack Sea-Escape.

What's a Sea-Escape? It's a sea level view of the world from the safety and serenity of the ss ARGENTINA or ss BRASIL. It's living the good life with new friends... enjoying good food...sightseeing and soaking up sunshine days...being entertained and dancing nights. It's seeing the world as it should be seen, savouring it as you would a vintage wine. And, while you're doing all this, something miraculous happens: you're relaxed, mentally, physically, spiritually. Maybe it's the absence of honking horns and scurrying around madly meeting schedules, catching trains and boarding planes, packing and unpacking.

Whatever it is there's something about the smell of clean salt air, the powerful surge of a great ship gliding through the water...of being able to do what you want to when you want to that can't be experienced except on a cruise.

We hope that you'll choose a Moore-McCormack ship for your next cruise. We *know* you will if you've ever sailed with us before.

The fact that the twin liners ss ARGENTINA and ss BRASIL are the newest, most modern ships built in America is one reason. That they were built and are sailed under U.S. Coast Guard safety standards (the highest in the world) is equally important. There are many other reasons: all staterooms outside with individually controlled draft-free air conditioning... one class, first class throughout...stabilizers for all-weather comfort, are a few. But we like to think the main reason we have so many repeat passengers is because they like the "American way of life" afloat which is our special way of running a ship.

SCANDINAVIAN CRUISES: 34-days from NEW YORK—June 11, July 17, July 31.

SOUTH AMERICA CRUISE: 32-days from NEW YORK—June 27.
from FT. LAUDERDALE, FLA., June 29.

SAFETY INFORMATION
The ss ARGENTINA and the ss BRASIL registered in U.S.A. substantially meet International Safety Standards for new ships developed in 1960, and meet the 1966 fire safety requirements.

For colorful literature
see your Travel Agent or
GRACE LINE, General Passenger Agent

MOORE-McCORMACK LINES
ss ARGENTINA • ss BRASIL
3 Hanover Sq., Dept. N-2-69, N.Y. 10004